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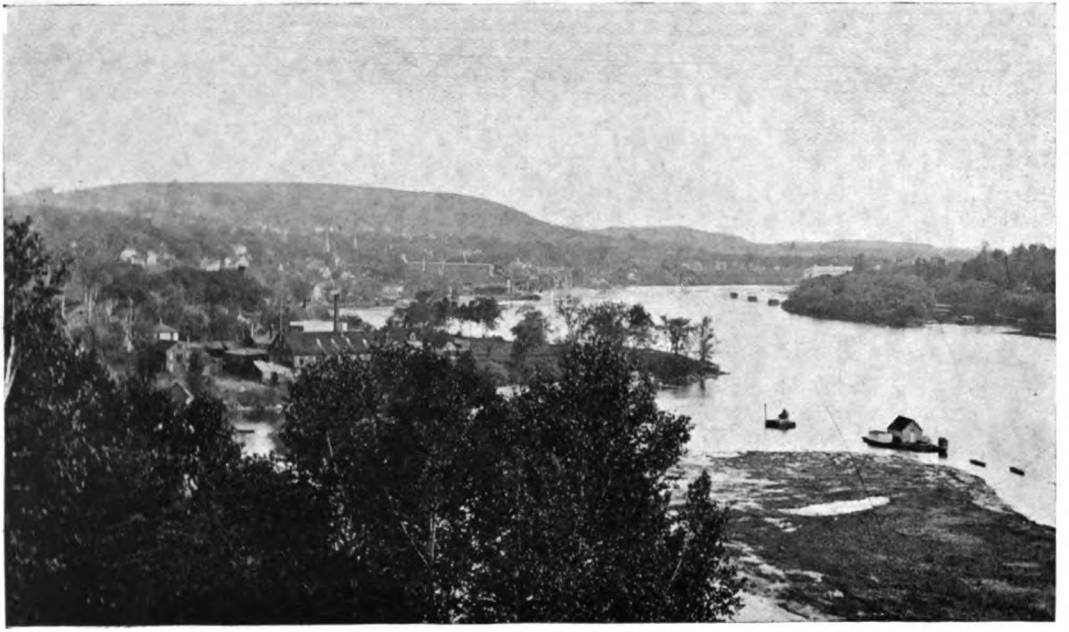

HALLOWELL ON THE KENNEBEC

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OLD HALLOWELL
ON THE
KENNEBEC

BY

EMMA HUNTINGTON NASON

AUTHOR OF "WHITE SAILS," "THE TOWER WITH LEGENDS AND LYRICS," "OLD COLONIAL HOUSES IN MAINE," ETC.

Illustrated

AUGUSTA, MAINE

1909

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TO MY SON

ARTHUR HUNTINGTON NASON

THIS STORY

OF THE HOME OF HIS ANCESTORS

IS AFFECTIONATELY

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PREFACE

THE purpose of this volume is to tell the story of the old town of Hallowell from the time of its earliest settlement to its incorporation as a city in 1852, and to give a picture of the life of the people at that period when Hallowell was at the height of its commercial prosperity and famous as a social and literary center. The book contains biographical sketches of the eminent founders of the town, and of the notable men and women who maintained its moral, intellectual, and social status; and also presents a record of those institutions that contributed to the general upbuilding of the community.

It has long been conceded, by recognized authorities, that the early annals of Hallowell are of remarkable interest and of unusual historic value. Therefore, with the hope that these veritable yet romantic records may appeal to the sons and daughters of the Kennebec valley, wherever they may be, and also to the general reader who would enjoy for a season the characteristic atmosphere of an exceptionally favored old New England town, this story, as illumined by the traditions of the fathers, is now inscribed upon these pages.

To those loyal friends of Old Hallowell, to whom I am indebted for the use of valuable family papers, manuscript letters, copies of rare old portraits, and for most cordial encouragement in the making of the book, appreciative acknowledgments are here gratefully rendered. To Miss Annie F. Page and Miss Sophia B. Gilman, who have placed the resources of the Hubbard Free Library and their own invaluable collections of local historical matter at my disposal, and who have given me their constant personal assistance in my researches, an expression of gratitude is here especially due. To all of those lovers and friends of the old town from whom messages of enthusiastic interest in my work have frequently been received, I this day send out, with the story of Old Hallowell, thanks—and greeting!

E. H. N.

Augusta, Maine.
November 25, 1909.

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* From photograph by F. Ernest Peacock.

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HALLOWELL

Prelude

The river with its ruffled blue
Divides the mighty hills in two,
  Caresses many a dell.
Under a height that tosses back
The summer thunder from its track,
  Lie home and Hallowell.

The sunrise sends its couriers down
To wake the quaint, embowered town;
  A misty azure spell
At early even creeps to bridge
The depth beneath each rocky ridge
  That watches Hallowell.

The world may smile — the world whose pain
Is measured by its golden gain;
  Our pine-sweet breezes swell
With something it hath never heard,
A benediction fills the word,
  The name of Hallowell.

Content to miss the flash and whirl
We watch the breath of hearth-fires curl
  With every mellow bell.
We note how fair the hours be,
Life hath a touch of Arcadie
  In dreamy Hallowell.

Hope guards her dearest treasures here
The gate of heaven is always near
  Where faith and duty dwell.
We learn to toil and look above,
To spell God's truth of light and love
  In hill-bound Hallowell.

—*Ellen Hamlin Butler*

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I

ANCIENT KOUSSINOK

N'kanayoo!—Of the Olden Time!

THE wise old Abenaki story-teller struck the keynote of universal human interest when he began his ancestral records with this expression: *N'kanayoo!* —Of the Olden Time!

These words are fraught with significance. They appeal to the human heart in all lands and in all ages of the world. The love of the past and a desire to preserve the records of the past are inherent in the human race. To transfer the story of yesterday to some far-off to-morrow has ever been the mission of poet and historian; and to begin at the beginning has an irresistible charm. Therefore, in recalling the history of Old Hallowell, our minds and hearts are lured back to the "Olden Time" of the Abenaki story-teller; and, with him, we may very fitly say: *N'kanayoo!* for our record must begin with the days when the Abenaki Indian dwelt upon the banks of the Kennebec.

The river shores, where Hallowell now stands, were once the ancestral hunting grounds of the "gentle Abenakis." According to their traditions, these Men of the Dawn held their patent directly from the hand of the Creator. The land had been theirs from the beginning of the world; and it is now pleasant to believe that, from time immemorial, hearth-fires have burned upon our shores; that here old songs have been sung, brave deeds recounted, and ancient traditions retold for innumerable generations.

The banks of Bombahook were once a favorite camping-ground of the Abenaki Indians; the picturesque plateau, at the southern end of the "Plains," was the place of many lodges; and on the eastern shore of the river, in the northern portion of the territory originally included in the town of Hallowell,

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there was a large and permanent Abenaki village. With the early records of these Indian domains, the story of the first settlement of Old Hallowell is inextricably interwoven; and if we would understand the history of our native town, we must go back to the days when the men of Plymouth dwelt here side by side with the Indians of Koussinok.

As we endeavor to recall this half-forgotten period, its events unfold themselves before our eyes like the successive scenes of a dimly-lighted, old-time panorama. We see first a little white-sailed vessel appearing off the coast of Maine. It is the shallop of the Pilgrim Fathers, built at Plymouth, and commanded by Edward Winslow, who, with six of "ye old standards," comes to trade with the Indians on the banks of the Kennebec. These unskilled mariners boldly dare the dangers of Seguin, cross the rippling bosom of Merrymeeting Bay, sail on, past the island home of the old chief Kennebis, past the Point of Bombahook, and follow the curving river shore until they see the smoke of the Abenaki camp-fires, and reach the Indian village.

It was in the autumn of the year 1625 that these brave men of Plymouth set sail, with their shallop-load of corn, for this hitherto unknown haven on the Kennebec. Their little craft, built by the house carpenter of Plymouth, was not well fitted for such a voyage. "They had laid a litle deck over her mid-ships," writes Governor Bradford, "to keepe ye corne drie, but ye men were faine to stand it out all weathers without shelter, and y^t^ time of ye year begins to growe tempestius. But God preserved them and gave them good success, for they brought home 700 lb. of beaver besids some other furrs, having litle or nothing els but this corne which themselves had raised out of ye earth." [1]

In 1627, the Plymouth merchants, having procured a patent for the Kennebec, "erected a house up above in ye river in ye most convenientest place for trade, as they conceived, and furnished the same with comodities for y^t^ end, both winter & somer, not only with corne, but also with such other commodities

[1] Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*, p. 247.

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as ye fishermen had traded with them, as coats, shirts, ruggs, & blankets, biskett, pease, prunes, &c.; and what they could not have out of England, they bought of the fishing ships, and so carried on their bussines as well as they could." [1]

This story of the Pilgrim Fathers is one of the most interesting and important in the early history of New England, and yet it has lapsed into an almost legendary form, and to-day many of the dwellers in the Kennebec valley are entirely unaware that the famous men of Plymouth were ever sojourners upon our shores. Nevertheless, it is true that more than a hundred years before the erection of Fort Western there was a flourishing trading-post in this locality, and here for nearly forty years the Plymouth merchants lived side by side with the Abenaki Indians and carried on a profitable trade with the aboriginal inhabitants of Maine.

Considering the dependence of the Pilgrim Fathers upon the resources of Maine, and the fact that they were saved from financial ruin and enabled to pay their debt to the London Company only by the profits of the valuable shipments of furs from the Kennebec, it is surprising to learn how little the historians of Plymouth have to say of the trading-post at Koussinok and of the life and adventures of the men who occupied it for so many years. The writings of Edward Winslow, of Governor Bradford, and of other contemporary authors contain but the briefest references to this subject. It has even been intimated that the Pilgrim merchants were purposely reticent in regard to their trading-post since they did not wish to open to other colonists this very profitable source of their own supplies. For this reason, the materials for the story of the first English settlers within the borders of Old Hallowell are very meager; and it is only in the records of the early French voyagers, in the *Relations of the Jesuits*, and in the works of other French authorities, that I have been able to find any satisfactory original data for the story of ancient Koussinok, and for the intercourse of the English with the Indians of this village.

[1] Bradford's *History of Plymouth Plantation*, p. 281.

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The earliest mention that I find of the name Koussinok is in the writings of the French priest, Father Gabriel Druillettes, who, in 1652, states that the Abenakis have a village and burying-ground where they meet every spring and fall "in sight of the English who live at Koussinok."[1] This, then, is the beautiful old Indian word that was afterwards corrupted into "Cushnoc."

In regard to the meaning of the name Koussinok, authorities widely differ. One writer, learned in Indian nomenclature, states that it is a compound word meaning the place of the sacred rites beside the rippling waters. This signification seems very appropriate, for Koussinok was the place of the sacred rites of the tribe, and was located near the rapids in the river. But Maurault, in his *Histoire des Abenakis*, states that the word Koussinok is equivalent to the French phrase, *Il y en a beaucoup;* and that the village was called Koussinok because the English had greatly increased in numbers at this place.

Who all of these English people were that dwelt for a whole generation upon our shores can not now be ascertained. No full and consecutive history of the Plymouth settlement on the Kennebec has ever been written; but we know that some of the ablest and best men in the colony were sent to take charge of the trading-post, and this fact shows the importance with which the place was at this time regarded.

One of the early agents in command of the trading-houses was John Howland, who, with his "military turn" and adventurous spirit, was well fitted for the administration of the business of the colony in this important location. He was, moreover, one of the company responsible for the public debt and therefore especially interested in the success of the enterprise on the Kennebec.

In 1634, while Howland was in command at Koussinok, John Alden came from Plymouth to bring supplies for the spring traffic with the Indians; and Myles Standish, although never in command, came frequently in the Plymouth shallop on its business trips to the Kennebec. Governor Bradford,

[1] *Relations of the Jesuits*, Vol. 37, p. 254.

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who was desirous of strengthening the Plymouth title to this territory, is also said to have come in his official capacity to treat with the Indians at this period.

One of Howland's successors at the trading-post was Captain Thomas Willett, a young man who had been a member of the congregation at Leyden and who had followed the Pilgrims to Plymouth in 1632. He was a very able and efficient agent, and by his just and tactful dealings with the Indians, he won their confidence and faithful service. Captain Willett afterwards established an extensive trade with the Manhattan Dutch; and later in life he was honored with the office of Governor of New York.

Another notable commander of the Koussinok trading-post was John Winslow, a brother of Governor Edward Winslow. John Winslow came over in the *Fortune*, and was one of the most efficient and highly esteemed men of the colony. He was in command on the Kennebec from 1647 to 1652, and was for many years identified with the Indian trade, through which he became one of the wealthiest men of Plymouth.

In the year 1654, we find Captain Southworth occupying the post as agent of the Plymouth Company. Southworth was the son of Alice Southworth, the second wife of Governor Bradford. "He was a man eminent for the soundness of his mind and the purity of his heart." He spent three years in this remote region and cheerfully bore the privations and discomforts of the wilderness for the good of the colony and the maintenance of the traffic with the Indians.

And Governor Thomas Prence — that dignified, stately personage who had a countenance full of majesty and who is said to have been a terror to evil-doers — he also came to the Kennebec in 1654 and established some very wholesome laws for the conduct of the settlers and their intercourse with the native denizens of the forest.

In the year 1648, Natahanada, a sagamore of the Kennebec, conveyed a large tract of land to William Bradford, Edward Winslow, Thomas Prence, Thomas Willett, and William

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Paddy; and a copy of the deed that was signed by Natahanada may still be seen in the Register's Office of Lincoln County. It is interesting to be assured that the Indian chieftain received, in payment for this valuable tract of land, two hogsheads of provisions, one of bread, one of pease, two cloth coats, two gallons of wine, and a bottle of strong waters.

A hundred years later, the Indians had grown wiser and refused to acknowledge the claims of the English either by deed or by right of possession. In 1725, the Abenaki chieftains declared to the English: "We were in possession before you, for we have held the land from time immemorial. The lands we possess were given to us by the Great Master of Life. We acknowledge only from him." Again in 1744, when Governor Shirley exhibited the deed signed by the Indians as a proof of his claim to the territory, the aged chieftain, Ongewasgane, replied, "I am an old man, yet I never heard my ancestors say that these lands were sold." [1]

It is now well understood that by thus deeding their lands, these Indians had no idea of any legal transference of their territory, but were merely granting to the white men the right to hunt and fish in common with themselves.

These occasional glimpses into the life and character of the Abenaki Indian stimulate our desire to know more of this remarkable tribe that the Plymouth men found in possession of the valley of the Kennebec; and a study of the customs and traditions of this ancient people reveals much of interest and of ethnological value. At the time when the Plymouth merchants were stationed in this locality, there was at Koussinok a large Indian village of five hundred inhabitants, including the women and the children. This primitive people had a wonderful and musical language. They had a system of writing and of communication with other and distant tribes. They possessed an inherited store of legends and folk-tales that were truly remarkable. They lived by hunting, fishing, and tilling the soil. They were peaceful, hospitable, and generous; and it is conceded by all authorities that "the sentiments of the

[1] Abbott's *History of Maine*, p. 352.

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Abenakis and their principles of justice had no parallel among other tribes."

These Indians, according to their own traditions and the common consent of the tribes around them, were an aboriginal people. They claimed that they were the first and only perfect creation of the Great Spirit, that after them, the Indian was of an inferior quality. They were destined from the primal order of the universe to be nature's aristocracy; and, in comparing them with other Indians, this claim seems to have been very well founded.

One example of magnanimity and nobility of character was furnished by the Kennebec chieftain Assiminasqua. On several occasions when the Kennebec Indians had sent messengers to treat with the English on the coast, the latter had taken them prisoners and deprived them of their arms; but when the English came to make a treaty at Ticonic, and might easily have been captured by the Indians, Assiminasqua scorned to do so treacherous a deed. "It is not our custom," he said, "when messengers come to treat of peace, to seize upon their persons and make them prisoners. Keep your arms! You are at liberty! With us it is a point of honor." [1]

An illustration of the loyalty of these Indians among themselves may be found in the very interesting custom of choosing the Nidoba. Every young brave, on arriving at the age when he began to hunt and fish for himself, chose a friend of his own age whom he called his "Nidoba," — a name which signified a comrade faithful until death. These two young braves united themselves by a mutual bond to dare all dangers in order to assist each other as long as they both should live. Thus every Abenaki man had at least one true friend ever ready to give his life for him; and these two faithful comrades believed that after death they would be reunited in the Happy Hunting Grounds.[2]

The native characteristics of the Kennebec Indians were most apparent at the great councils which were held at

[1] Abbott's *History of Maine*, p. 185.
[2] Maurault's *Histoire des Abenakis*, p. 16.

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Koussinok twice a year,—one in the autumn before going on the great hunt to the "Lake of the Moose," and the other in the spring when the braves returned laden with their trophies. Then the council fires were lighted around the great stone hearths, and here were performed all the sacred rites and ceremonies of the tribe.

At these celebrations there was dancing and feasting; and the young men, who were enthusiastic athletes, indulged in spirited contests of ball-playing, wrestling, running, and leaping.

I recall one old Indian story of a running match in which the contestants were required to give their names on entering the lists. The first runner announced that he was "Northern Lights." The second said that he was "Chain Lightning." It is needless to add that "Chain Lightning" won the race.

The children also had many pretty games which had been played by their ancestors for many generations. One of these games consisted of hiding a large ring in the sand and attempting to find it and draw it out on the end of a long pointed stick. Another game which the Indian girls played is very interesting because it so closely resembles the ancient English game of "Old Witch," sometimes known as "Hawk and Chickens." And curiously enough, this Indian game, like the old English play, was preceded by a counting-out jingle; only instead of saying, "Eny, meny, mony, mi," as the children of Old Hallowell used to do, the little Abenaki girls said, "Hony, keebe, laweis, agles, huntip!" and whoever was left, after all the rest were counted out, had to be the "old Swamp Woman."

The Abenaki women were comely and attractive in appearance. Their feminine taste found expression in a great variety of ornaments including rings, necklaces, and bracelets made of shells and wrought with great skill. Sometimes the Abenaki bride made for her lover chieftain a belt with a fringe of wampum a foot in depth and containing many thousands of pieces. The Abenaki women also made many tasteful household articles out of plaited rushes and birch bark. They had developed a rude art of pottery. They understood the secrets

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of coloring; and artistic rugs and portières were not unknown to the primitive women of the Kennebec. But while indulging in these accomplishments, the Abenaki women were also expected to plant and hoe the corn, to dress the skins of the hunter's trophies, and to do all the menial work of the settlement. They were, however, always treated with respect by the Abenaki men.

Among the chief characteristics recorded of the Abenaki men and women were their intense affection for their children, their veneration for their ancestors, and their love for their native woods and waters. Every boy born to the Abenaki mother was taught the origin and traditions of his race, and was ready to die for the rights inherited from his fathers. These traditions were constantly repeated around the campfires and instilled into the minds of the children by the songs of the Indian mothers.

It is difficult for us now to invest this ancient people with the ingenuous characteristics and the poetic imagination which their records and folk-lore prove that they once possessed; and I cannot better describe the thought and feeling of the Indian mother and her belief in the birthright and the future of her baby chieftain than by a few verses entitled

AN ABENAKI LULLABY

Sleep in thy birchen cradle, sleep!
  For the planting time is here;
The little gray mice through the stubble creep;
And the leaves that down through the branches peep
  Are as big as the mouse's ear.
Sleep, where the pine its shadow throws,
And the Koonabecki flows and flows.

Sleep, sleep, for the crow is near!
  'Twas he who brought the grain
From the far southwest, o'er the valleys drear,
And the women must watch and work in fear,
  Lest he snatch it back again.
Watch and work while the seedlet grows,
And the Koonabecki flows and flows.

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Hush! hush! for the gray wolf cries! —
  A mighty hunter soon,
Thou shalt chase the deer with the starry eyes,
And follow the stream where the salmon rise,
  In a boat that is like the moon.
Soft like the curved white moon it goes,
Where the Koonabecki flows and flows.

Sleep, little chief of a chieftain born!
  Old as the sun thy sires;
They sprang to life at the world's first morn;
Their torches, lit at the ruddy dawn,
  Kindled the council fires,
To burn as long as the morning glows,
While the Koonabecki flows and flows.

Wake, wake, little chieftain, wake!
  Thine are the eastern lands;
For thee did the good Great Spirit make
Forest, and hill, and stream, and lake,
  And the river's shining strands.
Thine they are while the east wind blows,
And the Long-Land-Water flows and flows.

These ingenuous and tractable Indians of the Kennebec were converted to Christianity under the ministrations of the Jesuit priest, Father Gabriel Druillettes, who here founded the Mission of the Assumption in 1648.

Father Druillettes was an educated and cultured Frenchman who had left a home of luxury in Europe to spend a life of suffering and self-denial in the wilderness of the New World. He became the warm friend of John Winslow and was often entertained at the board of the Plymouth merchant at the trading-post. Father Druillettes also visited the colonies at Boston and Plymouth where, notwithstanding the death-law against the Jesuits, he was courteously received as the accredited envoy of the French government at Canada.

It was by the Indians' own request that Father Druillettes came as a missionary to Koussinok. He was loved and reverenced by these children of the forest. They begged him never to leave them. They built for him a pretty chapel.

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They gave him their best canoe, but would not permit him to paddle. "Pray for us and we will row for you," they said. When Father Druillettes proposed to them as a condition of baptism that they should give up their intoxicating drinks which they had received from the English, that they should destroy their medicine bags and other objects of sorcery, and strive to live in peace with all the other tribes, they readily consented to do so. Father Druillettes thus acquired a great influence over his Indian wards.

Such were the peaceful, hospitable, and interesting people whom the early voyagers called the "gentle Abenakis." Here the men of Plymouth found them living their simple, primitive lives, and believing in the future destiny of their race without a shadow of the fate that was so soon to befall them. But all these things apparently made no impression on the minds of our revered Pilgrim Fathers. They came to these newly discovered shores where the air was scintillant with local color and where the wigwams were just overflowing with material available for the folk-lore student, and yet they have left us no record of it whatever.

Happily we now know from the fragments of Abenaki folk-lore that have been preserved to us by the last remnants of the ancient tribes, what a wealth of legend and tradition these Indians once possessed; and if these scanty fragments of song and story are so wonderful, we can imagine what the folk-lore of these first dwellers on our shores must have been in the palmy days of their tribal existence when every generation had its poet and story-teller and the Men of the Dawn retold all that their sires had taught them from the beginning of the world.

The ancestral hunting grounds of the Abenakis on the shores of the Kennebec inevitably fell into the possession of the Plymouth company. This company based its legal claim to the territory on the patent granted by the Plymouth Council of England to the Plymouth Colony in 1629. This patent included a strip of land fifteen miles in width on each side of the Kennebec extending from a line south of Swan Island to a

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line a league above the Wesserunsett river, with the exclusive rights of trade within these limits, and with an open passage-way to the sea. For nearly forty years the Plymouth Colony maintained its trading-post on the Kennebec; but when the business declined and profits no longer flowed into their treasury, they sold the patent, for four hundred pounds, to John Winslow, Thomas Brattle, Atipas Boies, and Edward Tyng. This transfer of the patent was made in 1661 ; and a few years later the trading-post was abandoned by its owners.

This, it must be remembered, was some years before the outbreak of King Philip's war of 1675, in which the Kennebec Indians were the last to become involved. Then followed the long century of cruel and devastating warfare ; and at its close, the few Indians that remained of the once flourishing tribe on the Kennebec migrated by way of the old Chaudière trail to Canada where they joined the St. Francis tribe of Indians.

The Plymouth trading-post, long forgotten, fell into decay. The picturesque Abenaki village and the little chapel of the Assumption soon disappeared from the shore of the Kennebec; and a luxuriant forest growth obliterated all traces of ancient Koussinok.

Nevertheless, the men of Plymouth had builded more wisely and laid their foundations within our borders more deeply than they ever knew. They opened the forest to civilization. They established their title to the Kennebec patent and bequeathed their rights to their successors. The land lay dormant for almost a hundred years ; but the seed of a city had been planted and was destined to spring up and bring forth fruit after many days. The descendants of the men who purchased the property in 1661 did not forget their valuable inheritance; and, on the 21st of September, 1749, the heirs of the Kennebec proprietors met to devise means of opening the land to settlers. An organization was formed under the name of the Kennebec or Plymouth Company; and from these Kennebec proprietors the settlers of Old Hallowell received the title to their estates. Their rights inalienable have come down to the present day.

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The Pilgrim Fathers may thus be regarded as the pioneer openers of this portion of the Kennebec valley; and the people of Old Hallowell, in tracing the origin of their ancestral homes, must go back, through the mists of the past, to the romantic yet veritable records of ancient Koussinok.

The original name of this early settlement should always be preserved, for the word is replete with historic associations and alive with local light and color. It brings before our minds a series of pictures, in which the elements of adventure, hardship, bravery, valor, and romance are mingled. We see the hospitable Abenaki lodges, where a mat for the stranger is always laid. We see the smouldering fires, and the vaguely flitting forms of women and little children. Somewhat apart from the village, in its consecrated space, stands the chapel of the Assumption, with its walls of white birch bark, and its altar lighted by tall candles made from the wax of the bay-berries gathered on the coast. Great pine knots blaze on the round stone hearths where the chieftains meet in council; and in the fitful glare of the firelight sits the tribal story-teller repeating the traditions of long ago when the Abenaki men lived in "the early red morning before the sunrise." Perchance his story is a poetic nature-myth of the wooing of the summer, or an amusing tale of the tricksy mischief-maker who ran about among the wigwams stirring up all sorts of trouble; or the pretty bit of folk-lore telling of the little "Burnt-Faced Girl," who, like a veritable Cinderella, crept out from the ashes of her chimney-corner to become the bride of the tallest, handsomest young chieftain in the village; or, most wonderful of all, the legend of the terrible monster, whose "heart of ice" was melted by a woman's tender touch, and whose ferocious nature was transformed by the ministrations of human sympathy,— a legend which seems to indicate that even these "Men of the Dawn" had some conception of the old, continual strife between good and evil in the human soul.

Near by, upon the river-shore, stand the log-cabins of the Pilgrim trading-post, rude, but commodious and substantial. A great fire roars in the huge stone chimney-place. The walls

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are hung with scarlet blankets, shining trinkets, and the sharp-bladed knives coveted by the Indian men and boys; and the great bins are laden with supplies for traffic with the Indian hunters. Here, to and fro, with stately tread, move the Plymouth merchants, insistent, stern, and realistic.

Koussinok! The word may be, at times, picturesque, severe, unreal, vivid, pathetic, or grimly tragic, but it is always suggestively historic; and, to-day, although the ancient trading-post and the Abenaki village have disappeared, although Pilgrim Fathers come no more, and only the wraiths of Indian chieftains, in the ghosts of white canoes, glide up and down the river, their story is still recalled by this old Abenaki name; and, with the name, the memories of ancient Koussinok will long abide upon the borders of the Kennebec.

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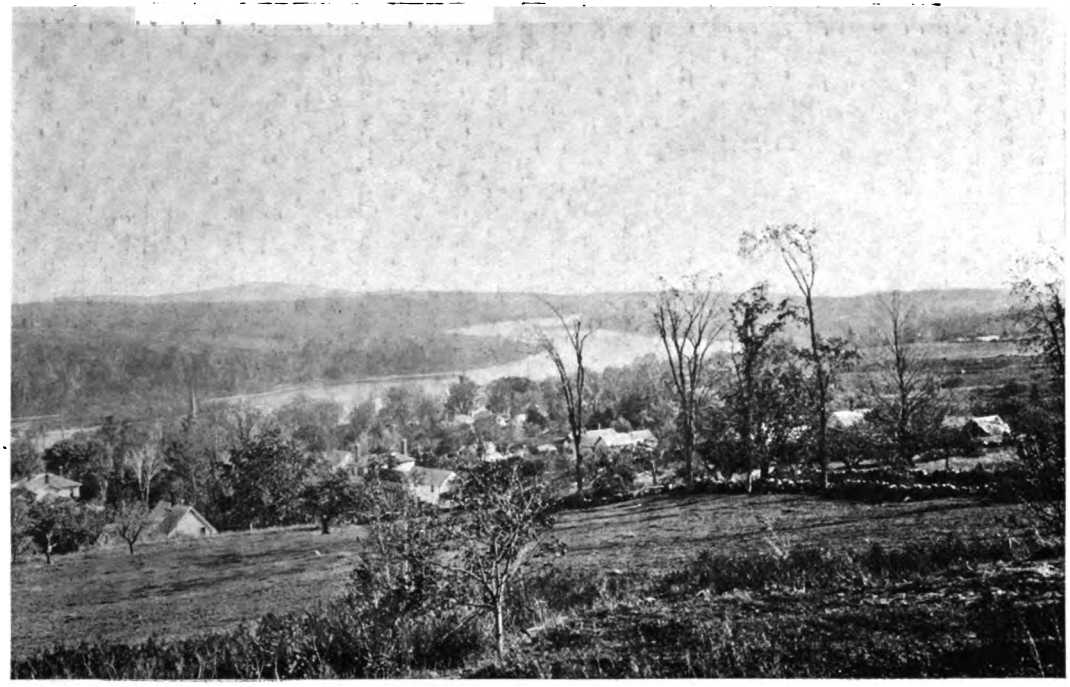

View From Powder House Hill

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II

THE FIRST SETTLERS

"The lines are fallen unto me in pleasant places."—Psalms xvi : 6.

THERE is no more beautiful view on the shores of the Kennebec river than that from the top of Powder House hill in Hallowell. Standing where its gray granite ledges creep out amidst the grasses which are fringed, in early summer, with tilting scarlet columbine, or, later in the season, with graceful tufts of golden-rod, one looks upon a picture of unusual charm and beauty. To the north, like a giant sentinel, rises the bold wooded crest of Howard hill. To the south lies the Cascade pond, glistening in the sunlight, and sending its waters eastward, over the cascades and rapids of the Vaughan stream, to meet the blue waves of the Kennebec. Before us rise the church spires amidst tall elms and maples; and, below, at the feet of the ancient town, the river—the "Long-Land-Water"—as the Indians fittingly named it, flows majestically on past its old moss-grown wharves and grassy islands, and then sweeps around in a picturesque curve and follows its course to the sea.

Close behind us, founded on the immovable rocks, is that time-honored landmark, the old brick powder house, with its one mysterious door barred with iron and carved with the monograms, initials, and cabalistic signs that register the visitors of a century. "Over the river," as we always said in our childhood, the banks of Chelsea Heights rise steeply from the water's edge. Away at the north, the chimneys and turrets of the gray stone hospital emerge above the trees suggestive of some old English castle; and thence the undulating hills sweep on until lost in the mists of the horizon.

Every son and daughter of Hallowell knows this picture of the "fair olden city on the river's shore." We see it in our

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dreams, and with closed eyelids in our waking hours; and to-day, as we turn our thoughts backward to the founding of Hallowell a century and a half ago, it is difficult to shut out the familiar scene and recall the time when these shores of the Kennebec were an unbroken forest.

Even at this early period, however, the place must have seemed to the "first comers" an ideal location for a town; and its natural advantages were at once apparent to the early settlers on the Kennebec. The shores of the river valley from the time of the Pilgrim traders had been known for their fertility and natural productiveness; the waters of the river were filled with salmon and other delicious fish; the water-power of the stream that here dashed wildly down through the forest was a guarantee for future sawmills and other necessary manufactories. Here was the head of the tide and of a broad waterway for the ships from the sea. Moreover, at this period, the Kennebec was regarded as the natural outlet of Canada, and visions of the time when there should be a grand inland route of traffic and travel from Montreal and Quebec, *via* the Kennebec, to the sea, had always had a prominent part in the plans of the promoters of the river settlements. For these reasons, a town well located in this vicinity might confidently look forward to a permanent and ever increasing prosperity. Accordingly, at the close of the French and Indian wars, when peace and security became assured, the Plymouth proprietors on the Kennebec offered their lands for sale on the most liberal terms in order to induce settlers to come to this region.

In the year 1754, Fort Western was erected on the east bank of the Kennebec, and garrisoned with twenty men under the command of Captain James Howard. Around the fort a few small log houses were soon built, but until the year 1762, which must ever stand prominent in our local history, no dwelling of any sort existed within what are now the limits of Hallowell.

It was on the third of May of this momentous year, 1762, that Deacon Pease Clark and his wife, with their son, Peter

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Clark, and his wife and one little child, landed upon the shore of the Kennebec and made a path for themselves to the spot where the old cotton factory now stands in Hallowell. No hearth fire burned for their welcome; no door opened at their coming; no home stood ready to receive them. And so the intrepid Pease Clark and his son Peter took the one rude cart which they had brought with them and turned it bottom upwards. Then, with their brave wives and the one little child, they crept under it and passed the night. In the morning they arose and began the settlement of Hallowell.

The Clarks had evidently not come to this new country entirely ignorant of its location and requirements. According to family tradition, Peter Clark, the son of Pease Clark, had been a lieutenant in charge of a company of sixty soldiers, probably a part of Gen. Shirley's force, sent to guard the workmen who built Fort Western in 1754. Peter Clark, being pleased with the country and the terms offered to settlers, first induced his father to make a prospecting trip to the Kennebec valley, after which, they both decided to establish a home here for themselves and their families. Pease Clark secured a grant of land of one hundred acres, fifty rods wide and one mile long extending through what is now the central part of Hallowell. His son Peter was granted an adjoining lot at the south.

The first efforts of the Clarks were devoted to making a small clearing and to the erection of a temporary dwelling. They then planted corn and rye upon the burnt land. Before the snows of the following winter fell, these energetic first settlers had hewn timber, procured boards and planks from the mill at Cobbossee, and built a comfortable frame house of two stories in front and one at the rear, according to the fashion of the times; and ever after that, the hospitable doors of the Clark house stood open to welcome all newcomers to this locality.

Probably no thought of founding a city, small or great, entered into the heads of the Clarks at the time of their coming to the Kennebec; but they unconsciously carried out the first great fundamental principle of civic history, namely, that the

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establishment of the individual home is the true foundation of the commonwealth. Pease Clark now rightfully bears the distinction of having been the father of the present city of Hallowell; while to James Howard, the first settler at Fort Western, is accorded the honor of having been the founder of Augusta.

As we look back to the arrival of Pease Clark and his family in this newly-opened country, we can easily imagine the intense interest with which they regarded the other newcomers who were destined to be their neighbors and fellow-townsmen; and our own interest is warmly excited in these first families of old Hallowell. An old chart, made from Winslow's plan of Cushnoc in 1761, gives us an excellent idea of the division of the territory and the location of the new settlers. Fort Western, occupied by Captain James Howard and his family, stood two miles above the Clarks' clearing and on the opposite side of the river. Three sons of Pease Clark, who soon followed their father to the Kennebec, settled above the fort. A fourth brother, David Clark, received lot 15 on the west side of the river, and a sister, the widow of Asa Fiske of Providence, afterwards married to David Hancock, settled on lot 29 on the west side. A nearer neighbor of the Clarks at the north was Josiah French who kept an inn where is now the intersection of Green and Grove streets in Augusta; Ephraim Cowan lived on the lot where the State House now stands, and Samuel Howard, whose estate included Howard Hill, located a little farther to the south; but these lots were not within the present limits of Hallowell. Here the land was divided into two large sections of 32,000 acres each, extending from the river to Cobbossee Great Pond. Lot 23 was owned by Dr. Sylvester Gardiner and lot 22, by Benjamin Hallowell. Out of these large sections, Pease Clark and Peter Clark had received adjoining corner lots bordering on the river. Their nearest and only neighbors on the south were Jonathan and Job Philbrook two miles below in the present town of Farmingdale. With the exception of the Philbrooks, there were no

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THE OLD POWDER HOUSE

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other settlers on the west side of the Kennebec between the Clarks and the Cobbossee stream in Gardiner.

On the east side of the river, near the southern boundary line, was the lot of Samuel Bullen, who was prominent in the records as town constable. Lot 7, on what is now the beautiful "intervale," was granted to James Cocks (or Cox), of Boston.

Next, on the chart, we find the lots of Benjamin, Nathan, and Daniel Davis. Jonathan Davenport, who is well remembered as the first town clerk of Hallowell, settled on the adjoining grant. Ezekiel Page and his son Ezekiel Junior received lots 19 and 21. Moses and Seth Greeley settled on what has in recent years been known as the Arsenal lot. Daniel Hilton, a young soldier, who enlisted under Captain Howard for service at Fort Western, obtained lot 30. He afterwards sold this land to Daniel Thomas, who kept the first tavern on the east side of the river. Daniel and Edward Savage, two of the most enterprising settlers of this period, received grants in 1768 and 1769; but they had been for some years previous at the Fort.

One of the most remarkable of these early settlers whose name should also be preserved, was John Gilley, an Irishman from Cork. He came to this country in 1755 and enlisted as a soldier at Fort Western. He was at that time believed to be seven or eight years older than Captain James Howard. He attained an extraordinary longevity, and at his death, according to the estimate of his contemporaries, he was one hundred and twenty-four years of age. He enjoyed perfect health and was active in mind and body long after his one hundredth birthday. Judge Weston states that "the late Dr. Benjamin Vaughan of Hallowell, was interested to make an examination of John Gilley, from which he became satisfied that his age was not overstated."[1] Gilley married Dorcas Brown and had a large family of children. His name was given to Gilley's Point a locality famous as an ancient Indian burying-ground.

All of the above-mentioned men were located on the Kennebec, in 1763, or earlier. They may be regarded as the pioneer settlers of Hallowell. They were the brave souls who

[1] *North's History of Augusta*, p. 93.

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ventured their all in a new and almost unknown country. They cleared the forests, planted the cornfields, and literally blazed the trail for future generations.

The every-day life of these pioneer settlers was marked, even in the most prosperous families, by hardship, privation, and self-sacrifice. The first sawmill within the limits of ancient Hallowell, was built by James Howard on the Ellis or Riggs brook, at some distance above Fort Western, about 1769. In 1772, William and Samuel Howard built another mill on the same stream; and very soon afterwards, in 1773, a third mill was erected by the Savage brothers. The nearest grist-mill was at Gardinerstown, on the Cobbossee stream; and all the "grist" was carried on the shoulders of the men over a foot-path through the forest, or in boats down the Kennebec. Even the inhabitants of Norridgewock and Canaan at this time, brought all their corn down the river in canoes to the mill at Cobbossee.

The settlers worked energetically and perseveringly, and the land was soon cleared and cultivated to the distance of half a mile from the river. In the adjoining forests, the bear still ranged, and frequently made destructive raids on the cornfields of the farmers. Terrifying rumors, and sometimes a glimpse of wolves and the dread *loup-cervier*, often alarmed the men as well as the women and children. The houses of the period, with a few notable exceptions, were built of logs. Huge fire-places, scantily supplied with cooking utensils, tested the housewife's art, and doubtless at times sorely tried her patience. As there were no roads, the social intercourse of the people must have been very limited; and our sympathies constantly revert to the women and children who naturally suffered most from their isolated location, and restricted circumstances.

There was, moreover, for the first decade after the coming of Pease Clark and his immediate followers, no opportunity for religious service on the Sabbath. The people, consequently, lacked both the social and religious uplift that comes from laying aside the work-a-day cares of life and going in clean attire and goodly company to the house of God. The Clarks

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especially must have missed the privileges of the sanctuary, for they had been prominent members of the first Congregational church at Attleboro, Mass., where they worshiped under the ministrations of Rev. Habijah Weld, a pastor "distinguished for his usefulness and highly respected both at home and abroad."[1] That they thus felt the deprivation of the Sabbath services is shown by the efforts made by Pease Clark to establish religious worship at the new settlement on the Kennebec. From the earliest town records, kept by Jonathan Davenport, we learn that "at a meeting of the inhabitants of Kennebec river, Cobbiseconte and upwards, held at the house of Mr. Pease Clark, Feb. 1st, 1763, articles of agreement were entered into to procure preaching. A committee was appointed to raise money for the purpose. The minister to divide his time between Cobbiseconte and Fort Western, or upwards as is most convenient."

The committee evidently made an effort to perform the duties assigned to them, for in April, 1763, the first public religious services were held at Fort Western. They were conducted by an Episcopal minister, the Rev. Jacob Bailey, from Pownalborough.

With this exception, the efforts of the people to secure preaching seem to have been without effect for we learn of no more public religious services at Hallowell until 1773.

But notwithstanding all these disadvantages, the early settlers were so inspired with hope, courage, and public spirit that, in 1771, they appealed to the legislature for incorporation as a town. The act was passed April 26, 1771. The new town contained ninety square miles of territory and included what is now Hallowell, Augusta, Chelsea, and the greater part of Manchester and Farmingdale. At the time of its incorporation it was represented by ninety-nine taxable polls. The town was named Hallowell in honor of Mr. Benjamin Hallowell, a wealthy Boston merchant, and one of the Plymouth proprietors.

A town meeting, called by James Howard, was held at

[1] *History of Attleboro.*

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Fort Western, May 22, 1771, of which the following record was duly made:

At a meeting of the Freeholders and other inhabitants of this town att Fort western being the first Town Meeting after we ware Incorporated and the town made choice of Deacon peas Clark for the Moderator and the following officers to serve the town for the year Ensuing Viz. Jonathan Davenport Town Clerk Constable Samuel Bullen Selectmen peas Clark James Howard Esq & Jonathan Davenport Town Treasurer James Howard Esq—Wardens Samuel Howard & Samuel Babcock—tythingmen Daniel Savage peter Hopkins—Deer Reeves Jonathan Davenport & moses Greley—Fence Viewers—adam Carson Benjamin White—Hog Reeves abijah Read Ebenezer Davenport & Emerson Smith—surveyers of High ways Ezekiel page Peter Clark peter Hopkins abisha Cowing & Daniel Cobb—surveyors of Boards shingles and timber James Cocks Edward Savage—James Howard Esq is appointed to provide a town Book at the town charge In order to keep the town Records.

The above extract is copied from the *Records of Hallowell*, No. 1. p. 1. It bears the date of May 22, 1771, and is the first entry made after the incorporation of the town. The record is inscribed in the hand writing of the first town clerk of Hallowell, Mr. Jonathan Davenport. The writer is guiltless of punctuation marks, save a few dashes, and is not always consistent in his use of capitals; but his handwriting is excellent, his spelling generally correct,—"peas" Clark being a most delectable exception.

At the annual meeting in 1772, Captain James Cocks was chosen moderator and Jonathan Davenport, clerk. The first acts of the town provided for roads on each side of the river from one end of the town to the other. Thirty-six pounds were raised towards clearing the roads, and fifteen pounds for schooling and preaching. The selectmen were instructed to petition the Plymouth proprietors for "a ministerial lot, also a lot for a meeting-house and a training-field."

From this first list of town officers, we learn who were the principal men of the settlement at the time of the incorporation of the town in 1771. The names of these brave "first settlers" should have an honored place in the history of "Old Hallowell." Their story is necessarily fragmentary, and can be gathered

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only bit by bit from the old records. Nevertheless, they were very real characters, keenly alive in their day and generation; and could we now call together that first town-meeting of 1771, we should all, I think, without difficulty, recognize Pease Clark, *Moderator*, Jonathan Davenport, *Town Clerk*, James Howard, Esq., *Treasurer*, and all the other old-time dignitaries who, having endured the perils and hardships of "planting" the town in the primeval wilderness, were now rewarded by public recognition and the emoluments of office.

The life-story of Pease Clark remains especially identified with that part of Old Hallowell of which he was the first settler; and his name will long be remembered and honored in the community which he founded. The early records show that he was a man of ability, integrity, and public spirit. He had a prominent part in public affairs at the time of the incorporation of the town, and was zealous in his efforts for the public welfare.

Deacon Pease Clark has been characterized as "a pious man, just and honorable in his dealings." He erected his altar in the wilderness and there dwelt, with his sons and daughters around him, like a veritable patriarch of old. He lived to see his home surrounded by other pleasant dwellings, with fruitful gardens and orchards on the sloping hillsides; and his own fertile fields became the inheritance of his descendants. He was a worthy representative of that sturdy, indomitable class of pioneers who, with faith in God and their fellow-men, cleared the forests for the dwelling place of succeeding generations.

Pease Clark died in January, 1782. His life-work was fittingly commemorated in a funeral sermon preached by the Rev. Mr. Eaton of Winthrop, from the not inappropriate text: *Instead of the thorn shall come up the fir-tree: and it shall be to the Lord for a name that shall not be cut off.*

In the old burying-ground in Hallowell, there is a large table-shaped tomb, covered with moss and lichens, and yellowed by the rain and sunshine of more than a hundred years. It stands in a picturesque spot overlooking the blue water-course

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of the Kennebec and the curving river shore shut in and sheltered by the point of Bombahook. This was the fair domain chosen by Hallowell's first settler for his home; and it is fitting that Deacon Pease Clark, whose name is carven on this ancient tomb, should here rest beside the Kennebec.

Another most worthy monument to the memory of Deacon Pease Clark is the Hallowell City Building. This noble memorial edifice was erected by Mrs. Eliza Clark Lowell, in honor of her revered ancestor, and presented to the city of Hallowell in 1899. A marble tablet in its entrance hall bears this inscription:

THIS BUILDING IS THE
GIFT OF
ELIZA CLARK LOWELL
A LINEAL DESCENDANT OF
DEACON PEASE CLARK
THE FIRST SETTLER OF HALLOWELL
1762

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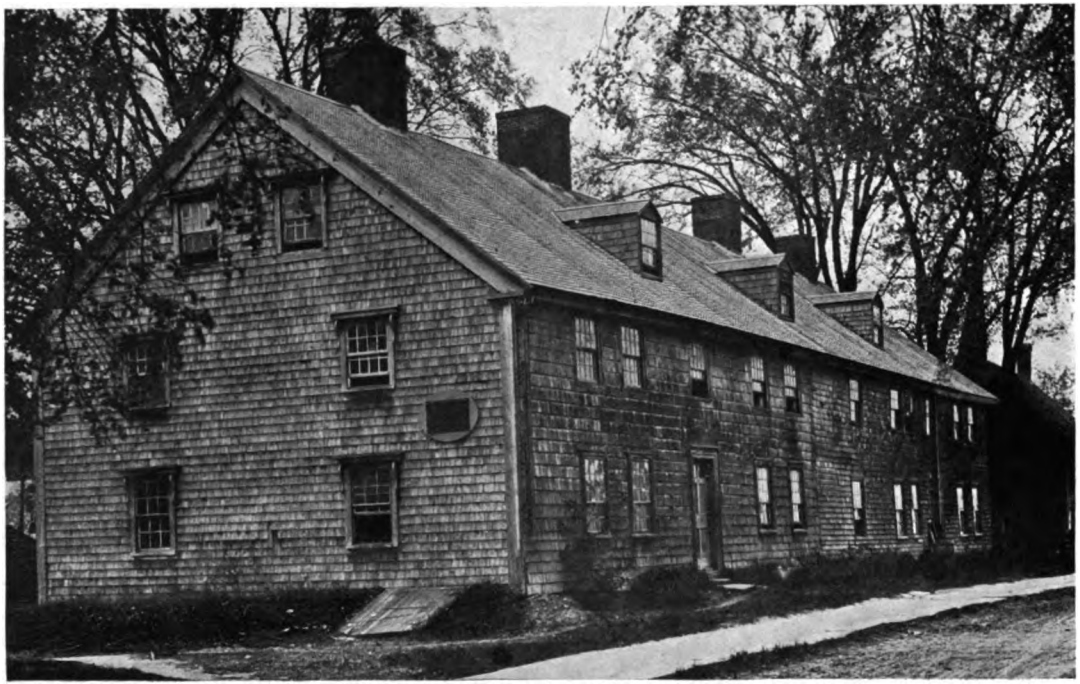

OLD FORT WESTERN, 1754

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III

MEN OF THE FORT AND HOOK

"They lived, loved, wrought, and died; and left a legacy cherished by their children."

—*Reminiscences of Hallowell.*

THE town of Hallowell, from the time of its incorporation in 1771 to its division in 1797, had the unusual experience of developing into two distinct villages. The settlement at Fort Western dated from 1754; that at Bombahook, from the coming of Pease Clark in 1762. The upper village was commonly called the Fort; the lower village, the Hook. The formation of two villages, each around its own center, was the natural result of certain local advantages, but it was quite unpremeditated by the early settlers; and for the first quarter of a century there was a warm community of interests between the Hook and Fort. All the settlers shared alike in the same hardships, struggles, aspirations, and achievements. Their interests were mutual, and all measures adopted were for the common good. Therefore, in recalling the early history of the town, we must bear in mind that the present sister cities of Hallowell and Augusta were, for a quarter of a century, one and the same town, bearing the incorporated name of Hallowell.

During the years of the Revolutionary war, the progress and development of the town was somewhat checked, but, with the return of peace, renewed prosperity came to the valley of the Kennebec, and a number of new settlers arrived at Hallowell who will always be remembered among the early promoters and benefactors of the town. Some of the most active and influential of these new settlers located around the Fort. The upper village therefore first felt the stimulating effects of the business energy and capital thus introduced into the community; and, although this volume is to be especially

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devoted to the story of the famous old town that grew up around the Hook, we must now pause to pay a brief tribute to the leading men of the Fort, since these men were prominent among the makers of Hallowell before the division of the Mother-Town, and also influential in the shaping of its destiny at the critical period of its existence in 1797. After the division of the town, the settlers around Fort Western loyally devoted all their energies to the upbuilding of the locality which they had chosen for their home; but before the aspirations of Fort and Hook diverged, the men of the Fort shared in the common interests of both sections which together made the town of Hallowell.

The individual characters of these men are so strongly impressed upon our local history that it would be an easy task for the artist of to-day to draw their pictures for posterity. Even a few brief strokes of the pen will render them recognizable upon these pages.

The name of James Howard, the first and only commander of Fort Western, stands at the head of the list of early settlers. Captain Howard came with his family to the Fort in 1754, and was for many years the most influential and prominent man in the community.

It is stated, in the *History of Augusta* (page 86), that James Howard was "a highly respectable gentleman who came from the north of Ireland," and that he was "of Scotch descent." This assertion has been frequently repeated by local historians, but it is evidently incorrect; for family records and traditions supported by historic evidence, which are still in the possession of the descendants of James Howard, show that he was of English ancestry and descended from a cadet of the house of Howard now represented in England by the Duke of Norfolk.

The statements of the author of the *History of Augusta*, in regard to the origin of James Howard were apparently based on a superficial impression derived from the fact that in 1735, this "highly respectable gentleman" appears on the Waldo Patent at St. George's in company with a Scotch-Irish colony. But Eaton, in his *Annals of Warren* (page 49), states that

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James Howard was one of seven men who "had been previously deputed by their associates in Boston and vicinity to select a place for settlement;" and it is claimed by an exact and experienced genealogist of the Howard family,[1] that at the time of the settlement of the Waldo Patent, James Howard was an English gentleman living in Boston, that he went to St. George's river in an official capacity, and that, although he settled there with the colony of Scotch-Irish, he was not of their nationality.

James Howard certainly proved himself to be a man of parts and well qualified for the position of a leader; and his descendants possessed those qualities of mind and character that we are accustomed to ascribe to good English birth and breeding. In 1770, after Fort Western was no longer used as a house of defense, James Howard built for himself, about a mile farther north, on Governor Shirley's "cut road," the fine and spacious mansion long known as the "Great House." Here a most generous hospitality was dispensed. It was said that the fire was never allowed to go out on the hearth of the Howard house; and in 1775, Dr. Senter writes of the Howards as "an exceeding polite and opulent family."

The most notable company ever assembled around the "opulent" board of the Howards, was entertained by the master and mistress of the Great House in September, 1775. This was when Colonel Benedict Arnold and his officers made a brief sojourn at Fort Western on their fateful journey to Quebec. In this remarkable assemblage there were a number of men whose names will ever live in the history of our country. Two of the most brilliant of these guests have, unfortunately, left the saddest records. Benedict Arnold and Aaron Burr were then brave and patriotic young soldiers with an apparently splendid future before them, but died with a shadow upon their fame. With them, came Captain Henry Dearborn, afterwards famous in the Revolutionary war and in the service of the country; also Major Meigs, Captain John Joseph Henry, Adjutant Febiger, known in the army as "Old Denmark," Major Ward, Lieutenant Colonel Green, Chaplain Spring of

[1] Mrs. Martha Gordon Banks of New York.

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Newburyport, and Dr. Senter, the surgeon of the regiment. Other officers were entertained at the fort by Colonel William Howard. The army of over a thousand men was quartered upon the grounds of the fort or stationed in tents upon the river shores. This was a momentous day at Fort Western and many tales and traditions of the festivities on this occasion have come down to us.[1]

The mistress of the Great House, Mrs. Mary Howard, died August 22, 1778. On January 1, 1781, Captain James Howard married Susanna Cony, widow of Lieutenant Samuel Cony. James Howard died May 14, 1787. The children of Captain James and Mary Howard were: John, b. 1733; Samuel, b. 1735; Margaret, b. October 25, 1738; William, b. 1740. The children of Captain James and Susanna Howard were: Isabella, b. 1781; James, b. 1783.

Captain Samuel Howard, a son of Captain James, was a master mariner. He married Sarah Lithgow, a daughter of Colonel William Lithgow, who was "famed for her beauty from Fort Halifax to Boston town." Colonel William Howard married his cousin Martha, daughter of Lieutenant Samuel Howard, and resided all his life in the old Fort. These two brothers were largely engaged in the lumber business and built up a prosperous trade between the Kennebec and Boston. They both became wealthy and influential men.

Colonel Samuel Howard, son of Colonel William, was also an eminent man in his day. He married Elizabeth Prince of Boston, whose aristocratic but prudent-minded mother was very much opposed to the union of her daughter "with one of those extravagant Howards."

The children of Colonel Samuel and Elizabeth Prince Howard were Alexander Hamilton Howard, for many years cashier of the American Bank in Hallowell; Elizabeth Prince, who married Thomas Little; Mary Gardiner, who married Thomas G. Jewett of Gardiner; and Sarah Colburn who married Samuel A. Gordon.

Margaret Howard, daughter of Captain James and Mary

[1] *Old Colonial Houses in Maine*, pp. 78-88.

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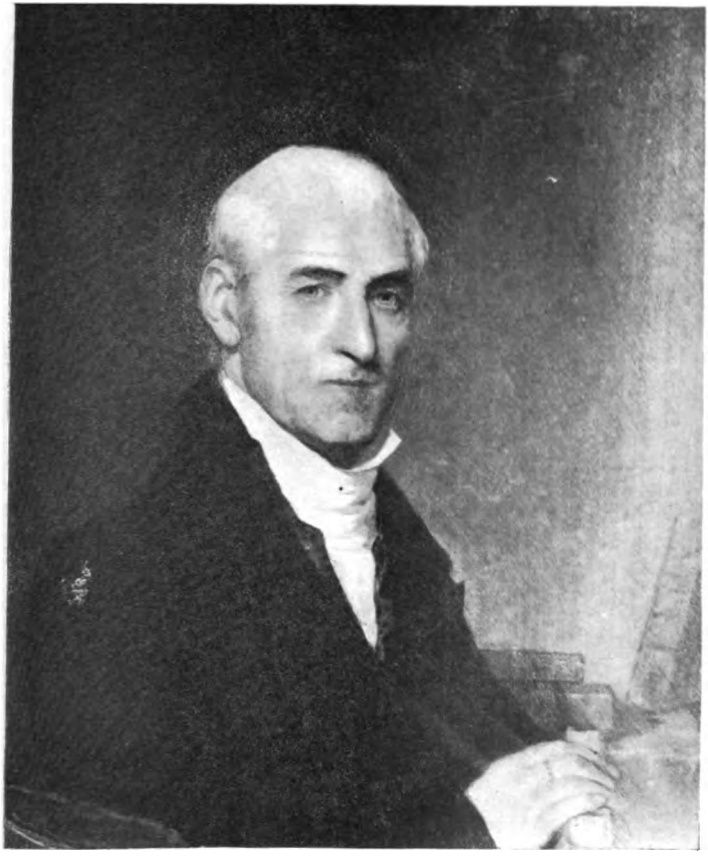

JUDGE DANIEL CONY

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Howard, married Captain James Patterson. The wedding took place February 8, 1763, in the great living-room of Fort Western, and the marriage ceremony was performed by the bride's father, Captain Howard, who, in his office of Justice of the Peace, was the only person in the settlement qualified to officiate at the nuptials of his daughter.

Old Fort Western, the home of the Howards, is still standing on the banks of the Kennebec, in the heart of the city of Augusta. Its gray and weather-beaten walls are suggestive of much that is romantic and interesting in the lives of the early settlers of old Hallowell; and this time-honored landmark should be perpetually preserved as a monument of the ancient town, and in memory of its brave and worthy commander, Captain James Howard.

At the close of the Revolution, many new settlers were attracted to Hallowell by the advantageous location of the town; and among the most notable of those who settled at the Fort was Deacon Samuel Cony of Shutesbury, Massachusetts. Deacon Cony was born in Boston in 1718, and was therefore quite advanced in years when he came, in 1777, to Hallowell, He stands on record as "a remarkably mild man" and a zealous Christian. He was the founder of a family long prominent in the annals of Hallowell and Augusta.

Lieutenant Samuel Cony, the oldest son of Deacon Samuel, was one of the most enterprising and successful men of the town. He settled on the Seth Greeley lot on the east side of the river and soon added to his estate so that at the time of his death, in 1779, he possesed five hundred acres of land in Hallowell. Samuel Cony was an enthusiastic patriot during the Revolution; and afterwards served as Lieutenant in the military organization at Hallowell. His name was inherited by his son General Samuel Cony, and by his grandson, Governor Samuel Cony.

Judge Daniel Cony, the second son of Deacon Samuel, has left a notable record. Before coming to Hallowell, he served in the Revolutionary army, and was present at the surrender of Burgoyne. He married Susanna Curtis and came to Hallowell

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in 1778. Here he became eminent in his profession and also prominent in political affairs. He represented Hallowell in the General Court of Massachusetts and was a member of the Executive Council. For a number of years he was Judge of the Court of Common Pleas and afterwards Judge of Probate for Kennebec County. He was also deeply interested in all educational movements and was one of the trustees of Hallowell Academy, an overseer of Bowdoin College, and the founder and endower of Cony Female Academy.

"Judge Cony," writes North, "was a man of vigorous intellect, sound judgment, quick perception, and ready resource. He was uniformly successful in whatever he resolutely undertook, was a strong ally, a safe and vigorous leader, and he attained to an influence with his fellow-men which few acquire. Decision and firmness were conspicuous traits in his character, while he was cool, calculating, sagacious.

"In his latter days, the Judge had an eccentricity of manner which was dignified and harmless, and rather added to than detracted from the interest of personal intercourse. We recollect when a boy attending a meeting in the South parish meeting-house and seeing the Judge walk up the broad aisle with slow and measured tread, clad in a tartan plaid coat much like the morning dressing-gown of gentlemen of the present day. A red cap of fine worsted covered his head, from beneath which escaped locks frosted to a snowy whiteness by age. In his left hand he held a cane by its center so that its ivory head appeared above his shoulder. His form was erect and his appearance venerable, as with sedate aspect he assumed his seat and became an attentive worshiper." [1]

Judge Cony lived to the venerable age of ninety years and died January 21, 1842.

Another family name long and honorably known in the annals of Old Hallowell was that borne by Captain Seth Williams, who came to the Fort village in 1779. Captain Williams was a descendant of Richard Williams of Taunton, and belonged to a branch of the English family that traces its

[1] *North's History of Augusta*, p. 172.

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MRS. SUSANNA CURTIS CONY

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ancestry back to Howell Williams, Lord of Ribour, who lived in the year 1400.

The dominant qualities of the English Williams family descended to their American representatives who settled at Fort Western. Seth Williams was a man of forceful character, strength of mind, and resolute principles. At the age of nineteen he entered the Revolutionary army as a minute-man, and was promoted for valorous conduct to the office of lieutenant of his company. At the close of his term of service, he came to Hallowell where he married Zilpha Ingraham, the daughter of Jeremiah Ingraham. Captain Williams became an influential man in the community and occupied prominent offices in the military and civic organizations of the town. He was also Representative to the General Court of Massachusetts in 1813. He died, honored and respected, March 18, 1817, at the age of sixty-one.

The sons of Seth and Zilpha Williams were all men of ability who bore an honorable part in the upbuilding of their native town. Hon. Reuel Williams was educated at the Hallowell Academy, and admitted to the bar in 1802. He married, November 19, 1807, Sarah Lowell Cony, daughter of Hon. Daniel Cony. A few years later he purchased for his home the large and elegant residence, built by Arthur Lithgow, and since known as the Williams mansion. As lawyer, statesman, and United States Senator, Mr. Williams had a long and honorable career. He was a generous and public-spirited citizen, interested in the promotion of large enterprises, and to him the material development and permanent prosperity of the city of Augusta is in a great measure due.

Judge Daniel Williams, the fourth son of Seth and Zilpha Williams, studied law with his older brother Reuel, and, like him, held numerous offices of trust and honor in town and state. He was one of the promoters of the enterprise for the construction of the Kennebec dam, and expended a large portion of his fortune in this public-spirited work. Judge Williams married, for his first wife, Mary Sawtelle of Norridgewock.

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His second wife was Hannah Bridge, the daughter of Hon. James Bridge.

Eliza Williams, born October 30, 1799, daughter of Seth and Zilpha Ingraham Williams, married Eben Fuller, December 21, 1821, and founded a home typical of the true New England ideals. She was a woman whose beautiful and beneficent life will long be remembered.

Joseph North was the son of Captain John North and was born on the St. George's river in 1739. He removed first to Gardinerstown, and thence to Fort Western in 1780. He married Hannah, daughter of Gershom Flagg, one of the wealthy Plymouth proprietors on the Kennebec; and, through his wife's inheritance, acquired an extensive lot of land reaching from Market Square to Bridge Street. There was, in 1780, no road along the river shore. Joseph North made a clearing in the forest and built his house on a site near the corner of Oak and Water Streets. Here he laid out an extensive garden where he cultivated all varieties of flowers that would grow in this locality.

Joseph North succeeded James Howard as Judge of the Court of Common Pleas, and remained on the bench of Lincoln and Kennebec counties for twenty-two years. He was the grandfather of Hon. James W. North, the author of the *History of Augusta*.

Captain Nathan Weston settled first at the Hook in 1778, and removed to the Fort in 1781. He engaged actively in trade, built a wharf, and sent out a vessel which for many years plied back and forth between Hallowell and Boston. Like other successful business men of the day, he entered upon a political career, held offices of local trust, was representative to the General Court in 1799, and member of the State Executive Council. His son, Judge Nathan Weston, fitted for college at the old Hallowell Academy, under Preceptor Samuel Moody, graduated at Dartmouth, and became one of Augusta's most honored sons. Judge Nathan Weston married Paulina B. Cony, daughter of Judge Daniel Cony. Their daughter Catherine married Frederick A. Fuller and became the mother

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of Judge Melville W. Fuller, the eminent Chief Justice of the United States.

Thomas and Henry Sewall were born in York, Maine. They came from one of the oldest and most highly respectable families in Massachusetts, and were descended from one Henry Sewall of England, "a linen draper, who acquired great estate, and who was more than once chosen Mayor of Coventry." It is claimed that the mayor of Coventry traced his descent from another even more illustrious Henry Sewall who was none other than the Archbishop of York in the year of our Lord 1250.

Thomas Sewall came to the Fort Western settlement in Hallowell in 1775. He was a tanner and made the first leather that was manufactured in the valley of the Kennebec. He married Priscilla Cony, daughter of Deacon Samuel Cony, and built for his home the house afterwards owned and occupied by Mr. Allen Lambard.

General Henry Sewall followed his brother to Fort Western in 1783, and became a prosperous merchant. He served as town clerk in Hallowell and Augusta for thirty-two years, as clerk of the District Court of Maine for twenty-nine years, and as register of deeds for seventeen years. General Sewall had also a most honorable military record. He entered the Revolutionary army with the rank of corporal and rose to the rank of major. After coming to Hallowell, he was commissioned Division Inspector and Major General of the militia.

General Sewall always assumed a prominent part in all church affairs and constituted himself the censor of the pulpit. He was a critical listener, very decided in his opinions, and orthodox to the last degree. His own diary and the church records plainly show that he made things extremely lively and not always comfortable for the ministerial candidates with whose doctrines he disagreed. He finally united with the South Parish church at the Hook. He was appointed deacon in this church and "continued a member therein—an advocate of the doctrine of free and sovereign grace."

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During many years of his life, General Sewall kept a diary from which North draws very freely in his *History of Augusta*. The extracts from this diary throw a very clear light on the life and times in Old Hallowell, at the period of which he writes. His remarks upon himself and his own doings are no less frankly illuminating than those upon his neighbors. General Sewall may very fittingly be called the Samuel Pepys of Hallowell.

The Lithgow family, first represented in Hallowell by William Lithgow, Jr., came of ancient and honorable ancestry. Their genealogy has been traced to "the probable branch in Scotland of which Robert the emigrant was a scion;" and this Scotch family "shows an uninterrupted line through Robert de Bruce (1274–1329) to Egbert (775–836)." [1]

William Lithgow, Jr. was the son of Captain William and Sarah Noble Lithgow of Fort Halifax, and grandson of Robert Lithgow the emigrant who came to this country with the Temple colony in 1719. William Lithgow, Jr. received a good education and studied law with James Sullivan of Biddeford. On the outbreak of the Revolution he entered the army and served with honor during the war. He was present at the surrender of Burgoyne; and his portrait may be seen in Trumbull's painting of that historical event.

In 1788, William Lithgow came to the village at the Fort and was the first resident lawyer on the Kennebec north of Pownalborough.

Mr. Lithgow was learned and eloquent in his profession He was also remarkable for his "noble figure, manly beauty, and accomplished manners." He was prominent in political life and held numerous offices of public trust. He was district attorney for five years, and was twice senator from Lincoln county to the General Court of Massachusetts. He was commissioned Major General of the militia in 1787. It was while General Lithgow and Judge Cony were so prominently before the public that one of their political opponents petulantly remarked: "There are certain men in society who seem to

[1] *The Lithgow Library and Reading-Room*, p. 18.

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have hereditary claim to every office in the power of the people to bestow."

Colonel Arthur Lithgow, a brother of General William Lithgow, was appointed the first Sheriff of Kennebec County, in 1799. He married Martha Bridge of Pownalborough and built the elegant mansion now known as the Ruel Williams house, where he resided until his removal from town about 1809. Colonel Lithgow maintained the family reputation for official ability, generous hospitality, and genial companionship. He was described by his friend, Mr. John H. Sheppard, as "one of nature's noblemen."

A third brother, James Noble Lithgow, married Ann Gardiner, daughter of John Gardiner, the celebrated lawyer of Dresden, and son of Dr. Sylvester Gardiner. Their son Llewellyn W. Lithgow, married first: Mary Bowman, daughter of Thomas Bowman of Augusta; second: Paulina P. Child, daughter of Elisha Child of Augusta. The "Lithgow Library" at Augusta, owes its existence to Llewellyn Lithgow, and is a worthy monument to the name and to the generosity and public spirit of its founder.

Another able and eminent man, without whom this notable group of settlers at the Fort would be incomplete, was Hon. James Bridge. In 1790, while the village was rapidly growing under the leadership of the men already mentioned, James Bridge, a Harvard graduate, who had read law with Theophilus Parsons of Newburyport, came to Hallowell and opened a law office in a room of old Fort Western. As General William Lithgow had then retired from practice, James Bridge was the only lawyer in Hallowell until the arrival of Hon. Amos Stoddard, at the Hook, in 1794. Mr. Bridge soon attained distinction in his profession, and was appointed Judge of Probate at the time of the organization of Kennebec county. Other public honors were conferred upon him by his fellow-citizens. He was a member of the Executive Council of Massachusetts, a delegate to the Constitutional Convention of Maine in 1820, and one of the commissioners that served under the act of separation.

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In private, as in public life, Judge Bridge was highly esteemed. He married Hannah North, daughter of Hon. Joseph North, and was the father of an interesting and notable family.

Other well-known and highly respected men settled at the Fort prior to the year 1797. Amos Pollard, the inn-keeper, came in 1777; Beriah Ingraham, in 1778; Benjamin Pettengill and Elias Craig, in 1779; Jeremiah Ingraham, in 1780; Samuel Titcomb and James Hewins, in 1783; William Brooks, in 1784; James Child, in 1786; Samuel Church, in 1787; George Crosby, in 1789; James Burton, prior to 1794; Barnabas Lambard, father of Allen and Thomas Lambard, in 1794; Theophilus Hamlen and his sons, Lewis, Perez, and Lot, in 1795.

In the meantime, while the settlement at the Fort was thus increasing in size and prosperity, the large and valuable estates of Mr. Benjamin Hallowell and Dr. Sylvester Gardiner were opened to settlers, and the Hook soon received such a remarkable impetus, through the coming of a large number of men of wealth, culture, and enterprise that, during the next generation, it quite outdistanced its rival village at the Fort.

Sketches of the families that were most prominently identified with the history of this part of the town will appear later in our story; but the names of the earlier settlers, with the dates of their coming, should here be inscribed in advance, like the names of the characters in a play, for they represent the actors who first took a recognized part in the drama of every-day life at the Hook.

Preëminent among these early residents were Charles and Benjamin Vaughan, two English gentlemen of wealth, education, and high social position whose arrival at Hallowell at once conferred distinction upon the place. To the public spirit and indefatigable efforts of these two brothers, the early development and upbuilding of the village at the Hook were in a great measure due.

Mr. Charles Vaughan came to Hallowell about 1791, and

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THE VAUGHAN STREAM

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settled on the estate of his maternal grandfather, Benjamin Hallowell. Mr. Vaughan saw at once the great possibilities of this location and entered upon extensive business enterprises with the utmost courage and enthusiasm. He built and equipped a large flour-mill on the banks of the Bombahook stream in 1793. He constructed a fine wharf at Bombahook point and erected stores and warehouses in that vicinity. He cleared a large farm and imported stock from the best herds in England. He was also extensively interested in horticulture and introduced from England a great variety of fruit trees, small fruits, and vegetables all of which he distributed with a liberal hand to the farmers of the surrounding country.

Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, who came to Hallowell in 1797, was no less influential in promoting the public welfare. Dr. Vaughan was a graduate of Edinburgh University, an eminent physician, a remarkable scholar, and a gentleman of the highest culture and refinement. Like his brother, Dr. Vaughan was interested in agricultural pursuits, and his gardens and orchards were filled with rare flowers and fruits. Under his supervision, apples, cherries, plums, and peaches flourished wonderfully in this new soil and climate; and scions from the Vaughan gardens were eagerly sought by the neighboring farmers.

In their business operations, the Vaughans gave employment to many of the village people. They built comfortable homes for the employees; and through their agricultural and manufacturing enterprises, they induced numerous families of an exceptionally good class to settle at the Hook.

The homes of Charles and Benjamin Vaughan were social and intellectual centers from which radiated an influence for all that is good and uplifting. This influence permeated the whole community and has not ceased to be felt to the present day. The coming of the Vaughans to Hallowell was an event of incalculable importance at a critical period of the town's history; and the impetus which it gave to the growth and prosperity of the place, materially, socially, morally, and intellectually, can not be over estimated.

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Two other English gentlemen whose names have a prominent place in the annals of Old Hallowell were Mr. John Sheppard and Mr. John Merrick.

Mr. Sheppard appears upon the scene of our story about 1790. He settled near the place afterwards known as Sheppard's wharf, and there carried on a large mercantile business. He was also concerned with the Vaughans in building a brewery and in other important enterprises. Mr. Sheppard was a man of education and culture, and his family occupied a high social position in the town.

Mr. John Merrick came from England with the family of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan in 1797. He married Miss Rebecca Vaughan, daughter of Samuel Vaughan, and settled on the fine old estate long known as the Merrick place. Mr. Merrick lived to the advanced age of ninety-five years, and during his whole life he kept in close touch with public affairs, and was a prominent factor in the development of the town.

The names of other early residents who enacted an influential and useful part in the affairs of the Hook are given in the following record:

Briggs Hallowell, son of Benjamin Hallowell, Esq., represented his father's estate at the Hook as early as 1768. John Couch took up land in 1772. Shubael and Thomas Hinckley settled on the Plains in 1773. William Matthews was at the Hook in 1779. Nathaniel Cheever, bookseller and printer, and Elisha Nye, ship captain, came in 1781; Benjamin Prescott, in 1783; David Sewall, merchant and Justice of the Peace, in 1784; John Hains, Obediah Harris, and Eliphalet Gilman, in 1785; Moses and John Sewall, in 1787; Alfred Martin, Thomas Metcalf, and William Dorr, in 1788; Hon. Nathaniel Dummer, post-master, magistrate, and legislator, in 1789; Jason Livermore, John Beeman, and Samuel Dutton, prior to 1790. Dr. Benjamin Page, Hon. John O. Page, Aaron Page, James Norris, and Hon. Chandler Robbins were men of consequence in the community in 1791. Hon. Amos Stoddard, the first lawyer at the Hook, was established here early in 1794. Ebenezer Mayo, Deacon James Gow, William Morse. Jr., and

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Daniel Evans, came in 1793; Thomas Lakeman, Nathaniel Colcord, and Hon. Nathaniel Perley, in 1794; James Partridge, Philip Lord, Abner Lowell, and William Drew in 1797.

The influence of these important accessions was at once felt at the Hook. Life in this growing community soon broadened in its local interests and in its outlook upon state and national affairs. The frequent contact of the leading inhabitants of the village with men and matters of the outside world resulted in the establishment of new enterprises at home. Public spirit was stimulated; and the foundation for the remarkable subsequent prosperity of this section of the town was laid before the people of Fort and Hook came to the parting of the ways.

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IV

EVERY-DAY LIFE AND RELIGIOUS SERVICES OF THE PERIOD

" Oh, tell me true what they used to do! "
My child, it was long ago.
Professor Charles F. Richardson

AS THE period from 1771 to 1797 marked a distinct era, not only in the civic but also in the social and religious development of the town, it will now be interesting to briefly consider the every-day life of the people of this time and the efforts that were made to establish a church and provide for the spiritual welfare of its congregation.

During the few years following the incorporation of Hallowell, in 1771, the town began to increase in population and prosperity. The farmers, the fishermen, the lumbermen, and the traders prospered in their business, and many of the comforts and some of the luxuries of life were brought into the homes of the people. The Howards, who were very enterprising business men, carried on a large coasting trade between the Kennebec and Boston, and also sent their vessels to Newfoundland and the West Indies. In 1773, they owned three sloops, the *Phenix*, the *Industry*, and the *Two Brothers*. In these trading vessels, the Howards sent out moose-skins, beaver, sable, lumber, shingles, etc., and brought back rum, molasses, tea, coffee, spices, hats, shoes, blankets, nails, ribbons, laces, and other salable commodities.

Domestic manufactures at this time were encouraged and extensively carried on, for the people were unwilling to buy British goods. Calico was then six shillings a yard and not in general use. The women spun and wove their own flax into cloth from which they made their bed and table linen, and much of their own wearing apparel. "Tow" cloth was worn by the men and boys for shirts and loose trousers in the summer

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season. In winter, small-clothes of moose or deer skin, with a jacket and cap of fur, constituted a most comfortable costume.

The young girls took an important part in all the household tasks. They assisted in spinning and weaving, and in their spare hours they scoured the pewter, made the soap, and dipped the candles. For fancy work they knit mittens and socks, often introducing elaborate stitches, like "herring-bone," "fox and geese," or "open-work." Pegging and netting were considered accomplishments; and some very beautiful bead bags and purses, and some very astonishing "samplers," handed down from those old days, bear witness to the art instincts of our great grandmothers.

The upper and more prosperous classes dressed more elegantly, in accordance with the conventional fashions of the day. Some of our grand old dames of yore had chintzes, silks, and brocades, with ornaments and laces brought from Boston or from some foreign port. They wore high-heeled shoes, hooped petticoats, and tight-laced stays. Elaborately wrought kerchiefs, ornamental combs, jeweled belt-buckles, rings, and pins which were the personal possessions of our foremothers are still cherished as heirlooms in many of the families of old Hallowell.

The men were even more conspicuous than the women by the elegance of their dress. A very excellent description of the costume of a gentleman of the Revolutionary period is given by Eaton in his *Annals of Warren*. This is a pen-picture worthy of preservation.

"On the head was placed a fine, napless, beaver hat, with a brim two feet broad turned up on three sides. . . . One side of extra width was placed squarely behind, while the angle formed by the other two, directly over the nose, gave the countenance an imposing appearance and formed a convenient handle by which, on meeting persons of dignity, it was raised with all the gravity of ceremony. . . . Under the hat the head was still farther defended by a wig, which varied at different times and with different persons, from the full-bottomed curls on the shoulders, to the club, or tie wig, which had about a natural share of hair tied behind, with two or three very formal curls over each ear.

"The coat was made with a stiff, upright collar reaching from ear

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to ear, and descended perpendicularly in front, with a broad back, and skirts thickly padded over the theighs and ornamented with gold and silver lace. The waistcoat was single-breasted, without a collar, and skirts rounded off, descending over the hips. Small clothes were buttoned and buckled at the knee. Stockings covered the rest of the leg; and the foot was defended with a shoe, secured, at first, with a moderate sized silver or other metallic buckle, which continued to increase in size and vary in shape till it covered a great part of the foot. . . . The shirt was furnished with ruffles at the bosom and wrists. Sleeve buttons of brass, silver, or gold, often set with stones, were a necessary addition to this costume." [1]

Here we have a picture, from top to toe, of the gentleman of quality at the time of the Revolution. Such was the costume of the dignitaries of old Hallowell who bore the titles of Captain, Judge, Esquire, and Deacon, and also of many of the humbler inhabitants of the town.

After the war, some changes were made in the fashions. The style of "French Pantaloons" was introduced by the French officers during the Revolution; the wig was succeeded by the long cue and club of natural hair, which, however, was often eked out with a false strand; and the scarlet gold-laced coat gave way to garments of more sombre hue.

It was at this time that the poet, who bewailed the spirit of his age, was constrained to write:

"And what has become of your old-fashioned cloathes,
Your long-sided doublet and your trunk hose,
They've turned to new fashioned but what the Lord knows,
And is not old England grown new!

"New trickings, new goings, new measures, new paces,
New heads for your men, for women new faces,
And twenty new tricks to mend their bad cases,
And is not old England grown new!" [2]

"At the present day, such a village as old Hallowell," writes Judge Weston, "would be without attraction, promising nothing to stir the pulse of life. Such an inference would create an erroneous impression of the actual conditions here at this period. The place was full of life and animation. It was the central point of a great part of Kennebec county. The

[1] Eaton's *Annals of Warren*, p. 141.
[2] *Ballads about New England.*

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river was the thoroughfare of travel; by its waters in summer, and on the ice in winter. The Fort . . . was resorted to for supplies, for exchanges, and for information in regard to passing events. All classes of people from various settlements came here, not only on business, but to seek exhilaration from association with others."

These numerous guests of high and low degree all found shelter and entertainment in the public inns or taverns of the town. These hostelries of Fort and Hook, like those of all New England towns, were centers of social and political life. Here the people congregated and discussed the exciting questions of the day. Local politics, the election of a representative to General Court, or the measures of the Federal Government were alike subjects of absorbing interest. Pollard's tavern was a typical hostelry of the period. Here, we are told, "the men of the town often poured into their cup of enjoyment too large an infusion of artificial stimulants, and the gambols of exuberant spirits were often more exciting than commendable;" but this was in the days before the temperance movement had banished the wine cup, and all the dignitaries of the town and even the divines of the church sanctioned by their example the common custom of drinking, both at home and on public occasions. What then could be expected of the common people?

The social life of the women at this period was necessarily very restricted. As there were no carriages in Hallowell, at this time, the matrons and maidens rode on horseback, often mounted on pillions behind the good-men of the town, and paid their neighborly visits in this manner. An illustration of the unconventional visiting and of the spirit of hospitality that prevailed in old Hallowell in these days is given by North from Mrs. Ballard's diary.

"On the 9th of Feb. 1786, Ephraim and Mrs. Ballard with Amos and Mrs. Pollard who lived on the west side of the river, went to Samuel Bullen's on the east side and dined; from thence, with the accession of Mr. and Mrs. Bullen, Baker Town, Mr. Shaw, and Mr. Davis, they proceeded to Samuel Dutton's on the west side where they met Dr. Cony and Lady, and spent the evening very agreeably, arriving at home at midnight."

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This seems to have been a sort of a progressive and cumulative house-party.

As the roads began to widen, carriages were gradually introduced among the more prosperous townspeople, but not without some opposition from the conservative folk who thought the wheeled vehicles would cause havoc by frightening the horses. Much traveling for business and pleasure was also done by sailing or canoeing up and down the river.

In 1784, Henry and Thomas Sewall and Elias Craig built a great canoe in which family parties frequently made visits to Pittston, Georgetown, and other places down the river. The first recorded trip of this "great canoe" was made on a certain Sunday when "her owners and others went to a meeting in Pittston where they heard the Rev. Mr. McLean preach."

During this same year General Henry Sewall made an eventful journey to Boston on horseback for the purpose of purchasing goods. He rode down the eastern side of the river to Pownalborough, swam his horse across the Eastern river, lodged at the house of his uncle, Henry Sewall, at Bath. From there he rode to Falmouth; and at the end of the fourth day, he reached the home of his father at York, where he spent eight or nine days. Continuing his journey, he visited friends at Newburyport and at Cambridge where he "stopped" at Stephen Sewall's. The return journey was alleviated by a succession of visits, and after an absence of thirty-five days, fifteen of which had been spent on horseback, General Sewall reached his own home at Fort Western. Here he found that his goods, which had been shipped in Howard's sloop, had already arrived from Boston.

This incident furnishes a typical illustration of a journey into the great world before the establishment of the famous line of Hallowell packets, and of the enterprise of the business men in these primitive times. During the next decade the facilities for traveling greatly increased; and at the close of the eighteenth century there was a marked advancement in the general conditions of every-day life in Hallowell.

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While some progress was thus being made in civic and social affairs at old Hallowell, the religious and spiritual life of the people was not entirely neglected. Our early settlers were from the first a law-abiding, God-fearing community; they accordingly made an effort to establish religious services and to support a minister as soon as they were able to do so. The records of the early church in Hallowell therefore constitute an essential part in the life-story of the people.

In considering these ancient records, we cannot fail to be deeply impressed, by the very remarkable character and the unusual talents of the numerous candidates for the pulpit in Hallowell prior to the ordination of the Rev. Mr. Stone at the Fort and of Rev. Mr. Gillet at the Hook. The mere mention of the names of these candidates gives to the present generation no adequate idea of the remarkable qualifications of the men; but a brief study of their life and subsequent work in the ministry reveals, in each instance, a most interesting and noteworthy story.

In the first place, these candidates for the pulpit were all college graduates. Our forefathers demanded and always secured educated men for their pastors; and it is with difficulty that we now realize how profoundly learned these ministerial graduates of Harvard, Yale, and Dartmouth were in these early days. I doubt whether any of the candidates for our pulpits, in the present generation, have come to us so thoroughly versed in the classic tongues and so familiar with Latin, Greek, and Hebrew literature as were these eighteenth century ministers.

Even the entrance requirements at Harvard at this period would have excluded from that institution many young men who are considered "fitted for college" at the present time. Take, for instance, this condition: "When any scholar is able to understand Tully or such like classical author *extempore*, and make and speak true Latin in verse and prose; . . . and decline perfectly the paradigms of nouns and verbs in the Greek tongue, let him then and not before be capable of admission into college." [1]

[1] Pierce. *History of Harvard University*, Appendix 4-5.

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After entering the college, the student was obliged to drop the English language and use Latin as the medium of conversation.[1] Moreover, the course of study at Harvard included grammar, rhetoric, logic, arithmetic, geometry, physics, astronomy, ethics, politics, divinity; exercises in style, composition, epitome both in prose and verse; Greek, Latin, Hebrew, Syriac, and Chaldee. No one was deemed "fit to be dignified with his first degree until he was found able to read the originals of the Old and New Testaments into the Latin tongue and to resolve them logically." "This extraordinary training in the ancient languages," writes Professor Tyler, "led to forms of proficiency that have no parallel now in American colleges." It was no wonder that one of the presidents of this ancient university was accustomed to close his chapel prayers by asking the Lord to bless Harvard College and all inferior institutions.[2]

It will be seen from this brief reference to the college curriculum, why the minister, in olden times, was looked up to not only as the spiritual but as the intellectual leader of his flock. He was the equal and often the superior of any man in his congregation. Therefore, when we read of the early candidates for the pulpit in Hallowell, let us not forget that they were all men of profound learning who literally possessed the gift of tongues.

The very first minister who preached to our early settlers was the Rev. Jacob Bailey, of Pownalborough. Our town records contain but one brief entry in regard to this ancient divine and that is from his own journal of April 8th, 1763, "I preached however at Captain Howard's and had a considerable congregation of the upper settlers." And yet who was this ancient divine who came to this obscure little hamlet on the Kennebec, and to whom the Howards, the Clarks, the Coxes, the Davenports, and other settlers had the honor of listening at that early date? He was a Harvard graduate of the famous class of 1755,—a class that counted among its members John Adams, President of the United States; John Wentworth,

[1] Quincy's *History of Harvard University*, Vol. I, p. 575.
[2] Tyler's *American Literature During the Colonial Time*, Vol. II, p. 308.

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Royal Governor of New Hampshire; William Brown, Royal Governor of Bermuda; David Sewall, Judge of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts; Samuel Locke, President of Harvard in 1770; Charles Cushing and Jonathan Bowman of Pownalborough; and other eminent men of whom Jacob Bailey was in his college days the intellectual peer. He had not only enjoyed social advantages at home as the guest of Sir William Pepperell and of Governor Wentworth of New Hampshire, but he had traveled abroad and dined with his illustrious countryman, Benjamin Franklin, in London. More than this, he had been received by the Bishop of London, entertained by the Archbishop of Canterbury, in the famous palace of Lambeth, and had dined with his lordship, the Bishop of Rochester, and the Bishop of London's lady in a vast marble hall, "at a table attended by ten servants, and covered with silver dishes and drinking cups either of glass or solid gold, and on which twenty-four different dishes were served all dressed in such an elegant manner that many of the guests could scarce eat a mouthful." [1]

While in London, Mr. Bailey took holy orders in the Church of England. He was then sent, by the Society for Propagating the Gospel in Foreign Parts, as a frontier missionary, to the wilds of the Kennebec. The after-story of the life of this learned and able minister, and of his zealous efforts for the salvation of souls in this hitherto entirely neglected region, is one of absorbing interest. His heroic and successful labors on the Kennebec ended, unfortunately, at the outbreak of the Revolution when, as a Tory minister, loyal to his church and his king, he was driven from his home and obliged to take refuge in Halifax. He was afterwards settled over a parish at Annapolis, Nova Scotia, where he was honored rector of St. Luke's for twenty-four years.

The next minister who dispensed the bread of life to the needy congregation at Old Hallowell was the Rev. John Murray. This celebrated clergyman was a graduate of the University of Edinburgh where he completed his course "with high honor."

Upon his arrival in this country in 1763, he went to visit his sister, Mrs. Jean Murray Reed, at Boothbay, and while

[1] Bartlett's *Frontier Missionary*, p. 63.

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there promised the people that if they were ever able to support a minister, he would come again and settle with them. He then went to Philadelphia where his genius and powers of oratory were at once recognized; and, in 1765, he was called to the Second Presbyterian Church of that city. The following year the people of Boothbay built a meeting-house and requested Mr. Murray to redeem his promise. It was only after great persuasion, and with great regret, that the Philadelphia church released their new and highly esteemed pastor.

This remarkable man was considered by many as the peer of Whitefield in the pulpit. He was a man of strong intellect, unwavering purpose, and magnetic personality; and these characteristics were accompanied by rare graces of heart. Wherever he preached, the churches were filled to overflowing. He was the most popular and distinguished minister of his time in Maine. His sermons were often two and three hours long, but the attention of his audiences never wavered. His fame extended throughout New Hampshire and Massachusetts, and he received frequent calls to settle in those states.

Mr. Murray was a handsome man of fine personal appearance. He wore, in the pulpit, a white wig, gown, and bands, and was remarkable for his dignified and imposing presence.

In the year 1773, the selectmen of Hallowell were authorized to procure preaching for two months and as much longer as they found "money in the treasurer's hands for that use." Accordingly the Rev. Mr. Murray was invited to preach at Fort Western. The passage of the reverend gentleman up the river was made in a large canoe rowed by hired oarsmen. It is stated that the style and state in which he came would be quite equal to that of a coach and span of horses at the present day.

What impression this remarkable preacher made upon the people of Hallowell is not a matter of record; but it is evident that they could offer him no inducement to settle with them. Mr. Murray remained the devoted pastor of the church at Boothbay for fourteen years. He married Susanna Lithgow, one of the beautiful and accomplished daughters of Colonel

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William Lithgow, and resided upon a delightfully located eminence overlooking Boothbay Harbor. The parsonage, which was called "Pisgah," was a very handsome house surrounded by shrubbery and pleasant gardens. In 1781, Mr. Murray yielded to the urgent and oft-repeated request of the church at Newburyport to become its pastor. There he preached with unabated fervor and success until his death in 1793.

A second ministerial candidate at Hallowell during the year 1773 was the Rev. John Allen whom the town "voted to hire." Of this first resident minister of Hallowell, Miss Annie F. Page, in her valuable and interesting monograph on "The Old South Church at Hallowell," writes as follows: "Mr. Allen seems to have been a preacher of righteousness, for in one of his discourses, he said he 'would be glad to see morality and good works in their highest latitude.' He stayed a few months — as long as the funds held out, indeed longer, for he left the town very much in his debt, which indebtedness was not canceled until after his death."

Other able candidates came and went. In 1775, Rev. Thurston Whiting preached a few Sabbaths. He is described as "a young man of prepossessing appearance, agreeable manners, cultivated mind, and of the orthodox faith.[1] He afterwards became the pastor of the church at Warren. In 1777, a call was given to the Rev. Caleb Jewett of Newburyport, a Dartmouth graduate, at a salary of eighty pounds a year, "corn to be taken for part payment at four shillings a bushel." This call was declined. Mr. Jewett was followed by the Rev. John Prince, a Harvard graduate, who was also permitted to depart to other fields.

In 1782, the long-talked of meeting-house was erected at the Fort village. It was while the building of this edifice was going on that the famous *rencontre* between Deacon Cony and Edward Savage took place. The story as quoted by North, from Judge Weston's *Reminiscences*, is as follows:

"On one occasion when the opposing parties became warm, it was necessary to take the sense of the meeting by

[1] *Annals of Warren*, p. 175.

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polling the house, . . . when Deacon Cony, 'a remarkably mild man,' led the movement in favor of the measure by calling out as he went to one side of the room, 'All who are on the Lord's side follow me,' while Edward Savage, a sturdy, strong man of rough manners, who was in the opposition and not to be put down by the Deacon's appeal, called out, 'All who are on the Devil's side, follow me.' The Deacon had the best company and the most followers, and carried the question."

After the erection of the meeting-house, there was another long-protracted period of candidacy. The Rev. Nathaniel Merrill, a Harvard graduate, and the Rev. Seth Noble, afterwards settled at Bangor, preached on trial. General Sewall was not pleased with either of these candidates. Then came the Rev. William Hazlitt, a notable English divine who preached at the new meeting-house fourteen Sabbaths.

It seems very strange that this eminent English clergyman should have been passed over in the records with such scant notice. There is nothing to indicate who he was nor whence he came; but, of course, the town clerk could not at this time have known that Mr. Hazlitt was the father of a son destined to become a famous English critic and essayist, or that he was himself a man of exceptional gifts and graces.

Mr. Hazlitt came to Hallowell with a letter of introduction from Mr. Samuel Vaughan of Boston; and was engaged to preach for two months. General Sewall, who was present at his first service, declared him an Arminian, and believed him an Arian. "From such doctrines," writes Sewall in his diary, "I turned away and met with a few brethren at Pettingill's corner in the afternoon."

As Mr. Hazlitt was an avowed Unitarian, it could hardly be expected that his theological views would be supported by Mr. Sewall, or by a majority of the church members. We are therefore not surprised to learn that at the close of his three months candidacy he returned to Massachusetts, and was known no more in Hallowell.

An interesting account of Mr. Hazlitt's experiences in Hallowell is given by his daughter Margaret who in her diary wrote as follows:

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"In the autumn of this year (1785) Mr. Sam. Vaughan persuaded him to go to a new settlement on the Kennebec, called Hallowell, in the province of Maine, where Mr. Vaughan had a large tract of land and much interest in settling the township. This was in the midst of woods, with a few acres cleared round each farm, as usual in all their new places, which by degrees are changed from solitary woods to a fruitful land. At this time the wolves were near neighbors, and sometimes at night would come prowling about the place, making a dismal noise with their hideous barking; and as the doors were without locks, and my father slept on the ground floor, he used to fasten his door by putting his knife over the latch to prevent a visit from these wild beasts.

"In this remote place he found a very respectable society, many of them genteel people. Here he preached a Thanksgiving sermon, which was afterwards printed in Boston. It was the custom in New England to preach one every year after harvest. He would have had no great objection to settling with these people, but it would not have been eligible for his sons. John's profession [miniature painting] was not wanted in the woods, where good hunters and husbandmen were more needed. He therefore, after spending the winter there, returned to us in the spring." [1]

Mr. Hazlitt during his sojourn in this country, preached in Maine, Massachusetts, Connecticut, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and Maryland. His influence in this country was not without some effect. In 1789, Rev. James Freeman wrote: "Before Mr. Hazlitt came to Boston, the Trinitarian doxology was almost universally used. That honest good man prevailed upon several respectable ministers to omit it. Since his departure, the number of those who repeat only scriptural doxologies has greatly increased, so that there are many churches in which the worship is strictly Unitarian." [2]

Mr. Hazlitt returned to England with his family and died there in 1820. His son William became the famous English critic and essayist. If this boy had been brought up at

[1] *The Hazlitts in America a Century Since*, Antiquary, 10; 139.
[2] *Note in Belsham's Unitarianism.*

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Hallowell, on the shores of the Kennebec, instead of in Old England, he would not have been entirely deprived of a literary atmosphere, but it is doubtful whether his talents would have developed in the same line as in his English home, and in association with Lamb, Shelley, Coleridge, and other congenial and gifted contemporaries. But although Mr. Hazlitt, according to his daughter's journal, "had no great objections to settling with these people," at Hallowell, the town voted to pay him seventy dollars for fourteen days' preaching, including Thanksgiving, and permitted him to depart without a call.[1]

In 1786, another very remarkable man, the Rev. Isaac Forster, a Yale graduate, preached on probation and was invited to settle by a vote of "fifty-seven for and four against." General Sewall, as might have been expected, was one of the "four against;" for, according to his views, Mr. Forster preached "poor doctrine." The strictly orthodox soul of the General was so stirred by the result of the church vote that he observed a private fast at Brother Daniel Pettingill's and then entered a vigorous protest against the ordination of Mr. Forster. The protest was in vain and Mr. Forster was ordained. He remained for two years during which there was a constant conflict between the discordant parties in the church.

We cannot wonder at this dissension when we consider the "rank discourses" preached by Mr. Forster. From General Sewall's protest we learn that Mr. Forster denied that Adam was created holy; he denied the total depravity of human nature in its unregenerate state, holding it only in extent and not in degree; he did not believe in the doctrine of absolute, unconditional election; . . . and finally Mr. Forster held that the heathen who are destitute of the gospel really do their duty in their worship, even though they should hold to a plurality of deities.

Mr. Forster was evidently imbued with the spirit of higher criticism in advance of his times; but notwithstanding this disqualification, he was duly ordained as pastor of the church in 1786.

[1] North's *History of Augusta*, p. 208.

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A very suggestive reference to this ordination was made by Judge Weston in an address delivered July 4th, 1854.

"Among the resident citizens," said Judge Weston, "there was a strong desire to enjoy the advantages of moral and religious instruction from the pulpit. This was given from time to time by occasional preachers, until the ordination of Rev. Isaac Forster, in 1786. I remember that event. I saw the assembled multitude in the meeting-house and on the contiguous grounds. It was the spectacle which interested me. I have no recollection of the services. There followed the feasting and hilarity at that time usual on such occasions. Pollard's house resounded with music and dancing, kept up by relays of participants, quite beyond the endurance of a single set."

This vivid picture of the hilarity attending the ordination of a minister in these old days is not peculiar to the locality of old Hallowell, but is characteristic of the times. I find another illustration of the manner of celebrating this solemn function in the journal of good old Parson Smith of Falmouth, who, after attending the ordination of Mr. Foxcroft at New Gloucester, made this brief but significant entry in his diary: "A jolly ordination; we lost sight of decorum."

The story of Mr. Forster's pastorate discloses a constant conflict between the discordant parties of his church. At the end of two years Mr. Forster was forced to resign and the church was again left without a pastor. Other great and good men like Rev. Eliphalet Smith and Rev. Ezekiel Emerson occupied the pulpit from time to time, as candidates or supplies, and the statement has also been made, and frequently repeated, that the Rev. Adoniram Judson, the famous missionary to Burmah, preached at Hallowell in 1791. But Adoniram Judson, the missionary, was not born until 1788; and although he was a precocious youth and early devoted to the ministry, it hardly seems probable that he was candidating for the pulpit at the immature age of three years. It was doubtless the Rev. Adoniram Judson, Senior, the father of the missionary, who was officiating as candidate in Hallowell in 1791.

It must thus be admitted that the church of Hallowell, in

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its embryonic days, had a very remarkable succession of able and distinguished candidates for its pulpit. Nevertheless, the community suffered from the disadvantages of this intermittent course of preaching, and from the lack of regularity and unanimity in its public worship. It was therefore a matter of rejoicing when the Rev. Mr. Stone was ordained over the church of the Middle Parish in 1794, and the Rev. Mr. Gillet, over the church of the South Parish in 1795.

Such was the life of the people of Hook and Fort in Old Hallowell. It was a life made up, like that of which Emerson tells us, "out of love and hatred; out of sickness and pain; out of earnings, and borrowings, and lendings, and losses; out of wooing and worshipping; out of traveling, and voting, and watching, and caring." It was a gradual development from the primitive conditions of the wilderness to the comforts, the refinements, and higher ideals of the nineteenth century. Through this experience, our forefathers attained their conception of the "more serene and beautiful laws" of existence.

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ANCIENT BOUNDARY LINE

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V

THE DIVISION OF THE TOWN

"The rift was now fatally widening." — Captain Charles E. Nash.

THE last decade of the eighteenth century was a most eventful period in the history of Hallowell. From a small and scattered settlement of fifty families in the year 1775, the town had grown, in 1790, into two prosperous villages with a combined population of over eleven hundred inhabitants. During the next ten years, this double community made remarkable progress. Business flourished, important institutions were founded, great public enterprises were undertaken, and then, as a supreme climax to the inevitable rivalry of interests between the Fort and Hook, Hallowell was divided into two towns, in 1797. The years of this decade may very fittingly be called the eventful nineties.

The first notable event of public interest during the memorable period between 1790 and 1800 was — after the development of the business interests of the town — the building of the court-house at the upper village in 1790. The next was the incorporation of the Hallowell Academy at the lower village in 1791. The establishment of this time-honored institution gave to the Hook great educational advantages, and was a potent factor not only in the intellectual but in the material advancement of the town.

In 1794, the sessions of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts were established at Hallowell. As the court-house had been located at the Fort, the sittings of the Supreme Court were held in this part of the town; but the honor and glory of these occasions were so great that the Hook also shared in their radiated splendor. The first session convened July 8, 1794. This was a very grand and spectacular event. The judges present were Paine, Sumner and Dawes. They were accompanied by the most famous lawyers of the day,

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among whom were Attorney General Sullivan, Theophilus Parsons, and Nathan Dane. The three sheriffs, each with his cocked hat, his glittering sword, and his long, white staff of office, were most imposing figures as they marshalled the grand procession of judges and jurists to the beating of the drum, and led them to the meeting-house,— since the court room proved too small to hold the vast assembly.

The session of the Supreme Court was the occasion not only for the adjustment of all local claims but for choosing the representatives to the General Court and electors to the Federal Congress. It brought together prominent men well informed in state and national affairs, and also the gentry of the whole surrounding country, who, as Judge Weston tells us, "came to see and be seen and to enjoy the novelty and excitement of the occasion." The sittings of the Supreme Court were therefore always attended by many social functions. The convivial feasting that began at all the small inns and the taverns of the town was repeated on a larger and more elegant scale in the homes of the prominent people. As the valley of the Kennebec, even at this early day, was famous for its able lawyers, the visiting barristers and judges were entertained in the homes of many brilliant men of their own profession. The coming of the members of the court therefore gave an added distinction to society in Hallowell, and both Fort and Hook shared in the prestige of the occasion.

The year 1794 was also memorable for the establishment of a weekly mail from Portland, *via* Monmouth and Winthrop, to Hallowell; for the division of the town into three parishes; and for the ordination of Rev. Mr. Stone over the church of the Middle Parish.

Another event of signal importance in 1794 was the founding of the first newspaper of Hallowell. This was the *Eastern Star* which for one short year shed its illuminating beams upon the shores of the Kennebec.

In 1775, the *Eastern Star* was succeeded by a new paper with the somewhat alarming name of the *Tocsin*. Both of these papers were published at the Hook. A little later, in the year 1775, the *Intelligencer* was issued at the Fort. These papers

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were of great importance in bringing the people of the Kennebec in touch with the outside world, in elevating public sentiment, and especially in moulding the political opinions of their readers at a critical time of our state and national history.

In 1796, the famous Old South meeting-house was erected at the Hook, and the Rev. Eliphalet Gillet was duly installed as pastor. In this year also occurred the most exciting event that had thus far taken place in the history of the town. This was the granting of a charter for the building of the Kennebec Bridge at Fort Western.

Finally, as a supreme climax to the story of the Hook and Fort, came the division of Hallowell into two towns, in the year 1797. This year is therefore a most memorable one in the history of both places.

The causes that led to the division of the town of Hallowell are neither obscure nor difficult to understand, but are such as the impartial historian might readily anticipate. For the first few years after the incorporation of the town, both Fort and Hook were absorbed in the struggles and difficulties of all pioneer settlers, and the common needs of the people resulted in common measures for the good of the whole community. In course of time, however, each of the two villages began to assume local importance; and the inhabitants of each neighborhood naturally desired to build up the center nearest their own homes. At the Fort, the lumber business was a source of marked prosperity; but the Hook, on account of its very superior facilities for navigation, built up its agricultural, mercantile, and shipping interests, and soon surpassed its sister village in size and commercial prosperity. A strong spirit of rivalry thus grew up between the two sections of the town.

The church privileges were also, from the first, coveted by both villages, but the early religious services were always held at the Fort. The first meeting-house was built at the Fort village, and the inhabitants of the Hook found it inconvenient to attend divine worship every Sunday. This was one of the earliest causes of dissatisfaction and dissension.

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But the sharpest conflict between the two villages was in the administration of town affairs. Local politics ran high at both Fort and Hook. As long as the Fort held the leadership and was accorded the control of affairs, all went well; but when the Hook began to increase in size and prosperity and to have able men to represent its interests, it demanded its share in the public emoluments. A strong sectional feeling became apparent in all public transactions. This feeling grew with the growth of the town, and soon began to manifest itself in outspoken rivalry.

This spirit of rivalry was especially manifest at the town meetings where there were numerous minor questions at issue. Some of these questions were: Who were qualified to be voters, how many selectmen should be appointed, and where the town meetings should be held. North states that, at the annual meeting in 1793, "a violent attempt was made by the people at the Hook to remove the office of town clerk to that neighborhood, in which they were defeated by the election of Henry Sewall to that office by a majority of 18 votes." The town records add that a protest was entered against the moderator of this meeting by which it was claimed that twenty-four persons eligible to vote were prevented from doing so by the action of the moderator.

The last *coup d'etat* in this struggle was made in 1795, when "the Hook surprised the town meeting, assembled at the meeting-house, into an adjournment to meet, for the first and only time, at the Academy at the Hook. The Fort rallied its strength and adjourned back." The constable, at this time, was Jeremy Black, a popular young Scotchman, who was quite equal to the occasion. He was tall and straight, with an imposing figure. Dressed in his official costume, with shining buckles at the knees and upon his shoes, and with powdered hair tied in a cue, he majestically waved his wand of office, headed the victorious voters and marched them back to the village at the Fort.

The foregoing statements represent the more serious aspect of the situation just before the division of the town. A few quotations from the columns of the *Intelligencer*, published

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at the Fort, and the *Tocsin* published at the Hook, will in their spirited but good-natured thrusts quite as plainly disclose the trend of public sentiment.

In April of this year, 1796, there were lying at anchor at Fort Western, the surprisingly large number of fifteen sloops and schooners, among which were the *Phebe* and the *Two Brothers* belonging to the Howards. The *Intelligencer* proudly published a list of the vessels with their tonnage and the names of their commanders. In response to this, the *Tocsin* made a few pithy remarks in its next issue. I copy from the ancient files of this paper now preserved in the Hubbard Free Library, the following "editorial" which appeared under date of May 3, 1796:

"We see in the *Intelligencer*, a paper printed at a village, two miles and a half above this place, a pompous account of the arrival of shipping at Fort Western." [This, as the Tocsin states in a foot-note, is a village which derives its name from a block house that is still standing and makes a respectable part of the settlement.] "Had it been a thing uncommon or worthy of public notice we might have given our readers earlier information that these vessels named and many others all safely arrived at this port from sea; and this week we might have added, that being favored with a freshet which brought the waters 6 feet above high-water mark, part of the fleet seized the opportunity of a strong southerly wind and run their hazard to Fort Western.

"Considering that many gentlemen abroad may have their interest concerned in such desperate navigation, we think it our duty to inform them that the larger vessels have prudently *fallen down without their lading* to this port, and although they got aground, we are happy to add no material damage occurred — doubtless the rest will take into consideration the propriety of hastening their departure to the Hook.

"N. B. Those who have concern for the ships of 17 tons there mentioned may feel easy, for if the freshet should fall the navigation will be as usual — the men may get out & push such vessels over the shoals."

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The editor of the *Intelligencer*, "hearing a few discordant notes from the *Alarm Bell*, alias the *Tocsin*," makes a witty reply. He admits that "the ship *Betsey* of three hundred and seventeen tons and drawing about nine feet of water which was launched at this place a few days since, unfortunately struck on the shoalest ground between Fort Western and the entrance of the Kennebec," but is happy to add, that "through the friendly exertions of the editors of the *Tocsin*, she was fortunately *pushed over the shoals* and received no material injury." The *Intelligencer* adds: "We hope they will render the same friendly assistance should the *Montezuma* of three hundred tons which will be launched on Wednesday next by Messrs. Howard, meet the like accident. We however congratulate the public on the fair prospect of this bar — which is an obstruction to the navigation of large vessels to Fort Western,— the head of navigation, being shortly removed, as we understand a subscription for that purpose is on foot and will be doubtless accomplished next summer; as also the Kennebec bridge will in all probability be erected at that time."

Here are two very pointed thrusts at the Hook: the apparently casual mention of Fort Western as the head of navigation, and the triumphant announcement of the coveted Kennebec bridge. The *Intelligencer* then adds: "These important objects when accomplished must at once decide on the decline of the increasing importance of the Hook village below." [1]

The question of building the bridge and of the place of its location now proved to be the supreme issue between the Fort and the Hook. The necessity of a bridge across the Kennebec, for purposes of travel and trade, was most obvious to all concerned; but the people of the two villages could not agree as to its location. North tells us that the Fort claimed the location on the ground that the bridge would be at the head of the tide and not obstruct navigation. The people of the Hook declared they were at the head of navigation and their village was the only suitable place for the erection of the bridge.

Each village had its able and loyal advocates. A petition signed by Samuel Howard and others for an act authorizing

[1] North's *History of Augusta*, p. 276.

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them to build a bridge at Fort Western, was presented to the legislature. Daniel Cony, Senator, and James Bridge, Representative, used all their influence in behalf of the Fort. The Hook was represented by Mr. Charles Vaughan, a most able advocate who had strong personal and political influence both at home and in Massachusetts.

The petition was referred by the Legislature to a committee of which Captain Choate was chairman. It appears from the records that Captain Choate had once visited the Kennebec while in the coasting trade; and that he expressed to Dr. Cony the opinion that Fort Western was the only suitable place for the bridge. We cannot now tell how far the members of the committee were influenced by the opinion of the chairman, but they decided in favor of Fort Western; and an act incorporating a company, with authority to build the bridge at this place, was passed on February 8th, 1796.

This was a great and bitter disappointment to the people of the Hook who had long, in their imagination, seen the Kennebec spanned by a noble bridge connecting their village with the opposite shores. It was vehemently protested that this was the best place for the bridge, both on account of the natural advantages of the location and the requirements of the public; but this protest was without avail.

This heated contest resulted in the culmination of sectional feeling between the two villages, and was soon followed by the division of Hallowell into two separate towns. By an act of the Legislature on February 20th, 1797, the town of Hallowell was divided and nearly two-thirds of its territory and about one-half of its taxable property were set off for a new town. The dividing line passed just south of Howard's Hill on the west side of the river and north of the Davenport grant on the east side. The new town, at the suggestion of Hon. Amos Stoddard, was named Harrington, in honor of Lord Harrington, an eminent English statesman. This name was soon corrupted into "Herringtown," and became a term of derision. A petition was therefore made to the Legislature stating that, for many reasons which operate on the minds of your petitioners, they are desirous that the name of Harrington may be changed

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to the name of "Augusta." This appeal was granted and on June 9th, 1797, Harrington became Augusta. The Hook had the good fortune of retaining its old and honored name of Hallowell.

The following list of officers elected April 2, 1798 gives the names of some of the prominent residents at this important date.

BENJAMIN PORE,	*Town Clerk.*
DANIEL EVANS, JAMES LATHROP,	*Constables.*
JOHN ODLIN PAGE,	*Treasurer.*
NATHANIEL DUMMER, ROBERT RANDALL, PETER GRANT,	*Selectmen and Assessors.*
MARTIN BREWSTER, JAMES HINKLEY JR., EBENEZER CHURCH, WILLIAM DORR, SAMUEL STEVENS, JAMES ATKINS,	*Surveyors of Highways.*
ABRAHAM DAVENPORT, JEREMIAH DUMMER, JOSEPH SMITH,	*Tythingmen.*
JOSEPH BROWN, EPHRAIM LORD, SAMUEL HUSSEY, NATHANIEL COLCORD, TRISTAM LOCK, NATHANIEL TILTON, JAMES COCKS, EPHRAIM GILMAN, JAMES HINKLEY, PETER GRANT, JAMES SPRINGER, JAMES PARTRIDGE, JOSEPH DUMMER, DANIEL EVANS, JAMES LATHROP, ROBERT RANDALL, THOMAS EUSTICE, SETH LITTLEFIELD, BENJAMIN STICKNEY,	*Surveyors of Lumber.*

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MOSES PALMER, SHUBAEL WEST, JAMES HINKLEY, WILLIAM PALMER JR., MOSES CARR,	*Cullers of Hoops and Staves also Packers of Beef and Fish.*
BENJA. STICKNEY, BENJA. PORE, WILLIAM DORR, SAMUEL BULLEN,	*Fence Viewers.*
SAMUEL BULLEN, ISAAC PILSBURY, THOMAS DAVIS, THOMAS HINKLEY,	*Field Drivers.*
ABRAHAM DAVENPORT, SAMUEL HUSSEY, ANDREW GOODWIN, NATHAN SWEATLAND, NATHANIEL COLCORD, THOMAS HINKLEY, MOSES PALMER, WILLIAM DORR,	*Fish Com.*
DAVID DAY, DANIEL HEARD, THOMAS STICKNEY, NATHANIEL COLCORD,	*Sealers of Leather.*
STEPHEN OSGOOD, BENJAMIN ALLEN, NATHANIEL TILTON,	*School Com. No. 1.*
JEREMIAH DUMMER, MARTIN BREWSTER, THOMAS EUSTICE, JOSEPH SMITH, JOHN SHEPPARD,	*School Com. No. 2.*
SAMUEL BREWSTER, WOODWARD ALLEN, THOMAS DAVIS,	*School Com. No. 3.*
WILLIAM SPRINGER, NATHANIEL ROLLINS, PETER GRANT,	*School Com. No. 4.*

The names of some of the most enterprising merchants of Hallowell may be learned from the advertisements in the columns of the "*Tocsin*."

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On June 17th, 1796, Chandler Robbins announces a new variety store and "flatters himself that as he has imported his *Goods* immediately from the manufacturers, he shall be able to supply his friends and customers, either by wholesale or retail, at a rate that cannot fail to give satisfaction."

Benjamin Page announces that he "has lately received a very handsome assortment of Drugs and Medicines among which is a great variety of patent articles, . . . Also Nutmegs, Mace, Cloves, Cinnamon, Allum, Coperas, Logwood, Oil, Vitriol, Aquafortis, &, &."

John Odlin Page advertises "A general assortment of English Goods suitable for the season: also best French Brandy, W. I. and N. E. Rum, Tea, Coffee, Cotton, Molasses, Loaf and Brown Sugar, Chocolate, Nutmegs, Starch, best Keg and Pigtail Tobacco, Russian and Swedes Iron, German Steel, a large assortment of Iron Ware, Tin ditto, few barrels very excellent cider, Rock Salt, Crockery Ware, &, which will be sold as low as at any store in town."

It is evident that Mr. John Odlin Page had competitors in his line of business, for White & Lowell immediately announce that they have just received "A fresh and general assortment of English and West India goods, including all sorts of wearing apparel, household goods, ornaments, including common and paste pins, West India Rum, Syder, Tea, Coffee and Molasses."

This spirit of competition is also apparent in the advertisements of the large dry goods and variety stores. John Sheppard, one of the earliest and most enterprising merchants at the Hook in Hallowell, issues an advertisement enumerating in two long columns the articles in his newest and most "fashionable assortment of Callicoes, Chintzes, Stuffs, Kerseymeres, Table linen, Broad Cloths, Handkerchiefs, Muslins, Waistcoatings, Gloves, Stockings, hats, Hard ware, Glass ware, Crockery ware, &. &. &. Also — A general assortment of West India Goods."

In the very next issue of the *Tocsin*, Chandler Robbins and Nathaniel Cogswell are each out with an advertisement longer and more varied in its list than that of Mr. Sheppard; and a

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little later Joshua Wingate & Son dazzle the eye of the public with their rich and rare assortment of all things desirable for the residents of old Hallowell. We are obliged ourselves to confess to a feeling of surprise at the great variety of dress goods, household furnishings, and toilette articles introduced by these enterprising merchants at the close of the eighteenth century.

Other minor advertisements indicate the business and vocation of some of the early residents whose names are still familiar to our people. Robert Randall has for sale a quantity of excellent Liverpool salt. John Beeman announces "stone lime," Thomas Lakeman advertises for "two active lads as Apprentices to the bricklaying business," Nathaniel Kent offers "Cash and the highest price for shipping *Furs*," Nathaniel Cogswell makes a specialty of books and stationery, the Sewall Brothers have a seasonable announcement of summer goods, and "Miss Margaret Roberson, Mantua Maker, lately from Newburyport, informs the ladies that she would be happy to serve them in the line of her profession."

A great change had surely taken place in our mother town from the time of its incorporation in connection with the Fort, to the memorable year when it stood alone and bravely grappled with the problems of its own municipal, commercial, and social future. From a small hamlet, half dependent upon its neighbor, it had, at the end of a quarter of a century, emerged as a prosperous and independent town. Men of brains and capital controlled its large business enterprises. It had its own church with its revered pastor; its Academy, with a scholarly and successful Preceptor; its able and eloquent lawyers; its "beloved physician;" its broad-minded statesmen; its enterprising ship-builders, merchants, mechanics, and farmers. Comfortable homes with pleasant gardens stood upon its crescent-shaped shore and dotted the hillside that rose like a green amphitheater above. At the north, the green banks of Hinkley's point, and at the south the curving shores of Bombahook, like sheltering arms, defined the natural limits of the town. An atmosphere of prosperity and enthusiasm prevailed; and we cannot now fail to be impressed with the courage and

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all-prevailing faith of the people when this old town began its new and independent life.

The efforts of the loyal townspeople, new and old, were abundantly rewarded. Old Hallowell started upon a career of prosperity which in the retrospect seems almost phenomenal; but contemporary records and the testimony of the "oldest inhabitant" unite to prove that "in the early part of this century there was no place in Maine that, from a business standpoint, stood higher than Hallowell; and socially and intellectually it had few if any equals." [1]

It is to this memorable period in the history of Hallowell that the thoughts of all her sons and daughters revert with faithful and affectionate remembrance, and if its story could be fully told, in a spirit of verity and with sympathetic understanding, it would be one of rare interest and intrinsic value; for the evolution of a representative New England town through the development of individual efforts and interests is a subject of importance to the psychologist and sociologist as well as to the maker of history. Moreover, the true historian is not he who merely compiles a record of facts and dates, but is one who discloses the elements that enter into the character of the people and shows the effects produced by circumstances and environment. It is, therefore, of the life of this ancient town in the palmy days of its existence that we would now if possible present a picture which will be recognized as faithful and true by every son and daughter of old Hallowell.

[1] *History of Kennebec County*, Vol. I, p. 510.

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"Behold,—a resting place of hope,—
The pines on Ferry Hill!"
—*Ellen Hamlin Butler.*

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VI

SOURCES OF HALLOWELL'S PROSPERITY

"Hallowell, at the beginning of the present century, was one of the marked and promising towns of Maine. . . . It was moreover, even at this early day, the seat of a remarkably select society, included in which were a number of families of rare personal qualities and the highest cultivation."—Rev. Edward Abbott.

A STRANGER visiting Hallowell, to-day, cannot fail to be impressed by the picturesque beauty of its location, and by the characteristic old-time New England atmosphere of the place. As he passes through its long, parallel streets or up and down its sloping hillsides, he will still see the handsome, spacious houses of the early settlers of old Hallowell, with their ever hospitable doors still open to the guest. As he walks along the business street, he will still note here and there the ancient stores and warehouses wherein the masters of Hallowell's old mansions made their fortunes a hundred years ago. But neither the stranger within our gates, nor, indeed, many of our own people of the younger generation, are able now to picture for themselves the elegant social life that once went on within these stately homes, nor the scenes of bustle and activity that filled its long main thoroughfare.

True it is, however, that at the opening of the nineteenth century Old Hallowell was the busiest place in the district of Maine east of Portland and at one time bade fair to become the great commercial metropolis of the state. Its large warehouses were filled with the merchandise of its wealthy traders. Its wharves were lined with packets waiting to ship their loads of barley, oats, and corn to Boston and other ports. Its numerous trading vessels plied constantly between Hallowell and the West Indies, carrying out the exports of the Kennebec, and bringing back those commodities that formed the staple of trade with the town and country

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people. Ferry-boats were constantly employed in conveying passengers, produce, and lumber across the Kennebec. Sixteen stage routes centered at Hallowell, and long lines of vehicles of various kinds might daily be seen coming down Winthrop Hill or along the other thoroughfares. The main street of the town was often so crowded with these country teams that it was difficult for a carriage to find a passage way. Many of the country merchants drove directly to the wharves where the cargoes of groceries, rum, molasses, and other luxuries of life were sold before they were unladen; for at this time Hallowell was the business center for a region of sixty miles around, and from all the settlements east, west, north, and south, came the small traders and people in general to purchase their stocks of goods and all their household supplies.

An interesting statement in regard to old Hallowell is made by Edward A. Kimball, an English traveler who visited the valley of the Kennebec, a century ago:

"In the winter when the inhabitants can travel on the snow, the lower streets are thronged with traffikers and their sleighs. (A local name for sledge learned from the Dutch Colonists.) Hallowell is the natural emporium for a vast tract of country. I found it asserted here that from the configuration of the country, the commerce of the upper Connecticut belongs to this place. Hallowell even hopes to dispute with Montreal and Quebec in the commerce of the new settlements in lower Canada on the heads of the Connecticut and to the northward of New Hampshire and Vermont. Portland, which Hallowell hopes wholly to rival, enjoys some portion of the Canadian commerce, but this is owing probably only to want of roads between the new settlement in the province and the banks of the St. Lawrence. But Hallowell has still better prospects in the immediate contiguity of a fine grazing country." [1]

An article in the American Encyclopedia issued in 1807, also states that Hallowell is the natural head of Kennebec navigation; that it is a better distributing point for Canada

[1] *Civic Virtue*, Professor Charles F. Richardson.

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than Portland; and that it is certain to become one of the largest American cities.[1]

This prosperity and spirit of enterprise attracted men of all professions and trades to settle in Hallowell, and the population of the town rapidly increased. In 1821, Hallowell had about two thousand inhabitants. Upon its business street were seventy-one stores, including three large bookstores. It had two printing establishments where two weekly newspapers, and an astonishingly large number of books were printed. A table of statistics, by Judge Weston, shows that Augusta, at this time, had only one thousand inhabitants, only twenty stores, and no printing houses. In the light of its present prosperity, however, Augusta can well afford to accord to old Hallowell the glory of its one half-century of commercial and intellectual supremacy.

The chief and direct sources of the business prosperity of old Hallowell were its commercial and maritime interests including the great industry of ship-building that was carried on upon its shores. At this time, Hallowell was practically a seaport town, and its river shores were lined with wharves and docks. The vessels built and owned at Hallowell sailed to many domestic and foreign ports and returned with cargoes that brought large profits to their owners. As the merchants of the town accumulated wealth, they joined with the shipowners in building vessels, and much of the capital of the town was invested in this profitable industry.

In these early days there were a dozen or more wharves located at neighborly intervals along the shore where vessels were constantly built and launched. As Sheppard's wharf was considered the head of navigation for the larger vessels, much of the ship-building centered in this vicinity; and here many of the brigs and schooners cast anchor and discharged their cargoes.

Among the early "kings of industry" at Hallowell were the two pioneer ship-builders Isaac Pilsbury, who settled at Loudon Hill in 1792, and Captain Isaac Smith, who had a

[1] *Civic Virtue*, Professor Charles F. Richardson.

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large ship-yard at Sheppard's wharf in the early nineties. Here the brig *Belle Savage*, the schooner *Indian Queen*, and numerous packets, some of which Captain Smith commanded, were built and launched.

Another early ship-builder at the Hook was Ebenezer Mayo, who came from Harwich, Cape Cod, to Hallowell in 1793. He also had a ship-yard in the vicinity of Sheppard's Point, where he employed quite a large number of men, and where he was familiarly known as "Master Mayo." At his death in 1815, a new vessel "of about one hundred tons burthen, with high deck, suitable for the West India Trade or coasting" was left in an unfinished condition in the ship-yard.

Other vessels built in Hallowell, about this time, were the fast-sailing schooner *Averick* commanded by Captain George Carr, and the *Ruby* owned by Morse and Pool. These vessels plied back and forth between Hallowell and Boston as early as 1797.

Just north of Sheppard's Point were the wharves of Captain Sarson Butler where the sloop *Ariadne* used to lie at anchor, and that of Captain Shubael West, with the *Primrose* and the *Delia*. These captains and their sloops were well known to the people of the Kennebec, as they plied for a number of years between Hallowell and Boston. They had no regular day for sailing, but each captain started when he was ready, providing there was a propitious wind; and the passengers meekly accommodated themselves to the order of the master.

The next wharf was that of Abner Lowell who owned the *Enterprise* and the *Rapid*. These two fine brigs were engaged in the West India trade. They sailed for Bermuda laden with lumber, hay, cattle, sheep, pigs, and chickens, and returned in a few weeks with a cargo of molasses and that never failing article of general traffic,—"W. I. Rum." North of Lowell's wharf were Clark's, Sewall's, Livermore's, Dummer's, and others,—all busy and exciting places with the coming and going of many crafts. Great rafts of boards were also shipped at these wharves under the inspection of Gideon Gilman who,

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with shingle and pencil in hand, and, on hot days, sheltered by his umbrella, surveyed every load as it was put on ship-board.

More extensive than either of the above mentioned wharves was the one back of Kennebec Row, which extended the whole length of five stores. This wharf was built sixty or seventy feet out into the stream so that vessels could lie on three sides of it. The famous Boston packets, commanded by Andrew Brown, James Blish, Isaac Smith, and other well-remembered captains anchored here; and this great wharf was often over-crowded with freight awaiting transportation. An immense amount of business was transacted on the Kennebec wharf during the first quarter of the nineteenth century. Much of the freight shipped from Boston was for the country merchants and was stored in the neighboring warehouses until called for. In the fall of the year, the wharf was crowded with wagons loaded with "Chenango" potatoes awaiting shipment to Boston and other ports; and it was not an unusual sight to see loads of grain running into the holds of the vessels from long spouts constructed at the back of the warehouses.

The teamsters, who necessarily took an important part in all this traffic, made use of trucks consisting of two long shafts extending from the horse about fifteen feet until the rear ends almost touched the ground, so that the hogsheads of molasses and rum could be rolled up the incline to the proper bearing near the wheels. The arrival of the trains of country produce, of a vessel from the West Indies, or of the regular packets from Boston, Newburyport, Falmouth, and other ports was the occasion of great bustle and excitement at the old Kennebec wharves.

It is difficult now for us to invest these streets and the river shores with the activity and enterprise of these prosperous days; but we know that location and circumstances favored the town, and even the deserted warehouses and grass-grown landings of the present day testify to the truth of the tales told to us by our fathers.

It must, therefore, be admitted that, at the opening of the nineteenth century, the material prosperity of Hallowell was

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due to its agricultural, commercial, and maritime interests. In the same manner we must admit that the sources of the literary and social prominence of the town were its early churches, schools, newspapers, publishing houses, libraries, lyceums, and other institutions that contributed to the moral and intellectual upbuilding of the community. But the fundamental cause of the prosperity and prominence of Hallowell in both respects was the character of the people by whom the town was first settled. The founders of Hallowell were men of education, wealth, public-spirit, and of high moral and social standing. The other settlers of all professions and trades, even in the humbler walks of life, were an exceptionally excellent class of people. They came, many of them, from the best families of Barnstable, Essex, and Middlesex counties in Massachusetts, and from Exeter, and Dover, and other early settled towns of New Hampshire. Taken together, these early residents formed a community remarkable for its intelligence, moral worth, social culture, enterprise, and devotion to the welfare of the town.

In order, therefore, to read the story of Hallowell aright, we must first become acquainted with some of the eminent founders of the town, and then consider the religious, educational, and social institutions which they maintained.

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SAMUEL VAUGHAN, ESQ., AND FAMILY

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VII

THE VAUGHAN FAMILY

"I desire to live only for my family and mankind."
—Dr. Benjamin Vaughan.

THE names of Benjamin Vaughan, M. D., LL. D., and Charles Vaughan, Esq., must ever stand preëminent on the list of the founders of the town of Hallowell. Charles Vaughan, Esq., came to Hallowell in 1791; Dr. Benjamin Vaughan in 1797; and the two brothers settled upon a large estate which they had inherited through their mother, Sarah Hallowell Vaughan.

Dr. Benjamin and Charles Vaughan were English gentlemen of education, culture, wealth, and public spirit. They came to Hallowell to make a permanent home for themselves and their children, and they devoted all their energies and resources to the material, social, intellectual, and religious upbuilding of the place. To the Vaughans, more than to any other one family, Hallowell owes its early commercial prosperity, and the high social, mental, and moral standards that were at once established in the town. Their names stand out prominently in the records of the church, the schools, the libraries, and all public business enterprises.

A family which constituted so important an element in the development of the town should receive ample and grateful recognition from the historian's pen; but words of eulogy are quite unnecessary in tracing the influence of a family that, for over a hundred years, has identified itself with the interests of our community, and that still, at the opening of the twentieth century, bears the same comparative relationship to Hallowell that it did a hundred years ago.

The Vaughans are the only family in our midst that occupy a house erected by their ancestors prior to the nineteenth century. Theirs is the only home where a collection of

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household furnishings, books, pictures, and other ancestral treasures, brought from England, at this early period, is still preserved. Other dwellings of wealth, refinement, and influence, established at a later date, still exist in Hallowell; but the Vaughan homestead is the only one that has remained intact in the same family for four generations, and in which the descendants of its first occupants still maintain its earliest traditions of hospitality, liberality, delightful social life, and devoted attachment to the interests of the ancient town.

There is much that might be written of the founders, and of the successive generations of this family, but no more worthy tribute can be paid to their memory than that which exists in the simple story of their lives as it has been known to our townspeople for a hundred years. To this story is here added such data as may be found in the family history, and in papers and manuscript letters cordially furnished for these pages by the present members of the Vaughan family.

The Vaughan family was of Welch origin. The ancestors of the American branch of the Vaughan family emigrated to Ireland where they became extensively engaged in mercantile pursuits. The first recorded representative of this family, in Ireland, had five children: William, Elizabeth, Joseph, Mary, and Sarah.

William Vaughan, the oldest child, was born in 1620, and died August 19, 1699. He was then of Ballyboe, near Clonmell, in Tipperary, Ireland; and is on record as "Merchant Adventurer for Irish Lands." This William Vaughan married Mary Colsay, and had four children of whom the youngest, Benjamin, was born April 28, 1679; married, November 19, 1700, Ann Wolf; and died February 2, 1741–2.

Benjamin and Ann Wolf Vaughan had twelve children. Our interest to-day centers in the youngest of these children, Samuel Fuer, who was born April 23, 1720. After attaining his majority, Samuel Fuer Vaughan established himself as a merchant in London. He became successful in his business pursuits, and engaged in extensive commercial enterprises with the West Indies and the American colonies. His business interests brought him frequently to New England, and during

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MRS. SARAH HALLOWELL VAUGHAN

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his occasional visits to Boston he met Miss Sarah Hallowell, daughter of Benjamin Hallowell, one of the proprietors of the Kennebec purchase, for whom the town Hallowell was named.

Samuel Vaughan and Sarah Hallowell were united in marriage, February 1, 1747. Their home was in England; but they often made visits to the United States and to Jamaica where Mr. Vaughan owned a large plantation. Mrs. Vaughan is described as "a lady of great amiability of character, of much active kindness and strong common sense." [1] She was born February 26, 1727, and died in England, in 1809.

The children of Samuel and Sarah Hallowell Vaughan were:

1. Benjamin, M. D., b. April 19, 1751; m. June 30, 1781, Sarah Manning, b. April 20, 1753, d. Dec. 6, 1834. Benjamin Vaughan d. Dec. 8, 1836.
2. William, b. Sept. 22, 1752; d. May 5, 1850.
3. Samuel, b. April 13, 1754; d. Aug. 1758.
4. John, b. Jan. 15, 1756; d. Dec. 13, 1842.
5. Ann, b. Oct. 24, 1757; m. 1784, John Darby, brother of General and Admiral Darby; d. Dec. 9, 1847.
6. Charles, b. June 30, 1759; m. 1794, Frances Western Apthorp; d. May 15, 1839.
7. Sarah, b. Feb. 18, 1761; d. Sept. 29, 1818.
8. Samuel, b. June 22, 1762; d. Dec. 4, 1802.
9. Barbara Eddy, b. Nov. 4. 1763.
10. Rebecca, b. April 26, 1766; m. April 10, 1798, John Merrick; d. July 9, 1851.
11. Hannah, b. March 19, 1768; d. Jan. 1, 1770.

Mr. Samuel Vaughan, through his visits and travels in the United States became much interested in our new political institutions and form of government. He was a great admirer of General Washington; and in 1787–8, as a token of personal esteem, he presented to Washington the superb chimney-piece which is now in the great hall at Mount Vernon.

This chimney-piece was made, by order of Mr. Vaughan,

[1] Robert Hallowell Gardiner. *Me. Hist. Col.* Vol. VI, p. 86.

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in Italy, of the finest Syenite and Parian marbles. The mantle-shelf is supported by two fluted Doric columns. The sculptures on the three tablets beneath the shelf, represent scenes in domestic country life: the farmer and his wife beneath an oak tree, with sheep and one huge ox in the foreground; the children drawing water from the well; and a sturdy lad standing beside the two farm horses and the plough. The hearth in front of the chimney-piece is of white marble inlaid with figures of a tasteful conventional design. The fire-place beneath the mantle is very large; and has cast its glowing light on many a brilliant assemblage in the great hall at Mount Vernon.

A diary containing an account of the journey made by Samuel Vaughan on horseback through Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia, when he went to visit Washington at Mount Vernon is now in the possession of Mr. Benjamin Vaughan, of Cambridge, Massachusetts.

Benjamin Vaughan, the oldest son of Samuel and Sarah Hallowell Vaughan, was born April 19, 1751, in Jamaica, during one of the visits of his parents to their estate on that island. A pleasant glimpse of the boyhood of Benjamin is given in the memoir of his brother, William Vaughan. This brother became eminent in London through his writings upon commercial, naval, and other topics of national importance. He was Governor of the Royal Exchange Assurance Corporaation, and an active member of numerous literary and philanthropic societies both in England and America. Among his published works is a brief narrative of his early life and that of his brother Benjamin, which is of especial interest to us to-day.

"My parents," writes William Vaughan, "were desirous of giving their children a good and useful education; and my excellent mother paid great attention to their health, religion, morals, and temper." Benjamin and his brother William were placed at school at the Academy at Warrington, situated between Liverpool and Manchester, where they "derived many advantages from the various lectures on history, literature, and

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general knowledge." . . . "The Academy at Warrington, at that period was held in great estimation from the reputation of its tutors and the greater field they held out in promoting general knowledge and science, in liberal principles, and in many other pursuits not to be obtained in common Grammar-schools. Dr. Aiken, the divinity tutor, was a man of great reputation, and was the parent of Dr. John Aiken and Mrs. Barbauld, whose literary works are well known to the public. Dr. Priestly was another tutor distinguished for his amiable character and kindness of manner as well as for his literary and philosophical pursuits, and for his lectures on history." Benjamin and William Vaughan had the good fortune to reside in the house of Dr. Priestly, and "derived very great advantage from that circumstance."

"My brother," continues Mr. William Vaughan, "was possessed of considerable talents and general knowledge, which by perseverance made him conversant with philosophical pursuits, and introduced him to the acquaintance of many distinguished men. After leaving Warrington he went to Cambridge, and thence to the Temple where he studied law, and went subsequently to Edinburg where he studied medicine, but never practiced either professionally. He was in Parliament for some time, and afterwards removed to America, and resided many years at Hallowell, in the State of Maine, where he continued his literary, scientific, and agricultural pursuits. . . . He was well acquainted with Sir Joseph Banks, Mr. Cavendish, Dr. Price, Dr. Franklin, Sir Charles Blagden, and Dr. Priestly, who, when he published his lectures on History, in 1797, dedicated them to his pupil. His friendship and connexions with Dr. Franklin were intimate and lasting, particularly during the period when my brother was confidentially employed to promote the negotiation of a peace with America." [1]

This outline of the life of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, from the pen of his brother and the comrade of his youth, is a very fitting introduction to the life of the maturer man as it was

[1] *Memoir of William Vaughan*, pp. 4-7.

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spent in Hallowell. We have now only to fill in the details of the picture from the reminiscences of our own ancestors, and such printed and manuscript records as are at this time available.

The education of Dr. Vaughan at Cambridge was unique from the fact that although he took the prescribed course of study, he never matriculated at the university. This was on account of Mr. Vaughan's religious views. "Having been brought up as a Unitarian, he could not conscientiously subscribe to the thirty-nine articles required for matriculation. He was therefore not admitted to any of the collegiate honors but in other respects, had the same advantages as other students."

Soon after leaving Cambridge, Mr. Vaughan became private secretary to Lord Shelburne; and it was about this time that he met and fell ardently in love with Miss Sarah Manning, the beautiful daughter of William Manning, a wealthy London merchant. The father of Miss Manning at first refused his consent to the marriage of his daughter with Mr. Vaughan because the latter had no profession or private fortune. Mr. Vaughan therefore left London for Edinburg where he studied medicine and obtained the degree of M. D. from the university. With this as a pledge for the future, Dr. Vaughan secured the hand of Miss Manning in marriage. The wedding took place June 30, 1781; and, if the father of the bride did not bestow upon the lover one half of his kingdom — according to the custom in the old fairy tales — he did make him a partner in his extensive and lucrative business, at Billiter Square. In addition to this, the two fathers, Mr. Manning and Mr. Samuel Vaughan, we are told, so generously endowed the young couple that they had an independent fortune upon which, like the prince and princess in the story-book, they continued to live happily all the days of their life.

The family connections of Mrs. Vaughan brought her in contact with many interesting people. Her father, William Manning had a large circle of eminent and influential friends; her brother, William Manning, was Governor of the Bank of England; her nephew, Henry Edward Manning, was the

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DR. AND MRS. BENJAMIN VAUGHAN

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celebrated Cardinal who seceded from the Church of England to the Church of Rome; one of her sisters married the famous South Carolina patriot, John Laurens, who has been called the "Bayard of the Revolution." Mrs. Laurens, however, never came to America. Her young husband, who had been educated in England, returned to his own country and entered the army. He was the American Commissioner to Paris in 1781; and soon after his successful negotiation of the French loan, resumed his position in the Revolutionary ranks. He was killed in the battle of Combahee; and in that unfortunate skirmish America lost one of her noblest patriots and most valiant sons. Washington said of Laurens: "He had not a fault that I could discover unless it were an intrepidity bordering on rashness."

Other American friends of the Mannings were Henry Laurens, the father of John Laurens, Benjamin Franklin, and Archbishop Chevenes, with all of whom the Vaughans were closely associated. It will thus be seen that while Mrs. Benjamin Vaughan was allied by family ties to all that was best in English life, she had, at the same time, become familiar, through the American friends of her family, with the spirit of American life; and when Dr. Vaughan decided to come to New England for a permanent residence, she bravely set out with her family for their new home on the banks of the Kennebec.

The political career of Dr. Vaughan in England and France, is a matter of history, and yet very few of our people of the present generation understand the important service rendered by Dr. Vaughan in the establishment of peace between our own country and Great Britain, at the close of the Revolution. This is a story that should be indelibly engraven upon the records of a town that proudly claims Benjamin Vaughan as the most eminent of its founders.

At the close of the Revolution, Dr. Vaughan was the personal friend of the American patriots, Henry and John Laurens, of John Jay and Benjamin Franklin, our peace commissioners at Paris in 1782, and also of Lord Shelburne, the prime minister of England, under whom he had formerly served as secretary. It therefore happened that, at the request of Lord

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Shelburne, Dr. Vaughan went to Paris to consult with Franklin and Jay in regard to peace negotiations, and spent a whole year engaged in this mission. England at this critical period was insisting on treating with our country as colonies, while Jay declared that peace could not be made until the colonies were recognized in the treaty as the United States of America. No progress was therefore made in the negotiations until Dr. Vaughan returned to England and by his personal efforts convinced Lord Shelburne of the necessity of accepting the terms proposed by the American commissioners. The treaty was then completed; and Dr. Vaughan, at Lord Shelburne's request, again set out for Paris, taking with him the royal messenger who bore the new commission recognizing in its wording the independence of the United States of America. Our country therefore owes to Dr. Benjamin Vaughan a perpetual debt of gratitude.

From 1783 to 1794, Dr. Vaughan resided in London, and while engaged in active business also carried on his political and scientific studies. He was closely associated with many eminent men of the time, and frequently entertained in his own home such men as Jeremy Bentham, Sheridan, Sir Samuel Romilly, Grey, Wilberforce, M. de Narbonne, and the Bishop of Autun. In 1792, he was returned to Parliament where he remained nearly two years.

The political position of Dr. Vaughan has been very plainly and authoritatively stated in a sketch in the *American Encyclopedia of Biography*. From this article we learn that Dr. Vaughan was "opposed to any attempt to disturb the existing form of government in his own country, but as the French Revolution developed, the popular tide in England set strongly against those men who had shown sympathy with its earlier stages, and more rigorous laws were demanded against those suspected of sympathy with what were called Revolutionary ideas. Vaughan, from his place in parliament was well known to Pitt as one of the active opponents of his administration. Under these circumstances he decided to leave England for the continent until times had become settled, and accordingly in 1794, he went to France and afterwards to Switzerland.

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DR. BENJAMIN VAUGHAN

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While in France he was several times suspected of being an English spy, and was obliged to live in close retirement. In Switzerland he devoted himself to political correspondence and literary pursuits. He was assured by Pitt that he could at any time return to England with safety, but he had become so much interested in republican principles that he determined to live in the United States."

It was but natural, at this crisis, that the thoughts of Dr. Vaughan should turn to the Kennebec Valley as the place for an ideal home. His mother had inherited large estates in Hallowell; his brother Charles had already made a home in this promising new country; and to this favored spot Dr. Vaughan determined to remove with his family and live according to his own ideas of republican simplicity.

The family of Dr. Vaughan was at this time unable to meet him in Paris on account of the war between France and England. His wife and children therefore sailed for America under the charge of Mr. John Merrick, a young Englishman, at that time a tutor in Dr. Vaughan's family. On their arrival at Boston, they were received by Mr. Charles Vaughan and taken to Little Cambridge, now Brighton, where, eighteen months later, they were joined by Dr. Vaughan and soon after removed to their estate at Hallowell on the Kennebec.

The importance of the advent of the Vaughan family in Hallowell has been previously stated. We already know something of its effect upon the life and welfare of the early settlers of the town; but there is another side to this old story; and we wonder to-day what were the feelings of this cultivated English gentleman and his fair and delicately bred young wife as they first set their feet within the wilderness of Maine, and how they were impressed by their new neighbors and their strange surroundings.

Fortunately a commodious and comfortable home had been provided for the members of Dr. Vaughan's family some time before their arrival. For several years previous to 1797, Mr. Charles Vaughan had been engaged in clearing and culti-

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vating the land, and had erected the mansion house that still stands upon the Vaughan estate. In this new home Dr. Vaughan established his household.

We can now easily fancy the weariness and discomforts of a journey in those days from Boston to the Kennebec. A sailing vessel brought the family to Merrymeeting Bay; then Mr. Merrick and the children continued their journey by water to Gardinerstown, from which place they reached Hallowell by a foot-path through the forest. The oldest daughter being an invalid was carried on a litter and thus had her first glimpse of the autumnal glory of the woods of Maine. In the meantime Dr. and Mrs. Vaughan undertook to drive over the rude forest road leading through Winthrop to Hallowell; and there is nothing which brings us quite so closely in touch with the brave little English lady on her way to her new home as a few sentences written by her husband descriptive of their journey.

In one of the old family letters placed at my disposal I find this paragraph written by Dr. Vaughan to his brother, in September, 1797:

> "Five days in this equinoctial season would have furnished light enough to finishing our journey, but as it was we slept at Winthrop instead of *breakfasting there*. The lady's terrors were the cause, though she behaved with courage on most occasions, and in particular by trusting herself to me. The horse and chaise deserves commemoration also; though the former coughed now and then, and fell once or twice lame, but I hope not permanently. . . . Had the lady shown her courage by travelling all night, and suffered her husband to break her neck and his own, she would have escaped reproaches and perhaps been commemorated for a great fool."

We thus perceive that the Lady of the Perilous Journey was wise as well as witty; and that, since her courage had been sufficiently tested, she did not propose to perish in the forest within one day's distance of the desired haven. We can also easily fancy the pleasure with which "the lady" alighted from the uncomfortable old chaise at the door of her new home and gazed for the first time upon the beautiful Kennebec set between its banks of gorgeous coloring on that September day of the year 1797.

The home to which Dr. Vaughan had brought his family

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MRS. SARAH MANNING VAUGHAN

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was really a palatial residence for the place and period. The house was a large, square, two-story edifice, with a long veranda on the southern side, and a spacious wing extending to the north. It stood on an eminence commanding a fine view of the river, and was surrounded by groups of great oaks, and pines, and other ancient trees. Beyond was the unbroken forest; and yet visions of smooth lawns, green-houses, and fruitful gardens immediately arose in the minds of the new possessors of this domain; and these visions were speedily realized.

Very soon after his arrival, Dr. Vaughan writes to his brother of his plan to bring water to the house "by means of pipes coming from a reservoir to be made at the spring-house;" of a winding avenue for carriages from the main road to the house; of a garden "having a terrace to divide it into an upper and lower part, or into a vegetable and fruit part;" and in the same letter, Dr. Vaughan orders "several thousand slips of white currant trees" for this garden. All of these improvements were soon made, and the Vaughan garden became the wonder and admiration of the whole neighborhood.

A description of the view from this garden written by one who was familiar with the place not many years after the coming of Dr. Vaughan, will bring the scene very vividly to our sight:

"The Vaughan garden lay in the midst of a landscape of surpassing beauty. It rose gradually from the entrance gate near the house, until in ascending the walk you found yourself on the height of a declivity at the verge of tall woods in a summerhouse; from this airy resting place there was a magnificent view of the village, distant hills, and the gentle waters of the Kennebec. . . . Near the spot were mowing-fields, and pastures with cattle grazing, and some shady oaks yet spared by the Goths in their clearings. . . . Behind the summerhouse loomed up a steep mountain deeply wooded, and between them was a precipitous ravine or narrow glen through which a powerful stream ran headlong from ledge to ledge, beneath dark shadows of tall trees, until it leaped down like a miniature cataract and formed a pretty basin where we sometimes caught

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a trout or two. . . . This remarkable waterfall was called the 'Cascade,' accessible by a winding path down the steep, and its murmur could be heard from the summerhouse in the stillness of the evening." [1]

The interior of the Vaughan house was arranged in a manner that must have seemed luxurious to the residents of Hallowell at this early period; for, as Dr. Vaughan writes, "an English family cannot easily submit to the privations of ancient comforts in cases where the continuance of them is easily to be managed." The rooms were spacious and sunshiny; and in one of the front parlors, the windows had been cut down to the floor, in order to give a better view of the river. Dr. Vaughan, in one of his letters to his brother expresses regret that this has been done, on account of the coldness of the Maine climate in winter; but Mrs. Vaughan interpolates an "N. B." saying "*I* am much obliged by the attention."

Each of the rooms had a large fire-place, and the great blazing wood fires kept the whole house aglow with light and warmth. These fire-places are now bordered with quaint Dutch tiles whose pictures tell many curious tales to the guests who sit around the hearthstones in the old Vaughan mansion.

The furnishings of the house were brought from England; and the high-posted, canopied bedsteads, the huge, carved clothes-presses and chests of drawers, the antique mirrors and quaint silver candle-sticks, the inlaid writing-desks, the ancient chairs, tables, and sideboard, and the tall ancestral clock, all stand as they were first placed in this old home.

In the dining-room is the antique *samovar* of ebony, with silver mountings, in which the water was made to boil by plunging into it a bar of red-hot iron. In the cabinets are the rare old cups and saucers in which the lady of the mansion served the fragrant tea to the ever welcome guest; and on the sideboard is a case of rosewood, ornamented with silver, that contains a curious set of knives and forks of steel, with handles of white and blue porcelain.

It is said that when Dr. Vaughan came to Hallowell he

[1] John H. Sheppard, *N. E. Gen. Reg.* Vol. XIX, p. 350.

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OCTAGON ROOM IN THE VAUGHAN MANSION

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left nearly all of the family silver to be sold in London, thinking that if he used it in America it would encourage extravagant ideas of living in this new country. He brought with him, however, a collection of rare old china and sets of Wedgewood and blue Canton ware. One beautiful set of china bearing the Vaughan monogram and also some of the Vaughan silver inherited by Mrs. Lucy Vaughan Emmons, were destroyed by fire when the Emmons house was burned.

Still more interesting and valuable are the family portraits which now hang on the walls of the Vaughan mansion. In one of the parlors there is a fine portrait of Samuel Vaughan, father of Dr. Benjamin; and in the octagon room there is a large picture of the Vaughan family, painted in London in 1754. It represents Mrs. Sarah Hallowell Vaughan, as a central figure, holding her son Samuel in her lap, with Benjamin at her side, and little William on the floor playing with a dog. Mr. Samuel Vaughan stands in a graceful and dignified attitude at the left.

Other valuable pictures are the portraits of the celebrated Dr. Priestly and his wife, and of William Manning, Governor of the Bank of London. Most interesting and delightful of all, are the faces of Dr. Benjamin and Mrs. Vaughan which still look down upon us from their frames with an expression of cordial, old-time hospitality.

Mrs. Vaughan is said by one who knew her to have been "a very handsome, elegant, and accomplished lady;" [1] and the portrait representing her in her more advanced years, shows a beautiful sweet-faced woman, wearing a cap and kerchief of filmy lace.

Another personal souvenir of Mrs. Benjamin Vaughan is the pair of "pattens," or wooden shoes, having two bridge-like pieces of wood to lift them from the ground, and straps of black velvet to fasten them over the foot. These the little lady undoubtedly wore in damp weather when she went to call on her daughter, Mrs. Emmons, or her sister-in-law, Mrs. Merrick, at the old Merrick homestead.

[1] Hon. John H. Sheppard.

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Other quaint and curious things which the Vaughans brought from England were the two sun dials which for more than a century have marked the passing hours; and the oval shaped door-plate marked "B. Vaughan," which once had a place at the entrance of their London home; and a writing-desk, painted with flowers by the hand of Mrs. John Laurens, the sister of Mrs. Vaughan.

Most notable of all is the library of Dr. Vaughan which, at the time of his coming to Hallowell, was the largest collection of books in New England, with the exception of that of Harvard College. This library contained over ten thousand volumes, and included works on history, science, philosophy, and literature. Many of the books are still kept at the Vaughan homestead. The medical works, which were very rare and valuable, were bequeathed to the Insane Hospital at Augusta; other books were donated to Bowdoin college; but the greater part of the library is now in the possession of Dr. Vaughan's descendants in Cambridge and Boston.

Dr. Vaughan was himself a most scholarly and learned man. It has been said of him that "his knowledge was always at command and no subject could be introduced into conversation upon which he would not give additional information. From this very extensive knowledge and ready power of producing it, he has been called a walking encyclopedia." [1]

But Dr. Vaughan was not only learned in the works of others; he was himself a thinker and writer. He was the author of numerous political, philosophical, and scientific papers, and of several historical treatises which he wrote at the special request of President Adams. His most important work was entitled "The Rural Socrates;" and was an account of a celebrated philosophical farmer living in Switzerland and known by the name of Kilyogg. The book bears the imprint of Peter Edes of Hallowell, A. D. 1800. Mr. Vaughan also collected and published "The Political, Miscellaneous, and Philosophical Essays of Dr. Benjamin Franklin;" and edited a memoir of Dr. Franklin.

[1] Robert Hallowell Gardiner.

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Dr. Vaughan was one of the founders of the Maine Historical Society and was a member of numerous literary and scientific societies, both in this country and Europe. The degree of LL. D. was bestowed upon him by Harvard College in 1801, and by Bowdoin College, in 1812.

Although educated for the profession of medicine, Dr. Vaughan did not practice as a regular physician, but was constantly called upon to consult with other doctors in serious cases. He always gave his advice and services gratuitously. He visited the poor without charge, and furnished them not only with medicines, but often with nourishing food, and with fruit and other delicacies from his garden.

In the year 1811, the terrible epidemic known as the "spotted fever" prevailed in New England. Hallowell did not escape the dread disease; and during its prevalance here, Dr. Vaughan used his utmost efforts to check its progress, and save the lives of the people. At one time, when Dr. Page, the eminent and successful physician of Hallowell, was summoned to aid the suffering inhabitants of Wiscasset, Dr. Vaughan voluntarily assumed the care of the numerous cases of spotted fever in Hallowell, until the return of Dr. Page.

Many stories of the benevolences, generosity, and neighborly kindness of Dr. Vaughan have come down to us in the tales of the "good old times" which our grandparents have told us; but I can give no more fitting ending to this sketch of the early benefactor of Hallowell than the tribute of Mr. John H. Sheppard who writes from his own knowledge and memory of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan:

"The influence a man of fortune, learning, and piety may exert in a country village is incalculable. . . . Such a man was the 'magnate of the place.' Every man, woman, and child looked up to him, as it were, to a superior being. To him strangers sought an introduction. His door was ever open to hospitality. In short, he was the Genius Loci, the spirit of the spot. It was eminently so in Hallowell during Dr. Vaughan's life. In religion, education, gardening, agriculture, and love of reading, he gave a healthy tone to society. Ever sociable, meek, yet dignified in his address, willing to impart his exten-

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sive knowledge to others, and at all times ready to visit the sick and relieve the poor and needy, he was greatly beloved. His life is a striking instance that every town and village must have a head to look up to, some man of moral power and influence, like a sun shining on the top of a mountain, radiating its beams in every direction, and leading the thoughts heavenward by his good works. Dr. Vaughan was not tall, yet he was of medium height; in body well-proportioned and full; of an elegant form; his hair had early turned into the white locks of age; his eye was of a dark blue, clear and mild; his nose aquiline; each feature strongly marked, and expressive; and when he smiled, it drew all hearts towards him, for it was the reflection of the goodness within. He dressed in the dignified costume of the Old School, and was particularly neat in his apparel. He rode a horse remarkably well, and from his easy and graceful motions he must have been a graceful dancer in his youth. He wrote a peculiar hand and with great rapidity, and composed with fluency and readiness. He carried on a vast correspondence with friends in this country and abroad, and at home he always seemed reading or writing. In the winter evenings you would find him at a small writing table by the side of a sparkling wood fire, busily employed like Prospero in the kingdom of his books, unless called off by some stranger; while his charming family entertained their usual company with whom he would often mingle in conversation. His very presence gave to the domestic circle that indescribable charm, which like a halo surrounds a person of talents and profound learning.

"The close of Dr. Vaughan's life was at the golden age of eighty-five. He had scarcely ever known sickness, nor were the powers of his mind impaired. Always master of himself, he preserved his cheerfulness to the last. So calm, so serene, so simple in his habits, so unselfish, so delicate in his own feelings and considerate of the feelings of others, a worshiper of God without ostentation in his family, and ever ready to do good to his neighbor, this Christian Philosopher was not only one of the best of citizens, but I must say, the happiest man I ever saw. It seemed as though that divine passage of St.

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Paul was always present to his mind: 'Finally, brethren, whatsoever things are honest, whatsoever things are just, whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are lovely, whatsoever things are of good report; if there be any virtue, if there be any praise, think on these things.' And he *did* think on these things. They were the cardinal points of the compass which regulated his voyage of life, and at the end I doubt not he viewed death as a kind messenger from above." [1]

Dr. Benjamin Vaughan died December 8, 1836, and was interred in the family burial ground on the Vaughan estate in Hallowell.

Dr. and Mrs. Benjamin Vaughan had a family of seven children. These children were all educated in the Vaughan home where they had great advantages from constant intercourse with refined society and from the instruction of accomplished and learned teachers. The first of these teachers was the scholarly John Merrick; the second was George Barron, said to be "an adept in the exact sciences;" and the third was William Wells, a Cambridge graduate of ripe scholarship. The teacher of French and dancing was Monsieur Lebell of Paris. This highly educated and cultured Frenchman was also an excellent violinist. Mr. Sheppard said of him: "I never heard anyone, save Ole Bull, draw a softer, sweeter bow on the violin." Under the tuition of Monsieur Lebell, Mr. Vaughan's children all became fine French scholars. Sarah, the third daughter, had exceptional talent for drawing and painting, especially of birds and flowers, and assisted Audubon in coloring the illustrations of his famous book on birds. Lucy, a younger daughter, was skillful in drawing with crayons.

The subsequent life-story of this family of favored and gifted children is of much interest to us to-day, but must here be briefly told. Harriet Manning, the oldest daughter, born November 11, 1782, was an invalid, with an affection of the spine. Her death, in early girlhood, December 15, 1798, at the

[1] *Collections. Mass. Hist. Soc.*, Vol. XIX, p. 354.

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age of sixteen, was the first great grief that came to the Vaughan family in their new home on the Kennebec. William Oliver, born November 5, 1783, became an enterprising merchant and ship-owner, and a public-spirited and influential citizen. Through him, the name and estate of the Vaughan family have been perpetuated in Hallowell.

Miss Sarah Vaughan, born February 28, 1784, is described as "a lady of small but graceful form and of highly cultivated mind." Like her mother, she was most charitable, and greatly interested in the care of the poor and sick in Hallowell. It is related that, on one occasion, she went to visit a very worthy woman who had seen better days, but who was then living in great destitution. Miss Sarah inquired what was most needed at that time, and was somewhat surprised when the destitute woman replied that she wished some one would bring her a French dictionary as she did not wish "to lose her accent."

Miss Sarah Vaughan died March 25, 1847, while on a visit to Boston, and was buried under Trinity Church.

Henry Vaughan was a young man "of promising talents and manly figure." His engaging disposition and tender thoughtfulness for his mother's feeling, are disclosed in the following letter which he wrote at Cambridge on the eve of his departure for a visit to England in 1801:

"You wished to know how we were, I am sorry to hear that you were uneasy about me, for I had only a headache, from being roused up at that time of night, but I was perfectly well for when we got down to Merrymeeting bay I walked from there to Bath without any inconvenience though the road went a great way round and it was a very hot day; I walked there in an hour and a half; to convince you that I had not lost my appetite I tell that every morning and evening I had a quart of thick chocolate and bread and ham in proportion three times a day when the doctor allowed it. After hearing this I trust you will not make yourself uneasy. We go into town to-night and from there tomorrow or next day therefore most probably will not hear from us again on this side of the water."

To his father, Henry writes that they are going to Liverpool in the ship *Eliza*, "a new vessel that has never been out to sea." He adds as a bit of news: "I have seen Mr. Wells several times he keeps a school in Boston he has left off his

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black coat." This is evidently a reference to Mr. William Wells, previously a tutor in the Vaughan family.

Henry Vaughan had a fortunate passage on the new ship *Eliza*, and returned in safety from his voyage to England. A brilliant and happy future was anticipated for this noble and promising young man. It is therefore sad to record the melancholy and untimely fate that awaited him. Only a few years after his return from London, he made another trip, with his elder brother, William Oliver, on a trading vessel to the West Indies, and on the homeward voyage was washed overboard and drowned, April 14, 1806.

Petty Vaughan, born October 1, 1783, was named for his father's friend, Henry Petty, Earl of Shelburne and Prime Minister of England. In his youth, Petty Vaughan was sent to London to become associated in business with his uncle William Vaughan, with whose interests he was afterwards closely identified. He was a member of the American Philosophical Society, and connected with prominent commercial and philanthropic organizations in England. He died, unmarried, in London, July 30, 1854.

Lucy Vaughan, born November 4, 1790, married Judge Williams Emmons, and resided in Hallowell where she was greatly beloved and respected. She died March 18, 1869.

Elizabeth Frances, born June 6, 1793, married Samuel Grant, a wealthy merchant of Gardiner, and died June 12, 1855. Her oldest daughter, Ellen Grant, married Hon. John Otis of Hallowell; her youngest daughter, Louisa Lithgow Grant, married, November 19, 1850, Hon. Alfred Gilmore. Their children are: Alfred, Frances Vaughan, Clinton Grant, and Louisa Lithgow.

Colonel William Oliver Vaughan, oldest son of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, married, September 14, 1806, Martha, daughter of Captain Thomas Agry, and resided in Hallowell until his death, August 15, 1825. He was actively engaged in shipping, and in commercial and agricultural pursuits. He always manifested a sincere interest in the welfare of the town, and exerted his utmost influence for its prosperity. During his business career, he engaged extensively in the West India

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trade, and owned two brigs and the ship *Superior*. These vessels were sent out laden with lumber and oak staves, and brought back in return, sugar, molasses, and other commodities for sale on the Kennebec.

Colonel Vaughan also had the care and management of Vaughan farm with the exception of the orchards and gardens which were under the charge of a professional English gardener. He purchased the grist mill built by his uncle Charles Vaughan, and manufactured flour of a quality superior to any other made in this section of the country. He was also concerned in the importation of cattle of superior breeds; and, in connection with Mr. Charles Vaughan, did much for the improvement of stock raised by the farmers of the town and county.

As commander of a regiment of militia, in the days when the military spirit was at its height, Colonel Vaughan attained much distinction. He first served as Captain of the "South Company" of Hallowell; and in the fall of 1814, when the troops were all called out to go to Wiscasset to prevent the landing of the British troops from the gunship La Hogue, then threatening the coast, his company was pronounced the finest and best drilled in the state. Its ranks were always full; and every man had his scrupulously white belt crossed in Revolutionary style, thus giving the company an appearance easily distinguishable from others on the field. On muster days the company always dined at the expense of the captain.

Colonel Vaughan's military ardor and devotion to his men continued to increase after he was placed at the head of the regiment. One of our most esteemed local historians, who remembers the famous old training days, tells us that Colonel Vaughan infused new life into the ranks; that he provided a splendid band of music for the regiment, and an elegant marquee for the entertainment of the officers and their guests. Colonel Vaughan, in character and bearing, was an ideal exponent of the military spirit of his time. Even after his health failed and he was obliged to resign his command, his interest in his regiment continued unabated. "When he had become so feeble as only to be able to ride out on pleasant

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days, on the occasion of a regimental muster he was seen to ride slowly the whole length of the line on Second street, as if to take a last look upon his men. The sadness of his countenance betokened the deep feeling he had at the thought that he was looking upon them for the last time."

Colonel William Oliver Vaughan died August 15, 1825; his wife, Martha Agry Vaughan, died March, 1856. Of the nine children of Colonel Vaughan, six died in early life. The oldest daughter, Harriet Frances was the first wife of Hon. John Otis; the youngest daughter, Caroline, married Frederic, son of Robert Hallowell Gardiner.

William Manning Vaughan, the oldest son of Colonel William Oliver Vaughan, was born at Hallowell, June 10, 1807. He fitted for college at Dr. Packard's school at Wiscasset, and entered Bowdoin with the class of 1827. In his senior year, Mr. Vaughan was obliged to leave college on account of the death of his father; and soon after went on a three years' cruise, as supercargo on a vessel, to the East and West Indies. After returning to Hallowell, he married Miss Anne Warren, daughter of Hon. Ebenezer Warren, and made his home for a time in the cottage on the Vaughan estate. He was, for some years, cashier of the Hallowell Bank; and afterwards was connected with Robert Hallowell Gardiner in the flouring mill business. In 1854, he established himself in business in Boston and made a permanent home in Cambridge. After retiring from active business life, Mr. Vaughan became engaged in philanthropic work, and founded the Cambridge Social Union of which he was the honored president for many years. Like his father and grandfather, Mr. William Manning Vaughan was a loyal friend and generous benefactor of his native town. Here, as in the city of his adoption, he was honored and beloved; and on his death, in 1891, he left many to mourn the loss of a true friend and of a public-spirited and philanthropic fellow-citizen.

Mrs. William Manning Vaughan was, in her girlhood, the little "Miss Anne Warren" for whom the "splendid ball" was given in the old Warren mansion in Hallowell. Born and bred in the spirit of the old-time social life of her native town, she

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was eminently fitted to become the mistress of the Vaughan home in Cambridge where, for so many years, she dispensed a most gracious hospitality.

The children of William Manning and Anne Warren Vaughan are Benjamin and William Warren Vaughan.

Mr. Benjamin Vaughan married Anna Goodwin, daughter of Daniel Raynes Goodwin, D. D., of Philadelphia. They have two children, Bertha Hallowell Vaughan and Henry Goodwin Vaughan. Mr. William Warren Vaughan married Ellen Twistleton Parkman, daughter of Dr. Samuel and Mary Dwight Parkman of Boston. The children of this marriage are Mary Eliot Vaughan and Samuel Vaughan.

Much that has been written of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, is equally applicable to his brother Charles Vaughan, Esq., in whom we find a typical English gentleman, of courteous address, extensive reading, benevolent disposition, and commendable public spirit. But while Dr. Benjamin Vaughan may be especially characterized as a student and philosopher, Charles Vaughan was preëminently a man of action with indomitable energy and large capacity for business affairs. He came to Hallowell as early as 1791, and "formed magnificent plans to make that town, then only a small village, the head of navigation and commerce for the Kennebec."

No one who has traced the early growth and prosperity of Hallowell can fail to discern the direct influence of Charles Vaughan, and the results of his energetic and enthusiastic business efforts. The very fact of his coming to Hallowell gave a quick and healthy stimulus to the town. It is stated by Mr. William Allen, the Norridgewock historian, that "when it became known that the Vaughans were to settle here, high expectations were excited throughout the country even to the extreme settlements on the Sandy river. . . . Men of influence from the best towns, far and near, ship-builders, ship-owners, merchants, and traders, men of all professions, skillful mechanics, and industrious workmen, came in throngs to the place, some to erect buildings and engage in trade and

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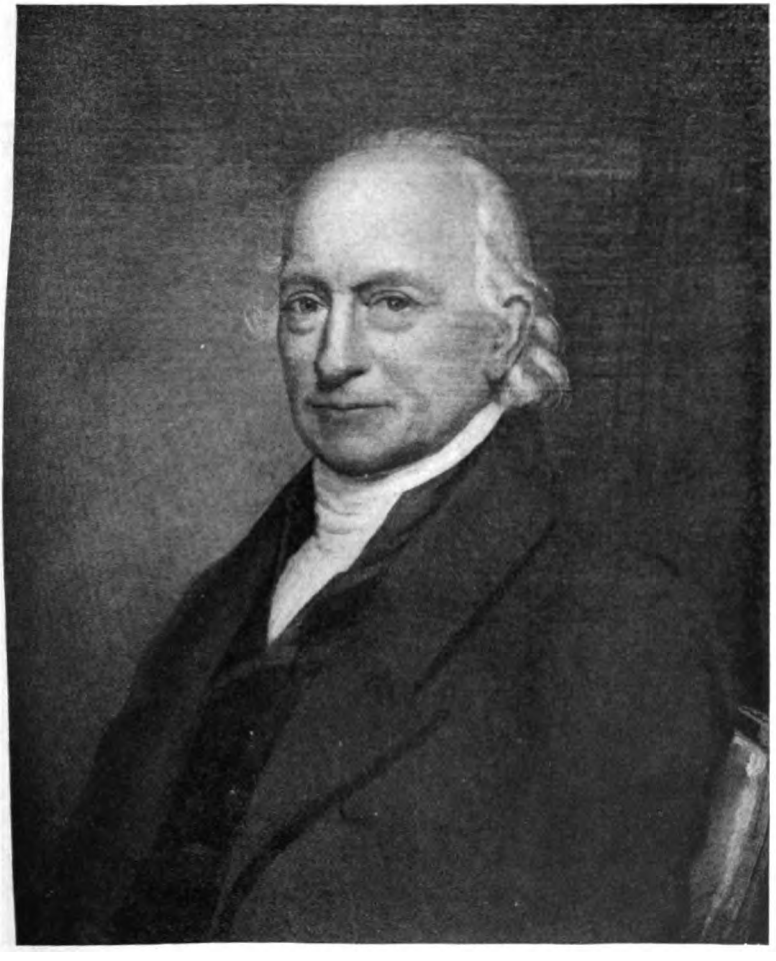

CHARLES VAUGHAN, ESQ.

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navigation and some to find employment. The place increased rapidly in wealth and numbers."

"Mr. Vaughan," writes Mr. Allen, "built the wharf at the Hook, and a store and warehouses, and a brewery, with the hope that beer might be used instead of ardent spirits, and improve the habits of the intemperate, but he failed to accomplish his object. He employed a great number of men, built work shops and dwelling houses for the accommodation of his workmen, built a house and barn and put in order a farm for his homestead, a pleasant situation half a mile back, cleared up a large farm two miles back from the river, stocked it with the best breeds of animals, importing some from England which were highly recommended in English publications, . . . procured a skilful English farmer to take the oversight of his farm, Samuel Stantial, who planted an orchard of choice fruit, made a fine garden, and kept everything in the neatest order, exceeding anything I had ever seen before, when I visited him in 1807. His English cherry trees were just beginning to bear and look beautifully. We saw a large box of scions which the day before had been received after a two month's passage from Liverpool. . . . Mr. Vaughan spared no expense to promote the agricultural interests of the country; did more than any other individual, before any agricultural society was formed in the state, to improve the breed of stock and swine and to furnish scions to improve our orchards. The farmers not only in Hallowell, Winthrop, and Readfield, were greatly benefitted by his efforts but some at a distance of fifty miles where I have seen the best stock and swine and the best apples to be found in the state, as a result of his efforts." [1]

Mr. Vaughan was also actively and keenly interested in all the educational and religious movements of the town. He was one of the founders and trustees of the Hallowell Academy and did much to establish and promote the success of that institution. He was a generous supporter of the Old South church and a constant attendant at its services. It has been fittingly said that "it was his greatest desire to do good, and never was he more happy than when he conferred happiness upon others."

[1] *Col. Me. Hist. Soc.* Vol. VIII, p. 278.

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Mr. Charles Vaughan married, in 1774, Frances Western Apthorp, daughter of John Apthorp of Boston. Mrs. Vaughan was a very beautiful woman with rare qualities of mind and character. In her girlhood she had enjoyed unusual educational and social advantages in her home-life and in travel with other members of the Apthorp family. She was the sister of Hannah Apthorp, wife of Charles Bulfinch, the eminent architect, and mother of Thomas Bulfinch, author of *The Age of Fable*. A charming description of the early life of Frances and Hannah Apthorp in their Boston home, and of their journey to Philadelphia to witness the inauguration of Washington is given by Miss Ellen Susan Bulfinch in her *Life and Letters of Charles Bulfinch, Architect.*

Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vaughan resided for a while in the old mill house near the Vaughan stream. It was there that they entertained Talleyrand and the young Frenchman who was supposed to be Louis Philippe, afterwards King of France.

A few years later Mr. Vaughan erected the house on the Vaughan road, now the home of the French family. This house, as originally built by Mr. Vaughan, was an attractive story and a half cottage, of ample dimensions and very spacious on the ground floor. Although the house has been remodeled, it still retains its broad stone hearths, its old-time mantle-pieces, quaint cup-boards, and other features of its original design.

This house was always the abode of good cheer and genuine hospitality. The influence of the refined, simple, and idyllic home life that went on for many years within its walls, was felt throughout a large circle of friends and neighbors. In simplicity, in courtesy, in kindly cheer, and in the unaffected enjoyment of music, art, and literature as daily elements of life, the inmates of the Vaughan home set an example that gave an ideal tone to society in Hallowell.

The children of Charles and Frances Apthorp Vaughan were:

1. John Apthorp, b. October 13, 1795; m. August 22, 1826, Harriet Merrick; d. June 5, 1865.

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MRS. FRANCES APTHORP VAUGHAN

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2. Harriet, b. April 15, 1802; m. May 18, 1828, Rev. Jacob Abbott; d. September 11, 1843.
3. Charles, b. November 1, 1804; m. July 19, 1832, Mary Susan Abbot; d. February 6, 1878.
4. Hannah Frances, b. January 20, 1812; m. 1836, Rev. Seth Sweetser; d. May 10, 1855.

The Rev. John Apthorp Vaughan, son of Charles and Frances Apthorp Vaughan, was a worthy representative of this eminent family. He graduated at Bowdoin College in 1815, and later in life received the degree of Doctor of Divinity from Columbia College. In his early manhood he was the beloved and revered teacher of the Female Academy in Hallowell. He subsequently took orders in the Episcopal Church. On his death in Philadelphia in 1865, *The Episcopal Recorder* closed a tribute to his memory in these words: "To this holy man the Church of the Mediator owes a large debt of gratitude. He was the friend, father, and benefactor of it. He was a generous, self-denying soldier of the Cross, the first rector of that church, and much lamented at his death."

Mr. Charles Vaughan, the second son of Charles and Frances Apthorp Vaughan, perpetuated the traditions and customs of his father's family, and cherished through life a warm regard for the home of his childhood. He was one of the earliest and most liberal benefactors of the Social Library, and was interested in all that promoted the welfare of his native town. Pleasant and grateful memories of Mr. and Mrs. Charles Vaughan will long be preserved in Hallowell.

The Vaughan family is now represented in Hallowell by the two brothers, Benjamin and William Warren Vaughan, who are the lineal descendants of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan and the present owners of the Vaughan estate. During the summer season the families of Benjamin and William Vaughan occupy the old mansion house upon the Vaughan estate, and maintain an ideal hospitality in the same spirit in which it was established by their ancestors a hundred years ago.

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Of the devoted attachment of the Vaughan family to the old town and of their continued interest in its welfare, it is not necessary to speak. There are visible evidences of this in their numerous and generous public benefactions. The library has many generous bequests from their hands. The granite drinking fountains at the northern and southern ends of the business street are the expression of their thoughtful beneficence; and the massive granite bridge upon the Vaughan road, which was presented to the city of Hallowell, in 1905, by Benjamin and William Warren Vaughan in remembrance of their father, William Manning Vaughan, will remain for untold generations a monument, in enduring stone, to the loyalty and munificence of the House of Vaughan.

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THE VAUGHAN MEMORIAL BRIDGE

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VIII

JOHN MERRICK, ESQ.

"His was a noble mind, a noble heart, and a noble life. His faults were few; his enemies none."—D. R. Goodwin, D. D.

THE name of John Merrick is closely associated with that of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan and of Charles Vaughan, Esq. These first representatives of the Merrick and Vaughan families in Hallowell came from England at about the same time and settled side by side on the banks of the Kennebec. Their families were intimately connected by intermarriage and personal associations. They had many important characteristics in common. Their essential principles, their views of life, and their manner of living were very similar; yet each of the founders of these families had a marked individuality, and in the character of no one of them does this individuality stand out with more prominence than in that of John Merrick.

Mr. Merrick's contemporaries all agree in the assertion that he was a remarkable man. He came to Hallowell in his early manhood, and went in and out among our people, living an open, blameless life, until he reached the extreme and honored age of ninety-five years. Gifted in an unusual and varied degree, and imbued with the most lofty ideals, he was nevertheless very sane and practical in the administration of affairs, and presents to us the type of an honest, judicial, and useful citizen whose influence constantly made for the uplifting of the community in which he dwelt.

A *Memoir of John Merrick, Esq.*, written by D. R. Goodwin, D. D., Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, most worthily portrays the life and character of this eminent early resident of Hallowell; and to this *Memoir*, I am indebted for much of the material included in this sketch.

The Merrick family was of Welch origin and can be traced

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back to the days of King John. The name has been spelled in various ways from the Meuric, Meyric, Meric, or Merick of the earlier generations to the Merrick of the present day. One of the members of this family, named Meuric, was "esquire to the body of Henry VII, and captain of the guard to Henry VIII." A grandson of this Meuric, and an ancestor of John Merrick of Hallowell, was Sir Gelly Meyric, or Meric, of Pembroke, Knight of the Shire in the reign of Queen Elizabeth.

Mr. John Merrick was born in London, August 27, 1766. He was the son of Samuel Merrick who died in 1767, leaving his young wife with two children, Samuel and John. Mrs. Mary Merrick, the widow of Samuel Merrick, married Mr. William Roberts of Kidderminster, who became a faithful father to these two boys. The elder brother, Samuel, being strong and active, was educated for a merchant; but the younger brother, John, having a more delicate constitution, was designed for the ministry. He received a thorough classical training during his course of eight years in the Grammar School at Kidderminster, and afterwards studied divinity under the celebrated Dr. Belsham by whose liberal theological views John Merrick was strongly influenced in his earlier years.

Having completed his divinity course, Mr. Merrick preached as a *licentiate* for two years at Stamford, but was never ordained to the ministry. From 1794 to 1797, he resided with the family of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, in the capacity of tutor; and in 1795 he accompanied Mrs. Vaughan and her children to New England and spent fifteen months with them in Little Cambridge before coming with the family to Hallowell.

In 1797, Mr. Merrick returned to England where, in April, 1798, he married Rebecca Vaughan, daughter of Samuel Vaughan, and sister of Dr. Benjamin and Charles Vaughan, and brought his bride at once to Hallowell. Here he built and occupied the spacious cottage which stands upon one of the most beautiful sites in the town, and which is still known as the Merrick Cottage. At the time of his coming to

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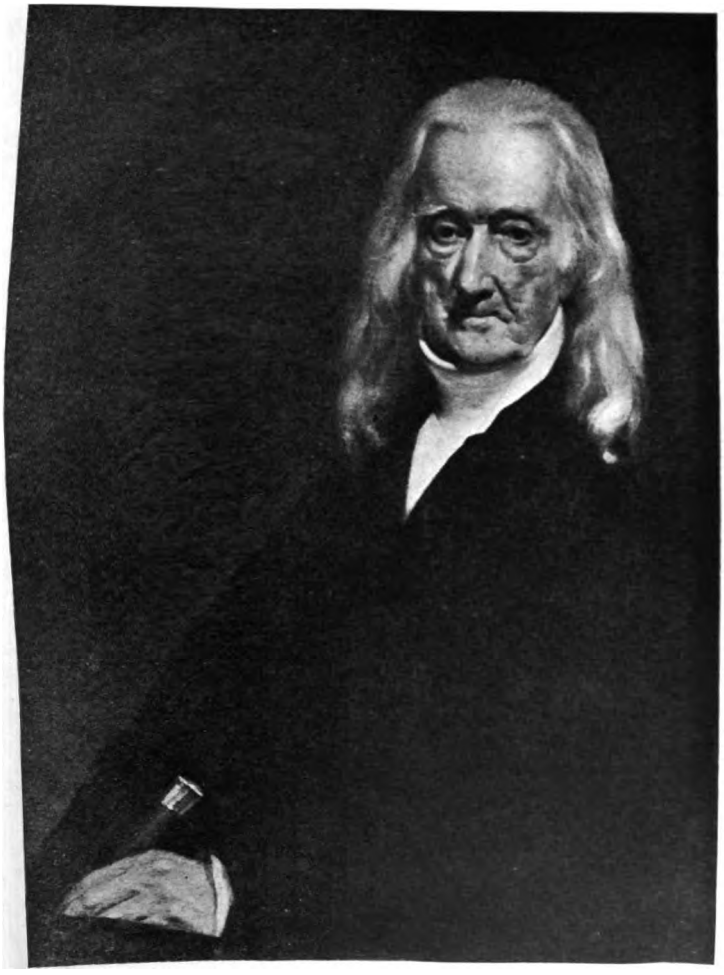

JOHN MERRICK, ESQ.

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Hallowell, the village was rapidly increasing in population; and Mr. Merrick entered most heartily into the spirit of the place and devoted all his energies to the promotion of the public welfare. He was especially interested in the cause of education. In 1802, he was appointed one of the trustees of the Hallowell Academy; and for the remainder of his long life, he devoted himself to the interests of this school. "He exerted himself in enlarging and husbanding the resources of the institution, in securing the best instruction, in aiding and encouraging the preceptors, in attending examinations, and in stimulating the intellectual energies, and the manlier and finer feelings of the students by his instructive, exciting, and genial exhortations." He was made president of the board of trustees in 1829, and continued in this post until his death. Mr. Merrick was also a member of the board of overseers of Bowdoin College from 1805 to 1851.

In the affairs of the town, with which he had cast his lot, Mr. Merrick showed himself a truly loyal and public-spirited citizen. He served ably and conscientiously as selectman, as surveyor of highways, and as overseer of the poor. He was also for some years cashier of the Hallowell Bank. He was exact and honorable in all of his business dealings and commanded the highest esteem and confidence of his fellow townsmen.

In 1810, a project was started for the opening of a road from the Kennebec to the Chaudière and thence to Quebec, which, it was thought, would greatly increase the business of this region and open an avenue from the Atlantic to Canada. This was the dream that allured the minds of all of our early settlers; the vision that dazzled their imagination, aroused their ambition, and led them to look forward to a most successful future for the little town on the Kennebec. The plan seemed at the time most feasible and practicable. On March 8, 1810, a board of commissioners was appointed by Governor Gore to examine this route and report upon its condition and the probable success of the undertaking. Mr. John Merrick was appointed a member of this commission.

Mr. Merrick entered upon this work with the energy and

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enthusiasm that characterized all of his efforts, whether in public or private life; and the story of his journey to Quebec over the old trail of the Abenaki Indians, is one of peril, hardship, adventure, and exciting interest.

The party consisted of the three commissioners, a surveyor, an Indian guide, and several men to carry the luggage and provisions. Mr. Merrick also took with him a young man from Hallowell, named David Morgan, as a personal attendant. "When they reached the Canada line, the two other commissioners, alleging that they had completed the work assigned them by the General Court, took the surveyor, the assistants, and the provisions with them, and returned; leaving Mr. Merrick, with Morgan and the Indian guide, to go on to Quebec, assuring him that he need take no food with him for his return through the wilderness, as they would deposit an abundant supply on the way. Arrived at Quebec, the Governor invited him to dine, and ride with the ladies to Montmorenci. For a catastrophe so unexpected he was quite unprepared, being only in his rough camping dress, fresh from the wood. So he called on a French house to put him in trim, suggesting a white shirt, at which Monsieur shrugged,—a collar and bosom were all the case required." [1]

"After a week in Quebec, business being in train, the three again took to the bush. But, on reaching the place of the promised deposit, they found to their consternation that no provisions had been left for them. . . . As it was, a few cakes of portable soup and a few beans were all their store for a tramp of several days through the wilderness. The Indian left soon after, refusing to touch a particle of their scanty supply. 'No, no; give me the fish-hook; me Indian.' So in consideration of his own superior resources in difficult circumstances, he had pity for the poor white man." [2]

The results of this expedition were not such as were desired and ardently hoped for by the inhabitants of the Kennebec valley. The reasons for this are explained in the

[1] *Memoir of John Merrick, Esq.*, pp. 16–17.

[2] *Memoir of John Merrick, Esq.*, p. 18.

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following extract from a document furnished by Mr. Robert H. Gardiner to Professor Goodwin:

"My father gave Mr. Merrick a letter of introduction to Sir James Craig, Governor of Canada, with whom he had been formerly acquainted. The Governor received him courteously, and highly approved the object; and, through his influence, that portion of the road lying in Canada was completed; and the State of Massachusetts had the road made from the forks of the Kennebec River to the Canada line. A mail was established on the route, and a custom house on the boundary. The advantages expected from the opening of this route were not realized. The road for a long distance passed through a barren country. There was a distance of forty miles with only a single house, and no soil sufficiently good to tempt any one to build a second. Few persons, either for pleasure or traffic, would go over the road where, in case of accident, aid could not be obtained. And the railroads which have since been constructed through Vermont and Maine to Canada, have given to the Canadians much greater facilities to the ports on the Atlantic than could be obtained by a road through the wilderness." [1]

In his personal characteristics, tastes, and accomplishments, Mr. Merrick was a most remarkable and versatile man. He possessed a rare combination of genuine, practical, scientific ability with the more esthetic qualities of a connoisseur in all matters literary and artistic. In the development of his scientific impulses Mr. Merrick acquired a thorough knowledge of many branches of study. He was an accurate mathematician, surveyor, and navigator. He devoted much time to the study of astronomy, and invented a new practical method for mapping out the heavens. He was one of the first in this country who detected the planet Uranus with the naked eye. His interest in geology amounted to a passion. He prepared two lectures on this subject which he gave before the members of the famous old Hallowell Lyceum. He had also a thorough knowl-

[1] *Memoir of John Merrick, Esq.*, pp. 15-16.

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edge of anatomy, and in cases of necessity proved himself an excellent surgeon.[1] With all this, Mr. Merrick possessed the most highly cultivated literary and musical tastes. His talent for music had been developed from his childhood; and his musical gifts proved a great source of pleasure to his friends as well as to himself. He "played the violincello with extraordinary neatness, accuracy, and depth of tone, and until quite late in life, he sang with great sweetness. His knowledge of music was *scientific;* and for many years he was President of the Handel society of Maine. In 1817, in connection with the late Chief Justice Mellen, who was Vice-President of the Society, he compiled a book of sacred music, which was published under the title of the 'Hallowell Collection of Sacred Music,' arranged for use in churches and families and well adapted for that purpose. It was due mainly to his strenuous efforts and intelligent guidance that the choir of the Old South Church in Hallowell became one of the most effective choirs in the country." [1]

Mr. Merrick was also master of the art of elocution in a day when good reading was a rare accomplishment; and he did much to encourage the cultivation of this art among the young people within his large circle of influence.

It was a characteristic of Mr. Merrick that whatever he did, he did well. This applied to his physical as well as his mental accomplishments. He was "an inimitable skater and swimmer, an admirable horseman, and an expert driver. If he paddled a birch canoe, no Indian could do it better. If he danced, no Frenchman could excel him."

Professor Goodwin pays to Mr. Merrick this personal tribute: "His notions of honesty were almost romantic, and his sense of honor intensely delicate. His kindness and liberality were bounded only by his means. . . . His was a singularly pure life. . . . He was a strikingly humble and earnest, a devout and growing Christian. . . . None ever saw him to forget him; none ever became intimately acquainted with him without respecting and loving him."

[1] *Memoir of John Merrick, Esq.*, p. 25.

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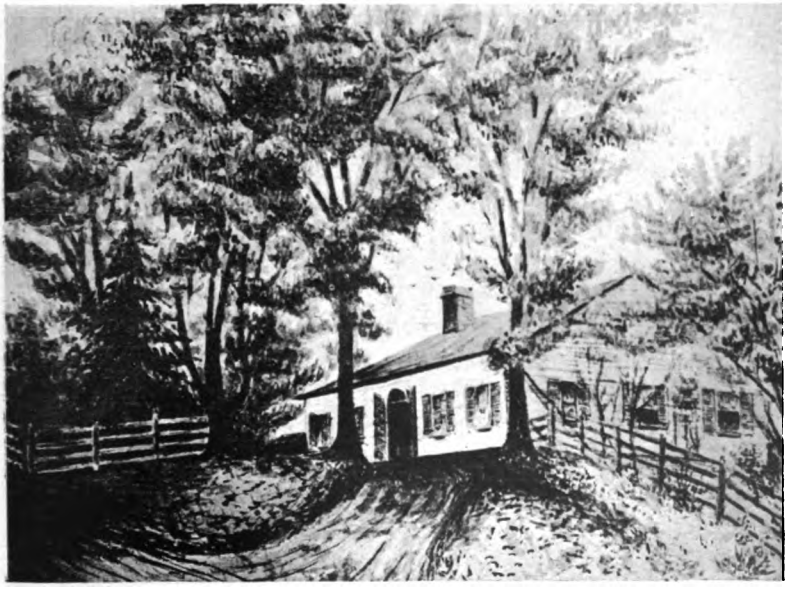

THE MERRICK COTTAGE. NORTH AND SOUTH VIEW

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There are not a few people still living, among the old residents of Hallowell, who remember Mr. Merrick; and they will all recognize this description of this remarkable man as perfectly true in letter and in spirit. I well remember him myself, as he appeared in our midst in the days of my own childhood. His erect, impressive figure, his long, gray hair, his genial smile, his kindly twinkling eyes, and his pleasant word for every child remain vividly impressed upon my mind. Wherever he appeared upon the street he never failed to attract attention through his strong personality and distinguished bearing. The portrait of Mr. Merrick painted by C. L. Elliott, in 1856, a copy of which accompanies this sketch, will always remain a true representation of serene, revered, and beautiful old age.

Mr. John Merrick was born August 27, 1766, and died October 22, 1862. His wife, Rebecca Vaughan Merrick was born April 26, 1766, and died July 9, 1851. Their children were:

1. Harriet Sarah, b. June 19, 1799; m. August 22, 1826, John A. Vaughan; d. January 26, 1872.
2. Samuel Vaughan, b. May 4, 1801; m. December 25, 1823, Sarah Thomas; d. August 18, 1870.
3. John, b. January 22, 1804; d. November 3, 1832.
4. Mary, b. December 16, 1805; m. October 23, 1843, John P. Flagg; d. 1880.
5. George, b. November 1, 1809; d. May 7, 1862.
6. Thomas Belsham, b. April 24, 1813; m. November 7, 1839, Elizabeth M. White; d. January 13, 1902.

The children of Samuel Vaughan and Sarah Thomas Merrick were: Helen Taylor, m. John Edmund Cope; John Vaughan, m. Mary S. Wagner; William Henry, m. Sarah Maria Otis; Emily Houghton; Lucy Whitwell; Hartley; Laura Town.

The children of Thomas Belsham and Elizabeth White Merrick were: John; William Gordon, m. Annie Dwight Brown; Isabella, m. George Sampson; Elizabeth, m. Charles E. Morgan; Hallowell V.; Bertha V.; Lleulla, m. Walter Clark.

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The ancestral residence of the Merrick family, erected by John Merrick in 1799, still stands beneath its majestic elms in a beautiful location at the southern end of the town. It is a spacious cottage built on the model of the best English farm-houses.

The front door of the house opens into a long hall which is also used as a library. Its walls are lined with book-shelves protected by wooden doors. Upon these shelves may still be found valuable volumes that once belonged to that scholarly book-lover, Mr. John Merrick. Here also is the ancestral Bible of the Merrick family, bearing the date 1732, and containing a bookplate engraved with the Merrick coat of arms. A unique feature of the house is the curious, narrow, winding stairway leading to its quaint, low-roofed chambers. The greatest attraction of the house, however, is the octagon room. This delightful, odd-shaped apartment is rendered most inviting by its old-fashioned fireplace and ancient furnishings. From its windows there are glimpses of the river, and of Augusta, its church towers, the State House dome, and the hills beyond. This room, which is of especial interest from the rareness and symmetry of its architectural style, was, at the time it was built, the only room of its kind in this locality; but a beautiful, finely proportioned room of a similar design has, in recent years, been added to the Vaughan mansion in Hallowell.

The Merrick house passed at one time out of the possession of the Merrick family, and was owned by Captain Swanton and afterwards by Governor Bodwell. It has now, happily, been purchased by Henry Vaughan, Esq., the son of Benjamin Vaughan, and a lineal descendant through his maternal line, from Samuel Merrick, the brother of Mr. John Merrick. Mr. Vaughan has restored the house as nearly as possible to its original condition, the long piazza on the east side being now the only modern innovation. Such a house, with its many hallowed associations, is a rare and valuable possession, not only to its owner, but to the town that claims it among the oldest and most interesting of its ancient dwellings.

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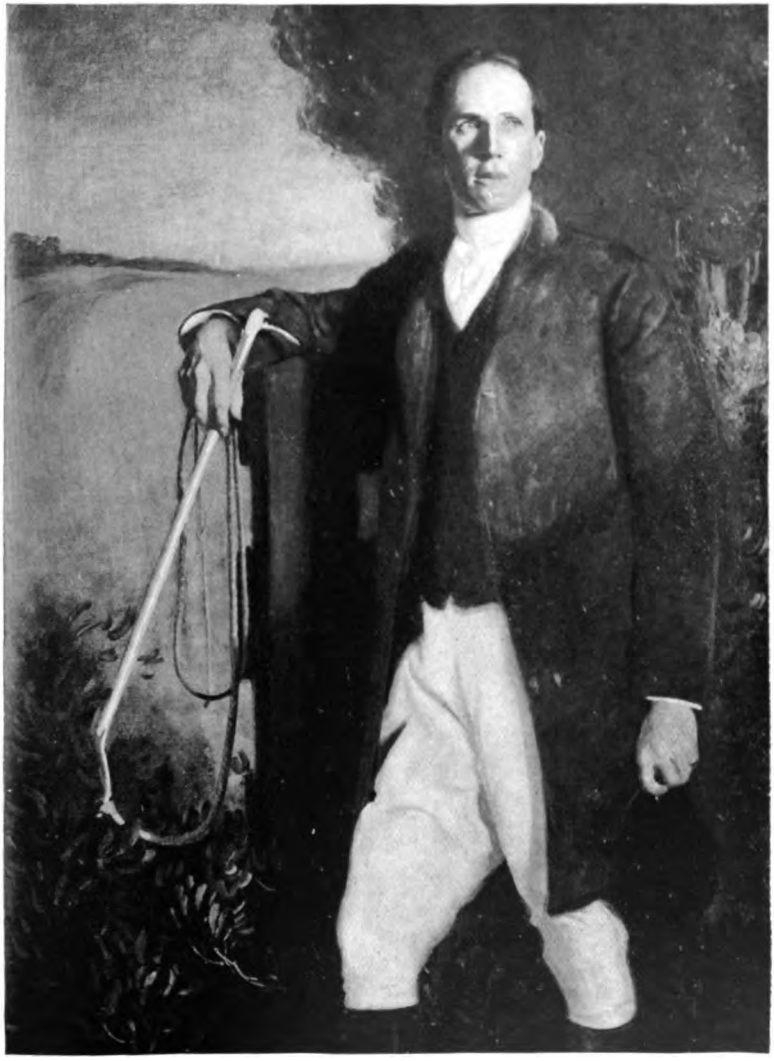

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IX

REPRESENTATIVE FAMILIES

"No town in Maine could boast a more select and charming circle."—Hon. John H. Sheppard.

AMONG the men who were prominent and influential in Hallowell in the early part of the nineteenth century, was Hon. Nathaniel Dummer. At the age of thirty-four, in the prime of his young manhood, he came from Newburyport, with his wife and family, to make his home on the shores of the Kennebec. It is at once apparent that Nathaniel Dummer possessed those mental and moral qualities which enabled him to take a dominant part in all the affairs of the town and state. We find his name associated with all the early movements for the public good. He appears in office as the first postmaster of the Hook, as moderator of the town meetings, and as one of the most efficient trustees of the Hallowell Academy. The part which he took in the broader field of legislative and judicial life is told in a tribute to his memory penned by one of the ablest of his contemporaries, Mr. Nathaniel Cheever, who writes as follows:

"Judge Dummer was born in Byfield, March 9, 1755. He was educated at Dummer Academy. At an early age he engaged in the Revolutionary war, and having been appointed a commissioner of prisoners, he was stationed at Providence, R. I., where he married Mary Kilton, a widow, with one daughter, Sarah, now Mrs. John O. Page, of this town. In 1789, he came to Hallowell and contributed with others to raise it from its infancy to its present flourishing condition. Endowed by nature with strong mental powers, they were displayed in a variety of public offices which he sustained with honor to himself and to the general advantage and satisfaction. He was for a number of years a member of the legislature, as a

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Representative of the town and Senator for the county, and always took an active and conspicuous part in the concerns of the State, particularly of this district. No one was more sincerely and disinterestedly engaged in the interests of his constituents, and in no instance was their confidence misplaced. In 1809, he was elected by the legislature into the Executive Council of the Commonwealth, of which he was an active and efficient member. In 1799, when the county was divided from Lincoln, he was appointed one of the justices of the Court of Common Pleas, which office he filled until its abolition in 1811.

"As a legislator, active magistrate, and judge, he was distinguished by an acuteness, penetration, and comprehensiveness of mind; an intuitive sagacity which procured him a reputation and position which few with a long life of labor and study have obtained, and none without the most spotless integrity; and above all he possessed a practical good sense. On commercial and political subjects his information was extensive and his views enlarged. He was ever a firm and undeviating supporter of the Washington Policy. . . . Engaged as he had been in political affairs, and zealous in what he believed the cause of truth, his warmest political opponents never doubted his honesty and purity of intentions. Many sought his advice and direction in difficulties, and never sought in vain; for they had the utmost confidence in his judgment and not less in his rectitude. His activity of mind, his public spirit, and industrious habits, were conspicuous traits of his character."

Nathaniel Dummer was the son of Richard and Judith Dummer of Newbury, and a lineal descendant of Richard Dummer, Esq., who emigrated from England to this country in 1633. Nathaniel Dummer married August 1, 1799, Mrs. Mary (Owen) Kilton (or Kelton), of Providence, Rhode Island. Their children were: Joseph Owen, b. March 5, 1780; m. Judith G. Dummer, daughter of Richard Dummer; Judith Greenleaf, b. March 5, 1780, d. March 19, 1783; Gorham, b. September 27, 1782, m. Sarah Abbott of Concord; Maria, b.

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MRS. MARY KILTON DUMMER
JUDGE NATHANIEL DUMMER

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February 15, 1787, m. September 3, 1811, Jeremiah Perley of Hallowell.

The marriage of Judge Dummer and Mrs. Mary Kilton was preceded by a romantic courtship, the glamour of which still lingers about the story of their lives. During the war of the Revolution, Nathaniel Dummer, then a young lieutenant in the Continental army, was stationed at Providence, Rhode Island. One day a pretty little seven-year old girl, attracted by the fascinating pomp and circumstance of military life, strayed into the soldiers' camp. The child had a delectable half-eaten doughnut in her hand. The young officer was hungry. Visions of his childhood's home in old Newbury, and of the crisp, brown dainties from his mother's frying-pan flitted through his brain.

"Come here, little girl," said he. "Where did you get that doughnut?"

"My mother made it," replied the child.

"Take me to her!" exclaimed the young officer in a dramatic tone. "Mayhap she will make me a doughnut also!"

When the pretty young widow, Mistress Mary Kilton, looked out from her cottage window a few minutes later, she saw a handsome young soldier coming to the house leading her little daughter Sally by the hand. The negotiations for the doughnuts were successful; and the young widow earned many sixpences during the next few weeks by the results of her culinary art. This new source of income proved, for the time, very acceptable to Mrs. Kilton, who, by the death of her patriotic young husband at the beginning of the war, had been left without adequate means of support.

Four years of widowhood had passed; but Mary Kilton was still young and beautiful, with a tenderer grace than that of girlhood. The lieutenant's heart was deeply touched. The quest of the doughnut soon changed to the wooing of a bride; and Lieutenant Nathaniel Dummer and Mary Kilton were married, in Providence, August 1, 1779. The young patriot remained in his country's service until the close of the war. In 1789, he removed to Hallowell with his wife and five children, including the little Sally whom he loved as his own

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daughter. We have learned of the success and honor that here crowned his life. We also know of the charm and happiness of the Dummer home, and of its refining and helpful influence in the social life of the rapidly growing village at the Hook. In this home little Sally Kilton grew into beautiful young womanhood and married one of the wealthiest and most distinguished residents of old Hallowell, Mr. John Odlin Page.

Judge Dummer died in Hallowell, September 15, 1815; and "seldom," as the old records tell us, "has a death in this part of the country produced a more general sympathy." His widow, who survived him for a number of years, was much beloved and respected in the community.

A great-granddaughter of Mrs. Mary Kilton Dummer, Miss Sophia B. Gilman, still has in her possession a beautiful ring which was once worn upon the hand of her revered ancestress a century ago. This ring is not only a treasured souvenir of olden days, but a visible sign of the verity of this old romance of the Revolution.

Captain John Sheppard, an English gentleman of good birth and breeding, was born at Cirencester, an ancient walled town in Gloucestershire, England, where his ancestors had lived for many generations. Having received an excellent education, he entered the counting-room of a London merchant and prepared himself for mercantile pursuits. In his early manhood, he married Sarah Collier of London, a beautiful young English girl who had been educated in a French convent and who was especially remarkable for her musical talent. This interesting couple, allured by the favorable commercial prospects of the time in this new country, emigrated with their two children to Philadelphia, in 1791, and thence to Hallowell on the Kennebec.

One of the two children of Mr. and Mrs. Sheppard was the bright and gifted boy, born March 17, 1789, afterwards well and widely known as the Hon. John H. Sheppard. To his writings we are indebted for many interesting reminiscences of Hallowell and especially for accurate information in regard to

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the members of the Sheppard family and their home life in Hallowell.

"For several years," writes Hon. John H. Sheppard, "my father was engaged in trade at the 'Hook,' so called from a peculiar bend in the river about half a mile below the chief settlement where our old red house stood on a high bank, facing a long stretch of water. . . . This old red house—where the margin of the parlor fire-place was once adorned with Dutch porcelain tiles, covered with scripture paintings, and some of whose apartments were said to be haunted—has all disappeared; and the romance of a habitation, once gladdened by so many genial visitors, has vanished away."

In this old home presided over by a mother who has been described by one who knew her as "a woman of elegant symmetry and beauty," and who had a "voice of music," the children of the Sheppard family were reared. The two oldest children, John Hannibal, and Harriet Helen, were born in England; the five younger children, George Albert, Frances, Ann Augusta, Louisa, and William, were born in Hallowell.

The father, as well as the mother, took great pains with the education of these children. He purchased for his eldest son a library containing Goldsmith's histories of Greece, Rome, and England, besides many other books, including an edition of Plutarch's lives in seven volumes illustrated with fine plates. This library in itself must have been of inestimable advantage to all the children of the Sheppard family. "My father," writes this elder son, "also taught me to commit to memory by making me learn every day as a task a number of lines of Goldsmith's *Deserted Village*, his *Traveller*, and other simple but beautiful pieces of poetry. He was himself an uncommonly fine reader; and it seems to me that even now I can see his noble form as he paced the parlor floor,—his eye which was dark, kindling with animation beneath a high, white forehead, —holding a book in his hand, and reciting to me some of the exquisite lines of Goldsmith, while I held his hand, following with timid steps and repeating after him."

Other kindly and elevating influences entered into the home life of the Sheppard family. The Sheppards had many

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warm friends in the cultured social circle of Kennebec valley. "Among them," writes Mr. John H. Sheppard, "was that finished, classic scholar and man of genius, the late Rev. John S. C. Gardiner, D. D., rector of Trinity Church, under whose care I was at college, and to whom I am indebted for a love of choice reading and literature which have a perennial consolation and support in all changes of fortune. The Hon. Benjamin Vaughan, LL. D., who settled in Hallowell soon after my father, was another friend; and the friendship of such a man to him and his family, and particularly to myself, is among the halcyon recollections of my life."

After living for some years in Hallowell, Mr. John Sheppard met with financial reverses, and closing his business, went out as supercargo on a ship to the East Indies. During this adventurous voyage, of four years, Mr. Sheppard acquired a knowledge of "navigation and linear calculation" that enabled him to take command of a vessel himself. On his return from a second voyage to the East Indies, he spent one winter with his family in Hallowell, and then assumed command of a brig belonging to William O. Vaughan, which was loaded with lumber for the Barbadoes. He reached the destined port in safety; but the homeward voyage proved most disastrous. The vessel was driven on the reefs between the Islands of Demerara and Guadaloupe, and afterwards encountered a terrible gale, but finally made Point Petre in safety. Here, Captain Sheppard was taken with yellow fever and died after an illness of twelve days.

Captain Sheppard was buried at Point Petre with masonic honors, "every respect being paid to his memory by strangers;" but it is sad to record that this gallant old-time gentleman who was "always hopeful" and whom "no misfortune could break down," should die in a foreign land, far from his home and friends, at the early age of forty years.

The death of Captain Sheppard was a severe blow to his family. His oldest son, a brilliant and promising young man who had fitted for college at the Hallowell Academy, and entered upon his course of study at Harvard, was obliged to leave college and aid in the support of the family. He

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entered the law office of Wilde and Bond in Hallowell, and in course of time was appointed Register of Probate for Lincoln County. His beautiful and accomplished mother taught school and gave music lessons in Hallowell and afterwards in Portland under the patronage of Judge Mellen. Her own daughters received under her supervision a most excellent education. She died in 1818, just as the son, as he sadly records, "had the means to make her more happy." Her memory is honored "for the noble spirit with which she bore her sorrows and brought up her large family."

The death of Mrs. Sheppard had been preceded by that of two of her daughters, Frances and Helen. The second son, George Albert, became a merchant of Calcutta and married the daughter of a director of the East India company. Ann Augusta married Dr. Philip E. Theobald of Wiscasset. Louisa, born 1806, married Major Samuel Page of Wiscasset, and died October 3, 1833. William W., the youngest child, died of cholera on the Mississippi, in 1834.

Hon. John Hannibal Sheppard, married first: Helen, daughter of Abiel Wood of Wiscasset; second: Mrs. Orissa B. Forster, daughter of Rev. Ezra Wilmarth, of Georgetown, Massachusetts. The children of the first marriage were one daughter, Helen Wood, who married Dr. Stephen B. Sewall, and two sons, John Hannibal and Abiel Wood, both of whom died unmarried.

The memory of the life and work of Hon. John H. Sheppard is preserved in the record of his professional career and in his numerous literary works. Mr. Sheppard received the degree of A. M. from Bowdoin in 1820; and was one of the overseers of that college from 1831 to 1852. In 1867, Harvard College gave him the degree of Bachelor of Arts, thus restoring to him his place in his class; and, in 1871, he was honored by the degree of Master of Arts from Harvard.

Personally, Mr. Sheppard "was of medium size, with a full chest and erect carriage. His hair was dark brown streaked with gray, and he had keen sparkling brown eyes. . . . His presence was that of a gentleman of the old school, and this idea was fully expressed in his conversation and manner. He

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was one of the last specimens of that courtliness which was characteristic of the educated class in our colonial days." [1]

But although the name of Sheppard has become extinct in our local records, the family has been represented during the last quarter of a century in Hallowell by the descendants of John Sheppard.

For twenty years, Mrs. Helen Page Stinson, the granddaughter of John Sheppard resided in Hallowell. She was a woman of rare charms of mind and character, and a worthy descendant of her fair and gifted ancestress, Sarah Collier Sheppard. The family is now represented by Miss Clara Stinson, and Mr. Harry Stinson, children of David G. and Helen Page Stinson, and great-grandchildren of John Sheppard, the founder of the Sheppard family in Hallowell.

The oldest although not the earliest representative of the Page family in Hallowell was Dr. Benjamin Page who was born in Kensington, New Hampshire, in 1746. In his native state, Dr. Page was eminent in his profession, and was also well known as a patriotic citizen. He was a member of the New Hampshire legislature, and served as surgeon in the Revolutionary army from 1777 to 1781. In 1800, he removed to Hallowell where his sons Dr. Benjamin Page, Jr., and John Odlin Page had previously located. Dr. Benjamin Page, Sr., was a typical representative of the old school of physicians. His manners were courtly; his mind was active and intelligent; and he commanded the respect and esteem of his fellow-townsmen for his usefulness as a physician and his excellence as a man. He died in Hallowell, October 28, 1824, "with a firm belief in the Christian religion and hope of future happiness."

Dr. Benjamin Page, Sr., married Abigail Odlin who was born May 28, 1748. She was the daughter of Deacon John Odlin of Exeter, New Hampshire, and a lineal descendant of John Odlin, an early settler of Boston and one of the original

[1] *New-England Historical and Genealogical Register*.. XXXVII: 344.

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owners of part of the land now included in Boston Common. Abigail Odlin was also descended, through her maternal grandmother, Elizabeth Woodbridge, from Rev. John Woodbridge of Stanton, England, and his wife, a daughter of Rev. Robert Parker, the eminent English non-conformist author and divine. The Pages also trace their ancestry through one of their maternal lines to Mercy, daughter of Governor Dudley, an adventurous gentlemen descended from the Barons of Dudley of Staffordshire, England, and at one time a captain in the army of Queen Elizabeth.[1] Dr. Benjamin Page himself, according to family tradition, was fourth in descent from Sir Francis Page of Great Britain. The records thus show that some of the best blood in the colonies flowed in the veins of the children of Dr. Benjamin and Abigail Odlin Page.

These children were Benjamin, b. April 12, 1769, d. January 25, 1824; John Odlin, b. March 26, 1771, d. in London, 1811; Alice, b. 1774, d. 1863; Abigail, b. June 17, 1776, d. 1778; William Henry, b. July 9, 1779; Samuel, b. September 11, 1781; Dudley Woodbridge, b. October 4, 1783; Lucretia Flagg, b. February 12, 1785; Rufus King, b. March 13, 1787; and Caroline, b. December 12, 1789.

Dr. Benjamin Page, Jr., b. April 12, 1769, came to Hallowell in 1791, among the earliest of our eminent settlers, and so endeared himself to the hearts of the people that he was always called "the beloved Physician." Dr. Page was educated at the old and still famous academy at Exeter, New Hampshire, and studied medicine with Dr. Kittridge, a distinguished gentleman of extensive practice in Andover, Massachusetts. His professional career, which began in Hallowell in 1791, continued with ever increasing success for more than half a century. He was "a man of large stature, good form, and of a mild and benignant countenance. He possessed the qualities of a true gentleman, suavity and benevolence of disposition, a nice perception of the proprieties of social life, and a spirit of deference to the feelings and rights of others." It has been said of him that "his advantages of professional education were

[1] *New-England Genealogical and Historical Regist r*, x: 134.

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not equal to those of the present day, but the benefit he derived from a free access to the medical library of the late Mr. Benjamin Vaughan, and an intimate intercourse with this gentleman who kept abreast with all the discoveries and improvements in the science of medicine, more than counterbalanced the defect in Dr. Page's early education. Possessing naturally a strong mind, whose powers were happily adjusted, Dr. Page was able to make all the sources of knowledge and means of improvement which lay in his path, subservient to his use. The distinguishing trait of his mind was judgment, which conduces more than any other to distinction in the medical profession."

In 1814, when the "spotted fever" raged so fatally in New England, Dr. Page discovered and put in practice a course of treatment which rendered the disease comparatively harmless in Hallowell. One of the ministers of that day testifies that he attended funerals almost daily in adjoining towns, while Dr. Page's patients almost all survived. By this success, Dr. Page justly attained much celebrity; and Bowdoin College was proud to confer upon him the honorary title of Doctor of Medicine. To the end of his life, Dr. Page continued to be "not only the sick man's doctor, but the sick man's friend." He died January 25, 1824, leaving behind him an enviable reputation as physician, friend, and Christian citizen.

The wife and devoted companion of Dr. Benjamin Page was Abigail Cutler, born in Newburyport, Massachusetts. Miss Cutler in her youth was considered a great belle and beauty in the town of her birth, and had in her train of admirers such gifted and gallant youths as John Quincy Adams and Rufus King; but she bestowed her hand upon Benjamin Page and came to make a home with him in the little hamlet at Hallowell Hook just as the village was beginning to emerge from its obscurity. Mrs. Page possessed the qualities of an ideal wife and helpmate for such a man as Dr. Benjamin Page; and their long life together was one of great happiness and usefulness. At the time of the death of Mrs. Page, the following tribute was paid to her memory:

"Mrs. Page retained her youthful beauty and elasticity at

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DR. AND MRS. BENJAMIN PAGE

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the age of fourscore, and through her long and happy life was a model mother, sister, wife, and daughter. Uncommonly graceful and winning in her manners, with a natural combination of sweetness of temper and goodness of heart, she was beloved and respected by all who knew her, and was the ornament of every circle in which she moved. She was the idol of her children, upon whom this stroke of Providence will fall most heavily; while her numerous friends and acquaintances will long revere her memory and lament her loss. From the same earthly mansion in which she dwelt, in the bosom of her family, for more than half a century, her gentle spirit took its flight, and now reposes, we trust, a spirit of goodness in the bosom of its God, in those happy mansions above, not made with hands, eternal in the heavens."

The children of Dr. Benjamin and Mrs. Abigail Cutler Page were: Frederick Benjamin, b. July 5, 1798; Julia Ann, b. April 6, 1800; Harriet, b. September 20, 1802; Fraziette, b. October 8, 1804; William Cutler, b. November 16, 1806.

Major John Odlin Page, son of Benjamin and Abigail Odlin Page, was born at Exeter, New Hampshire, March 22, 1772. He came to Hallowell in 1790, and married Sarah Kelton, daughter of John and Mary Kelton. Their children were: Emeline, born December 12, 1802; John Odlin, born February 11, 1806; Louisa, born April 16, 1809.

Major Page was distinguished for his elegance of person, urbanity of manner, decision of character, ardent philanthropy, and love of liberty. He was engaged in the importation of drugs, medicines, and other merchandise from England, and amassed a large fortune for the times in which he lived. In 1810, he went to Europe and was the bearer of American despatches from Paris to London in 1811. He died in London in that year, and was buried in the Parish Church of Saint Michael's.

Rufus King Page, son of Benjamin and Abigail Odlin Page, was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, March 13, 1787.

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He married Caroline, daughter of General Hull of Revolutionary fame. Their children were: Rufus King, John Odlin, and Sarah. Mrs. Caroline Page died August 22, 1824. Mr. Rufus K. Page married, March 1, 1827, Martha, daughter of Colonel Samuel Howard. Their children were: Lucretia, Frank, and Henry.

Mr. Rufus K. Page possessed the unusual business ability and executive force that was characteristic of his family. He engaged largely in ship-building on the Kennebec, and did much to develop this profitable industry in Hallowell. When steamboats were introduced, Rufus K. Page and Cornelius Vanderbilt were joint owners of the first line of steamers between Boston and the Kennebec. Mr. Page afterwards established a line of steamers running to San Francisco and other distant ports. He was also the owner of the *Bangor*, the first United States steamer to enter the Black Sea. The New York *Journal of Commerce* (1855) states that the steamer *Bangor* of Hallowell, Maine, sailed from this country under command of Captain Dunn, with the intention of being engaged in towing near Constantinople, but was purchased by the Turkish government, in 1812, and used as a hospital ship on the Black Sea. One of the passengers on this steamer on its first voyage to Constantinople, was Mr. Rufus K. Page, Jr., who was, for a number of years, Consul at Jerusalem and afterwards at Port Said.

Mr. Rufus K. Page, Sr., remained throughout his life closely and actively identified with the interests of Hallowell; and he had the honor of being elected its first mayor when the town became a city in 1852. He died February 6, 1870, aged eighty-three years.

Nathaniel Cheever was one of the early publishers and book-sellers of Hallowell, and the first editor of the *American Advocate*. He married Sarah Barrell of York. Their children were: Nathaniel, b. 1805; George Barrell, b. 1807; Sarah Barrell, b. 1809; Elizabeth Bancroft, b. 1812; Henry Theodore, b. 1814; Nathaniel, b. 1816; Charlotte Barrell, b. 1818.

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RESIDENCE OF RUFUS K. PAGE

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THE
NEW YORK
PUBLIC LIBRARY
Astor, Lenox and Tilden Foundations
1910

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Nathaniel Cheever died at Augusta, Georgia, March 5, 1819, in the prime of his manhood, at the age of forty-one years. His widow, "a lady of culture and a woman of unusual strength of mind and active piety," is said to have been "fully equal to the task of bringing up her family of seven children." Two of these children, George B. and Henry T. Cheever, attained unusual celebrity.

George Cheever doubtless inherited from his parents a superior intellect which was nourished by most careful culture. In his childhood, his love for reading was encouraged by his friends, and especially by Mrs. Benjamin Vaughan, who loaned him books from the Vaughan library and directed his literary tastes. He took his college preparatory course at the Hallowell Academy, and entered Bowdoin with the famous class of 1825. At Bowdoin, he was a most intense and thorough student, and an omniverous reader. Calvin E. Stowe, a student in the class above Cheever, once said: "It is fifty dollars damage to the college library to have a theme assigned to Cheever to write upon. He examines every shelf to see if by any possibility he can find a sentence which throws light upon his subject."

George Cheever was not only a thorough student but an original thinker and a fearless expounder of what he believed to be the truth. He began life in the Christian ministry with the resolve that he would never see wrong-doing without rebuking it. Mr. Abbott asserts that Cheever was influenced all his life by the spirit of the man who prayed: "O Lord, I thank thee that I have none of that sneaking virtue called prudence!"

Mr. Cheever was ordained pastor of the Howard Street Congregational Church at Salem, in 1832. While there he contributed many literary and theological articles to the *North American Review*, the *Biblical Repository*, and other magazines. He was one of the most voluminous and famous of the Hallowell writers; and on the shelves of the Hubbard Free Library may be found his works in forty volumes. These books cover a period from 1828 to 1860. Notable among them are: *Studies in Poetry*, *Lectures on the Pilgrim's Progress*,

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Wanderings of a Pilgrim, *Voices of Nature*, and *God Against Slavery*.

But the most famous work of Dr. Cheever was a temperance pamphlet called *Deacon Giles' Distillery*. The contents of this pamphlet were originally published in the *Salem Landmark*, in February, 1835, at the time when the temperance agitation was beginning to excite the public mind. The scathing utterances of this tract upon the great evil of this period were like tongues of flame burning into the hearts of the New England people. The effect of the article as it first appeared in the columns of the *Landmark* was unprecedented; and its subsequent influence upon the temperance reform was comparable to that of *Uncle Tom's Cabin* in the antislavery movement.

A copy of this rare and curious old pamphlet lies before me. It is entitled: *Deacon Giles' Distillery;* and it is certainly a lurid and awful story. Deacon Giles was a highly respectable gentleman who made a great deal of money by the products of his distillery. Although a pious man and a church member, Deacon Giles never allowed the fires in his distillery to go out on Sunday; and, on one occasion, when his men refused to work, he hired a company of devils to take their place. These wicked devils conspired to play a joke upon the Deacon, and marked all of his barrels with invisible inscriptions which, whenever a glass of liquor was drawn, burst into these flaming lines: "Insanity and Murder," "Convulsions and Epilepsies," "Delirium Tremens," "Distilled Death and Damnation," and other things too terrible to mention.

The tale is relieved here and there by a touch of keen satire or of grim humor. For example, in payment for their labors, the Deacon offered the demons "as much rum every day as they could drink;" but they "told him they had enough of hot things where they came from without drinking damnation in the distillery." Finally the deacon said he would give them half of what they asked, if they would take two-thirds of that in Bibles,—a stock of which the good deacon always kept in one corner of his distillery. The devils "winked and made signs to each other," and agreed to work over Sunday on

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these terms; but, when their task was finished, they told the deacon that it was against their principles to take any wages for work done on the Sabbath, and refused to touch the Bibles.

The wood cuts that illustrate the text of the pamphlet are as weird and demoniacal as the scenes which they portray. One of the pictures represents the devils dancing around the boiling caldron. This was no mild Shakespearean "Double, double, toil and trouble" performance, but a fiendish revel in which the devils "leaped and grinned and jibbered and swore, . . . and danced to music as infernal as the rhymes they chanted were malignant," while "they threw their poisonous and nauseous drugs into the agitated mixture . . . amidst the foaming mass of materials, which they stirred and tasted, scalding hot as it was, with a ferocious, exulting delight."

One of the most curious effects of the publication of *Deacon Giles' Distillery* was that a certain distiller of Salem took it as a personal affront; and he, a deacon in a Christian church, prosecuted the Rev. Mr. Cheever for libel. Mr. Cheever was convicted, and imprisoned for thirty days in the Salem jail. "But the whole procedure gave wings to the production of his genius, and caused it to become one of the great instruments of opening the eyes of the suffering community to the true character of distillation."

The influence of Mr. Cheever's writings was felt to a degree forgotten or unrecognized at the present day. But when we recall the spirit of the times in which he lived, the vital interest which the subjects of intemperance and slavery had for the people, and the irresistible power with which Cheever put forth his arguments and appeals, we can understand the statement of the Rev. John S. C. Abbott that "there is perhaps no one of the Bowdoin class of 1825 who has produced a deeper impression on the American community than George B. Cheever."

Henry Theodore Cheever, was born in Hallowell in 1814. He graduated from Bowdoin College in 1834, and followed very closely in his brother's footsteps as clergyman, traveler, and author. After preaching for some years in New York, New Jersey, and Connecticut, he finally settled in Worcester,

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Massachusetts, in 1864. He was deeply interested in the anti-slavery cause, and was secretary of the church antislavery society. In addition to numerous biographical and theological works, he wrote a book entitled *Life in the Sandwich Islands*, and numerous volumes of travel and adventure among the islands of the Pacific, for young people.

The old dwelling-house which was the home of the Cheever family is still standing on Water Street in Hallowell. It should be preserved in memory of the two eminent clergymen and reformers who passed their boyhood and youth within its walls.

The name of Abbott holds a prominent place in the social and literary annals of Hallowell. This is due not only to the fame of the well-known authors, Jacob and John S. C. Abbott, but to the eminent position of their parents in the community and to the many interesting associations connected with their family record.

Jacob Abbot, Esq., the first of the name in Hallowell, was the son of Jacob and Lydia Abbot[1] of Wilton, New Hampshire. He was born October 20, 1776, married his cousin, Betsey, daughter of Joshua and Elizabeth Chandler Abbot, April 8, 1798, and removed to Hallowell in November, 1800.

Jacob Abbot, Esq., possessed all the excellent traits of his eminent Puritan ancestors, and was much beloved and respected in the town. He was a fine singer and very fond of music. Before coming to Hallowell, he had been one of the founders of the Concord Musical Society and chorister at the Old North Meeting-house. At Hallowell, he occupied for many years a prominent position in the famous Old South choir. In all of his business relations he was noted for his sincerity, justice, and probity. Dr. Gillet once said, "Squire Abbot has a remarkable faculty for being happy;" and this was doubtless true, for, as we are told by one who knew him, there was never

[1] It should be here noted that the father and grandfather of Jacob Abbott, the author, spelled their name Abbot. Jacob the third, for the sake of distinction, added a second *t* to his name; and his younger brothers adopted the same form. One of the brothers Gorham D. Abbot, afterwards returned to the original spelling of the name.

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a man who lived more constantly for others, or who was more unmindful of self.

The children of Jacob and Betsey Abbot were: Sallucia, b. August 7, 1801; Jacob, b. November 14, 1803; John Stevens Cabot, b. September 18, 1805; Gorham Dummer, b. September 3, 1807; Clara Ann, b. October 28, 1809; Charles Edward, b. December 8, 1815; Samuel Phillips, d. 1849.

John S. C. Abbott and Gorham Dummer Abbott were born in Brunswick during the temporary residence of their parents in that town, but their boyhood was passed in Hallowell.

Mr. John S. C. Abbott, in his *Reminiscences of Childhood* thus speaks of his early home:

"My parents and my grandparents belonged to the strictest class of Christians. My father never omitted morning and evening prayers, or to ask a blessing and return thanks at each meal. We knew that our mother had a season each day in which she retired to her 'closet and shut the door' that she might 'in secret' pray for each child by name.

"The Sabbath was sacredly observed. As a rule through summer and winter, through heat and cold, we all went to church. Sabbath schools were not then held. Both of my parents were sweet singers. In our Sabbath, Thanksgiving, and Fast Day devotions, we alway sang hymns. Sabbath evening mother gathered us seven children around her knee. We then recited to her the Catechism, and each one repeated a hymn from Watts or some other poet, which she had selected for us in the morning. . . . We children all knew that both father and mother would rather we would struggle all our days with adversity, and *be Christians*, than to have all the honors of genius, and all the wealth of millionaires lavished upon us, without piety. . . . We loved those Puritan parents with a fervor that could hardly be surpassed.

Edward Abbott, in his *Memorial Sketch of Jacob Abbott*, gives another pleasant picture of child-life in Hallowell, written for him by "one who had a joyous part in it:"

"This Hallowell life was very pleasant. Sam Merrick (as he was called then) used in winter to get out the old-fashioned white double sleigh, which he called 'the Ark,' and take us all

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for a ride about the streets in a light snow storm. Then there was the coasting down the hills, and all the winter amusements which we had health and strength for in those early days. The winter evening visits, too, were very pleasant. Children went more with their parents then than they do now. I remember one such occasion at Mr. Merrick's in the octagon parlor: the large white marble fireplace on one of the eight sides of the room, a big fire in it, a party of elderly gentlemen and ladies seated in semi-circles on each side, a large tea-table on the side of the room opposite, covered with the tea-equipage and around which we children, Vaughans, Merricks, and Abbots, all sat with Mrs. Merrick, who sent the tea, etc., to the party around the fire on a small tea-tray, and gave us children our supper meanwhile. After tea, the things were removed; and books, pictures, riddles, etc., were brought for our amusement, while the elders chatted pleasantly before the fire. Our visits at Mr. Benjamin Vaughan's and at your Grandfather's, 'Squire Abbot's,' were of the same character. The feast for the appetite was very simple; but the intellectual and æsthetical feast was of the first order."

The unusual social and educational advantages of Hallowell, in connection with the excellent home training received by the five Abbott boys, laid the foundation for their subsequent useful and successful careers,—careers which in the retrospect seem remarkable for their similarity. All five of these boys attended the Hallowell Academy; all graduated from Bowdoin College; all studied theology at Andover; all became teachers and ministers; all, except the youngest, who died in 1849, became eminent as authors. But notwithstanding this unity of life-work, each of the Abbott brothers was distinguished by marked individuality of character. A discerning friend in comparing three of them once said: "Jacob for advice; John for a speech; Gorham for a prayer."

Jacob Abbott, the eldest son, entered Bowdoin when he was not quite fourteen years of age. He graduated in 1820; and, in 1824, was appointed professor of mathematics and natural philosphy at Amherst. In 1828, he was married to Miss Harriet Vaughan, daughter of Charles Vaughan, Esq., of

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Hallowell, a young lady much admired for her beauty and loveliness of character.

In 1833, Jacob Abbott became principal of the Mt. Vernon School for young ladies in Boston. His work there was very effective in elevating and broadening the standard of education of young women. Ten years later, he was associated with his four brothers in Abbott's Institute, a school for young ladies in New York. The methods pursued by Jacob Abbott as an instructor in these schools are, in many instances, traceable to his own experience and early training. His books for children also disclose many bits of life and character suggestive of his own home; and the author himself asserts that the influences that moulded his life were in a marked degree traceable to his youthful associations and surroundings in old Hallowell.

The fame of Jacob Abbott as the author of one hundred and eighty volumes is well known to every reader of these pages; but we who were brought up on the *Rollo Books*, the *Jonas Books*, the *Lucy Books*, the *Harper's Story Books*, and the *Red Histories*, have a peculiar feeling of gratitude and affection for the author that the younger generation of to-day can never understand. To us there was never any hero so wise as "Mr. George," or so resourceful as "Jonas," or so fascinating as "Beechnut;" and there certainly were never any "red histories," dyed with the blood of dethroned tyrants and beheaded queens, that touched so poignantly yet impressed so lightly, the susceptible but volatile heart of childhood.

Four children were born to Jacob and Harriet Vaughan Abbott, who became eminent in the professional and literary world. They were Benjamin Vaughan Abbott, Austin Abbott, Lyman Abbott, and Edward Abbott. The life of these brothers presents a curious unity of purpose and results comparable to that of their father and his brothers. These four sons of Jacob Abbott all graduated from New York University; three of them studied law; the fourth, the late Rev. Edward Abbott, entered the ministry and became rector of St. James Church at Cambridge. All have been engaged in literary and editorial work. They were also all accomplished musicians, having perhaps inherited, together with their father

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and grandfather, their love and talent for music from that more remote ancestor, George Abbot, known as "a man of great simplicity and piety who tuned a psalm."

The Rev. John S. C. Abbott has a ministerial record of forty years. He was also a prolific author with more than fifty volumes to his credit, including the famous *Life of Napoleon* and such of the *Red Histories* as pertain to France. His historical works were translated into many languages and gave their author an international reputation.

Mr. Abbott graduated from Bowdoin College, with Longfellow, Hawthorne, Cheever, Packard, and other celebrated men, in the famous class of 1825. He was one of the members of this class who were present at the fiftieth anniversary of their graduation when Longfellow delivered the poem, *Morituri Salutamus*. The opening invocation was by Mr. Abbott, and was most impressive. There are those who were present on this memorable day,—and I count myself happy to have been one of the number,—who still remember the fine, spiritual face and the sympathetic presence of this man who after fifty years of wide experience and many honors had brought back to his Alma Mater the unsullied and enthusiastic heart of the boy. In our ears, his thrilling tones still linger as, standing beside his gray-haired class-mate, he uttered this petition: "Lord, teach us to remember that

> 'Not enjoyment and not sorrow
> Is our destined end or way,
> But to act that each to-morrow
> Find us farther than to-day.'"

These lines disclose the *motif* of the harmonious and effective life-work of the Abbott family.

Just one hundred years ago, in the year 1809, made memorable by the birth of so many illustrious men, there was born, in Portland, Maine, a child destined to have the exceptional experience of being one of the most widely read and yet speedily forgotten authors in the realm of American

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letters. This child was Joseph Holt Ingraham. He was the son of James M. Ingraham, and, according to family tradition, a direct descendant of Sir Arthur Ingraham, a valiant knight of the days of King James I. of England.

When the little Joseph was four years old, his parents removed from Portland to Hallowell, Maine. His father is described by one of his contemporaries as "a very polite, gentlemanly sort of man who always wore black broadcloth." Mr. Ingraham entered into business in the store on Water Street that afterwards became a well-known landmark on Ingraham's corner; and the family resided in a house that stood for many years in the locality of the present City Building. There were nine children in the Ingraham family, six of whom were born after the parents came to reside in Hallowell.

Here the youthful Joseph grew up, taking an active part in the young life of the town. He attended school at the Hallowell Academy; and has left on record some very interesting reminiscenses of this period of his life. During these years of his boyhood, his young heart was many times stirred by the marvelous stories told by the old sea-captains who daily sat to spin their yarns and sip their tall glasses of flip in the old store on Ingraham's Corner; and when he was about seventeen years of age the love of adventure began to assert itself. Every white sail that vanished down the Kennebec beckoned to him to follow; and so, one day, the lad put on his tarpaulin and set sail upon a sloop bound for South America.

Returning from this voyage, apparently quite satisfied with his perilous experiences by land and sea,—including a lively part in a South American rebellion,—the brave and adventurous descendant of Sir Arthur Ingraham once more settled down to his studies, and entered Bowdoin college after the manner of the other well-regulated youths of Hallowell. He graduated at twenty-four years of age. In 1832, he was Professor of Languages in Jefferson College, Mississippi. In 1836, he was editor of *The South-west by a Yankee*.

The literary ability of Joseph Holt Ingraham began to develop while he was in college; and his remarkable powers of description and his riotous imagination, fed perhaps by some of

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his own experiences, soon found expression in a series of marvelous and exciting tales whose heroes were pirates, corsairs, freebooters, and Indians. The first and most popular of these stories were *Lafitte, or The Pirate of the Gulf*, *Captain Kydd*, and *The Dancing Feather*, which sold in editions of tens of thousands. Another very interesting story was *Scarlet Feather*, a tale of the Abenaki Indians of the Kennebec.

After a few years, the wild spirit of the youthful author seems to have expended itself upon these stories, and a more worthy ambition stirred his heart. His mind took a more serious turn, and his life-work became fixed upon a more exalted plane. He traveled much, studied profoundly, prepared himself for the Protestant Episcopal ministry, became Dean of St. Thomas' School for boys, and took orders in Christ Church, at Holly Springs, Mississippi.

In 1855, a book appeared from the pen of Rev. J. H. Ingraham which took the American reading public by storm. This was *The Prince of the House of David*. The success of the book was immediate and unprecedented. Hundreds of thousands of copies were sold, and the book is still listed by prominent American and English publishers.

The Prince of the House of David was followed by *The Pillar of Fire* and *The Throne of David*, all of which are credited with historical accuracy, a picturesque setting, and a dramatic charm. They were not only the first novels founded upon Biblical subjects, but the first novels that were cordially received into the homes of Christian families in America. Even the Sunday school libraries on whose shelves no work of fiction had ever appeared, warmly welcomed the *Prince of the House of David* and the two succeeding volumes of Ingraham's trilogy of religous novels.

But although the sale of Ingraham's books ran into the millions, and although they are still annually issued by standard publishers, the author himself seems to be almost forgotten by the literary world. The encyclopedias give him but brief mention, and the histories of American literature consistently ignore him. This experience presents a curious phase of authorship. If it be conceded that *The Prince of the House of*

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RESIDENCE OF PRECEPTOR SAMUEL MOODY

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David is not literature in the highest sense of the word, there still remains the interesting question, to what elements in the book is its great and lasting popularity due? This question is quite worthy of the consideration of the student who is tracing the development of the American novel.

Mr. Ingraham married, in 1837, Miss Mary E. Brookes, the daughter of a wealthy Mississippi planter. Their son, Prentiss Ingraham, born in 1843, was a colonel in the Confederate army. Like his father he was a writer of dramatic and picturesque fiction, and, at the time of his death, was the author of a thousand novels.

The Rev. Joseph H. Ingraham died in 1860. He cherished until his last years most vivid and delightful recollections of the home of his boyhood; and his *Lights and Shadows of the Past* are a treasure-store of reminiscences that are of especial value to us to-day, for they were written for the sons and daughters of Old Hallowell.

Samuel, Nathan, and Enoch Moody were the sons of Paul and Mary Moody of Byfield Parish in Newbury. They all settled in Hallowell and became prominent and much respected citizens.

Samuel Moody was born February 3, 1765. He was a graduate of Dartmouth college, and, for three years, was preceptor of Berwick Academy. In July, 1797, Mr. Moody was appointed preceptor of the academy at Hallowell, where he taught with great success for eight years. His salary at first was three hundred dollars a year and ten cents a week from each pupil. At the close of his term of service, he was receiving five hundred dollars a year, and had an assistant who received an annual salary of three hundred dollars.

Preceptor Moody is mentioned in the local records as "a portly gentleman who always wore a queue." When he first came to Hallowell, he was a brilliant young man of thirty-two, whose marriage to Miss Sarah Sawyer, daughter of Enoch and Hannah Sawyer, had just taken place at Newbury. Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Moody resided in the large, square house on the

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corner of Middle and Winthrop streets, still notable for its handsome colonial doorway, and now designated as the Moses Gilman house. Here their daughter Sarah grew into beautiful young womanhood, and was married, beneath the roof of this hospitable old mansion, to Joseph C. Lovejoy, October 6, 1830.

Samuel Moody, after resigning his preceptorship, went into trade with his brother Nathan at Hallowell. He was successful in business and occupied positions of public trust in the town. He was also one of three delegates sent from Kennebec County to the convention held in Portland in October, 1819, for the purpose of forming a constitution for the State of Maine. He died April 6, 1832, aged sixty-seven, meriting the inscription placed upon his gravestone: "I will hold fast my integrity."

Nathan Moody was born September 11, 1768, at Newbury, Massachusetts, and came to Hallowell in 1796. He was a graduate of Dartmouth College, and a remarkable mathematician. He married Judith Wingate, daughter of Joseph and Judith Wingate. Their children were: Mary Elizabeth, born July 25, 1806; died, September 1, 1822; and Caroline Judith, born April 22, 1809; married October 21, 1828, William Stickney of Hallowell.

Nathan Moody married second, Susan Clark of Plaistow, New Hampshire. Their daughter, Miss Mary Moody, was for many years a resident in the old Moody House, now known as the Macomber house, on Second Street.

The Wingate family has an ancient and interesting lineage. Joshua and Joseph Wingate, who were settled in Hallowell at the opening of the nineteenth century, were sons of the Rev. Paine Wingate, "for sixty years the godly and faithful pastor of the church at Amesbury, Massachusetts," and descendants of "John Wingate, Planter, of Dover, in 1658." The mother of Joshua and Joseph Wingate was Mary Balch, "a lady noted for considerable literary acquirements and personal beauty."

Joshua Wingate married Hannah Carr, daughter of Deacon James Carr, and came to Hallowell in 1794. At this time, the

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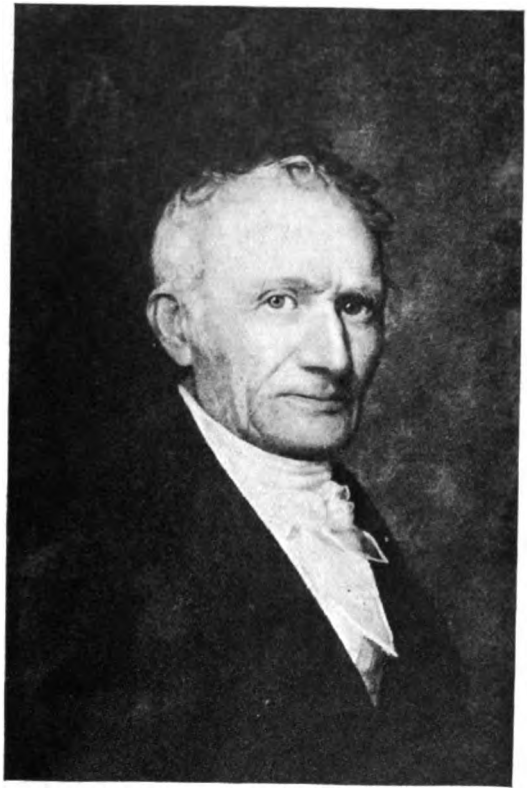

CAPTAIN JOHN AGRY

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passage was usually made in a sailing vessel; but Mrs. Wingate, not liking the sea voyage, undertook the journey in a chaise. Her husband, finding the roads extremely rough, was obliged to employ a servant on each side of the vehicle to keep it upright and pry it out of the mud-holes. But they at last arrived safely at their destination, and cast in their fortunes with the new and rapidly growing town on the Kennebec.

Mr. Wingate entered into trade, and became one of the most prosperous merchants of Hallowell. He also served as postmaster for a number of years, and was prominent in the public affairs of the town. Joshua Wingate with his family resided in a large, fine house on the corner of Second and Union streets, now known as the Niles house. He lived to the remarkable age of ninety-seven years. He was always a conspicuous figure upon the street, as, up to the time of his death in 1844, he maintained the fashion of his early manhood, and wore small clothes and knee buckles. He was "universally respected for his industry, integrity, and a faithful discharge of all the social and Christian duties." [1]

Joseph Wingate, brother of Joshua, born July 17, 1751, married Judith Carr, and came to Hallowell about 1800. He owned and successfully cultivated a large farm, and was familiarly known as "Farmer Wingate." He was a friend of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, with whom he "frequently went home for a neighborly visit on Sunday after meeting."

Joseph and Judith Wingate had ten children, all born before their parents removed from Amesbury to Hallowell. Their second son, Francis (born January 5, 1789; d. May 14, 1848) married, January 24, 1823, Martha Savary of Bradford, and settled on his father's estate in Hallowell. Their children were Mary Savary who married Dr. M. C. Richardson, and George Francis who married, August 6, 1861, Emma A. Myers of Manchester, Maine. Mr. George Francis Wingate was for many years one of the prominent business men of the town. Through his children the name of Wingate has been perpetuated in Hallowell.

[1] *History of the Wingate Family*, p. 166.

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Hon. Chandler Robbins will long be remembered as one of the notabilities of Hallowell. He was the son of Rev. Chandler and Jane Prence Robbins of Plymouth. In 1791, he came to Hallowell and established himself as a merchant. He was a man of native talent, a graduate of Harvard College, and well fitted by birth and education to take a prominent place in the community. We soon find him on record as Register of Probate and Judge of the Court of Common Pleas.

Judge Robbins married Harriet, daughter of Thomas Lorthrop, and had two sons: William Henry, born October 22, 1795, and Chandler, born August 21, 1797. He resided on the corner of Second and Lincoln streets, in one of the old-fashioned, square, two-story houses which abound in Hallowell, and entertained many distinguished guests in his hospitable home.

The founders of the Agry family were notable as ship-builders and sea-captains, and stand as typical representatives of a class of men that constituted an important element in the early life on the Kennebec.

Captain Thomas Agry established a ship-yard in Dresden in 1774; and built, at Agry's Point, twenty of the batteaux for Arnold's expedition. His son, John Agry, born at Barnstable, April 7, 1763, also settled at Dresden. Here he engaged extensively in ship-building, and was owner and commander of many of the vessels constructed in the Agry ship-yards.

Captain John Agry married Elizabeth Reed of Boothbay, August 13, 1793. A long-remembered bit of romance is interwoven with the story of the betrothal of this young couple. Captain Agry, on one of his return voyages, once encountered a very severe storm at the mouth of the Kennebec. He was obliged to put into Parker's Head for safety; and in this unexpected haven he met and fell in love with the beautiful young girl who soon afterwards became his wife.

In 1801, Captain John Agry removed to Hallowell, and built for his first residence the spacious, old-time mansion on Water Street, afterwards known as the Marshall house. Later Captain John Agry erected the brick house on Second Street in which his son, Captain George Agry, afterwards resided.

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MRS. ELIZABETH REED AGRY

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Captain George Agry, the seventh child of Captain John and Elizabeth Agry, born February 2, 1808, married Caroline Hodges, of Hallowell, September 18, 1841; and died in Portland, October 1, 1894.

Unlike most of the Hallowell sailors, this young captain, at the age of eighteen, started out as master of his own vessel. In fact, it is said that he was "Captain, mate, cook, and whole ship's crew;" and that he "carried one passenger and a trunk from Pittston down the Kennebec to the sea, and thence along the coast to the Penobscot, and up that river to Bangor."

For more than forty years Captain Agry followed the sea, sailing from Boston to English, French, and Mediterranean ports. During his sea-going life, he was master and part owner of eleven vessels. Mrs. Agry accompanied her husband on many of his voyages and shared with him some thrilling experiences, during which Captain Agry showed himself to be a man of great nerve and courage.

Captain Agry accumulated a large property early in life. His home was one of the most hospitable in Hallowell; and many of the guests who were entertained under its roof were friends made by the Captain among the distinguished passengers whom he frequently carried "across," on his voyages from the United States to Europe.

At the opening of the Civil War, Captain Agry gave up his ship and became one of those "retired sea cap'ns," of whom there were so many in Hallowell in the olden days. These men of leisure, travel, and experience in foreign lands, formed a most interesting part of the community. As a class, they were generous, open-hearted, and hospitable. They were always delightful story-tellers, and genial companions. They were also keenly interested in politics, and had ample time for the discussion of the questions of the day.

Captain Agry was an enthusiastic Democrat and a very outspoken anti-abolitionist. He remained loyal to his party all his life; but in after years he fully recognized the justice of the principles of his early opponents, and looked upon the abolition of slavery as the righteous result of the great national conflict.

The children of captain George and Caroline Hodges Agry

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are: Adelaide Newman, now Mrs. A. B. Moulton of Portland; Caroline Amelia, Mrs. Wiley S. Edmands of Newton, Massachusetts; and Mr. George Agry of Newton. The name of Agry, in the younger generation, has descended to George Agry, Jr., a graduate of Dartmouth, 1905, and Warren Agry of Dartmouth, 1911, the sons of Mr. George Agry, formerly of Hallowell.

The Sewalls of Hallowell belonged to the well-known York family descended from Henry Sewall, Mayor of Coventry, England. David Sewall settled in Hallowell in 1784, and his brother Moses came in 1787. They built stores and warehouses, and were engaged in the "goods selling business." John Sewall, a cousin of David and Moses, also settled in Hallowell. He erected the three-story house that still stands, a conspicuous landmark, upon the high bank overlooking Lowell's crossing. John Sewall was town clerk for many years; and to his indefatigable labors, we are indebted for valuable records of the old families of Hallowell. John Sewall also taught the town school, and ruled his pupils with a masterful and undisputed sway. The Sewall brothers were able and enterprising men; and their families occupied a highly respected position in the town.

The daughters of these old Hallowell families were no less worthy of honorable mention than the sons. Miss Elizabeth Cheever, daughter of Nathaniel Cheever, was a rarely gifted young woman of exceptionally beautiful character. She married Mr. Ichabod Washburn of Worcester, Massachusetts, and spent her long life and ample fortune in philanthropic work. She has been called the "Lady Bountiful" and the "Saint Elizabeth" of her adopted city.

The two daughters of the Abbott household were quite worthy of their name and family inheritance. Miss Sallucia Abbott never married. She may be regarded as an example of that notable and honored type of spinsterhood in which all the estimable qualities of the New England woman are combined. Strong in her convictions, forceful in her character, and far-reaching in her sympathies, she was a dominant factor

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CAPTAIN GEORGE AGRY

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in the Abbott home. As the elder sister, Miss Sallucia, exercised a watchful care over her brothers and, by her critical ability, cultivated tastes, and practical helpfulness, contributed much to the success of their literary work. In her later years, "Aunt Sallucia" lived at *Fewacres*, the Abbott estate in Farmington, where she "sat as an oracle in her seat, and administered a mimic sovereignty in the realm over which, by common consent, she was the queen."

Miss Mary Moody was a woman of lovable character and unusual mental attainments. During many years she taught a very successful school for young ladies in her own home. Three generations of private pupils received instruction from Miss Moody, through whose teachings they were imbued with an ideal of true womanhood, and with noble aspirations that permanently influenced their lives. Miss Moody was a devoted member of the Old South Church; and was the author of the beautiful poem entitled, "The Old South Church of Hallowell." The last twelve years of her life, Miss Moody spent with her nephew, Mr. George Hoyt, in Chicago and Pittsburg. She died August 14, 1906, at the age of eighty-one.

Mrs. Charlotte Sewall Eastman, daughter of David Sewall, was a woman of superior intelligence and culture. She traveled extensively abroad, and resided twelve years in Italy. Once, when in Switzerland, she had the pleasure of meeting George Eliot. The famous authoress sat in the garden of her hotel, reading aloud, in French, the story of *Romola* to a little girl at her side. As Mrs. Eastman approached, she paused a moment to listen to the musical voice of the reader. "Do you understand me?" asked Mrs. Lewes, graciously. "Pardon me," replied Mrs. Eastman; "I was only listening to your sweet voice." "Do you like it?" said Mrs. Lewes, as her face lighted with pleasure. Then, taking the hand of the American lady in her own, she said: "I thank you. I would much rather you would compliment my voice than my *Romola*."

Mrs. Eastman, in her early years, was a student at the Hallowell Academy. In after life, she was a liberal benefactress of the Classical School. She will long be remembered among the loyal daughters of her native town.

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THE LAWYERS OF HALLOWELL

"The bar of Kennebec contained at that time able lawyers and advocates. . . . It required industry, perseverance, and a high ambition, as well as intellectual powers, to compete successfully with such men."—Hon. William Willis.

DURING the days of the early growth and prosperity of Hallowell, a number of men eminent in the legal profession successively established themselves in the town, and contributed largely to its social and intellectual life. These men became well known, not only as members of the Kennebec bar, but as representatives to General Court, to the Maine legislature, and to the congress of the United States. They included, among their number, members of the Executive Council, and judges of the District Court and of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts. Notable among these lawyers were: Amos Stoddard, Nathaniel Perley, Samuel Sumner Wilde, Thomas Bond, Peleg Sprague, Ebenezer T. Warren, John Otis, Williams Emmons, William Clark, Henry W. Paine, William B. Glazier, and Henry Knox Baker.

The name of Amos Stoddard stands first, in point of time, in the list of lawyers who gave distinction to the profession of law in Hallowell. He was born in Woodbury, Connecticut, in 1759. At the age of twenty he entered the Revolutionary army and served throughout the seven years of the war. During this period of active service in the army, he developed that taste and ability for military affairs which marked his subsequent career. At the close of the war, Stoddard became assistant clerk of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, and resided in Boston. The fame of the growing town of Hallowell soon attracted him to this place; and about 1794, he settled at the Hook and opened an office as attorney of the Common Pleas. He was a man of unusual talent, and fine personal appearance; and from his legal ability and his experience in the

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Massachusetts court, he immediately commanded a leading place among the residents of the town. He was the representative from Hallowell to the General Court of Massachusetts in 1797, the year in which the town was divided.

But although the legal and legislative ability of Mr. Stoddard was thus recognized, his military tastes and aspirations were predominant in his life; and in 1798, he threw up the profession of law and entered the United States Army with the rank of Captain. In 1799, he had command of the Fort on Munjoy Hill, then called Fort Sumner. In 1802, Captain Stoddard was ordered to Ohio, and was soon promoted to the rank of Major. Subsequently he was civil commander of upper Louisiana; and a military station, Fort Stoddard, was named in his honor. During the latter part of his life, he wrote two notable books, *The Political Crisis*, published in London, and *Sketches of Louisiana*. He died at the age of fifty-four, leaving behind him an honorable record as a patriot and soldier.

Nathaniel Perley was born at Boxford, Massachusetts, about 1770. He was graduated from Dartmouth College in 1791, and, after being admitted to the Massachusetts bar, removed to Hallowell, where he began the practice of law in 1795.. He was a man of genial disposition and delightful personality, and was always known as "Squire Perley."

The following discriminating estimate of Mr. Perley's professional career, from the pen of Charles Dummer, Esq., for many years a highly esteemed citizen of Hallowell, will be of especial interest in this connection:

"Intelligent, full of life, possessing high social qualities, Mr. Perley gathered around him many friends and very soon found himself actively engaged in the responsibilities of life. This current of business continued to enlarge with the growth of the community around him. Steadfast friends, uninterrupted health, and persevering application gave encouragement to all his hopes. He was distinguished for sound common sense; he possessed varied powers; his quickness of perception

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and constant good humor attracted early attention. . . . Without marked distinction for legal learning, he would be more truthfully described as a successful practitioner of law, maintaining a respectable position, whether discharging faithfully the duty that grows out of the ordinary collection of debts, or unfolding the powers of argument before the jury or the court."

Mr. Willis states that "Mr. Perley was faithful and firm in advancing the interests of the town where he resided." He represented Hallowell in the General Court of Massachusetts in 1804, and again in 1816; and "discharged with integrity all his political duties. Uniformly patriotic, with enlightened zeal he always upheld the best interests of our country." [1]

One marked characteristic of "Squire Perley" was his ready wit and gift of repartee. His *bon mots* and happy hits were repeated over and over by his colleagues of the Kennebec bar; but Mr. Perley himself "appeared wholly unconscious of any such power of utterance. Unmoved and even sedate in manner, he seemed surprised, at the moment, with the delight which the circle around him manifested." [2] By this felicity and spontaneity of expression, Mr. Perley acquired the reputation of being "the greatest wit of the Kennebec bar."

Nathaniel Perley married Mary, daughter of Richard and Judith Dummer of Newbury, and sister of Hon. Nathaniel Dummer of Hallowell. The Perleys resided in the fine old house on Second Street, afterwards successively occupied by Mr. Jesse Aiken and Mr. Elbridge Rollins, and now owned by Miss Clara Stintson. The home of the Perleys was the abode of hospitality and generous social life. The genial character of the host, his remarkable conversational powers and ready wit added great attraction to his hospitable board. Many distinguished people were entertained by Squire Perley and his charming wife. Among their frequent guests were Chief Justice Parsons and his wife; and other judges and many noted lawyers of the Supreme Court of Massachusetts, whose duties brought them to the Kennebec.

Nathaniel Perley died in 1824. Mrs. Mary Dummer

[1] *The Law, the Courts, and the Lawyers of Maine*, p. 202.
[2] Charles Dummer, Esq.

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THE PERLEY HOUSE AND THE AGRY HOUSE

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Perley died January 7, 1838. Their last surviving daughter was Louisa, the wife of John P. Dumont, Esq., of Hallowell.

Hon. Samuel Sumner Wilde, who has been called "one of the greatest ornaments of the Maine bar," was born February 5, 1771. He was the son of Daniel and Anna Sumner Wilde of Taunton, Massachusetts. In 1789, he completed his collegiate course at Dartmouth, and then read law with Judge Barnes of Taunton. In 1799, he removed to Hallowell; and, "having no superior at the bar, and indeed no equal," he built up a large practice and soon attained a position which reflected great honor upon the town, and the county of Kennebec.

In speaking of Judge Wilde's professional career at Hallowell, Chief Justice Shaw once said: "By the course of his early studies, and by extensive practice at the bar with eminent lawyers, his contemporaries, he acquired, before his elevation to the bench, a deep and thoroughly accurate knowledge of the great principles and rules of the common law in all its various ramifications. . . . Practicing in a part of the Commonwealth where great interests were drawn in question, depending on the law of real property; where the highest honors and awards of the profession awaited the practicer who was best versed in the knowledge and practice of this branch of the law, his mind became so familiar with its minute and apparently subtle distinctions that he could apply them promptly, like simplest principles, to complicated cases." [1]

In 1817, when the brilliant reputation of this early and most successful practitioner at Hallowell had reached its height, the honor of an appointment as Judge of the Supreme Court was conferred upon him. Judge Wilde continued to reside in Hallowell until the separation of Maine from Massachusetts, in 1820, at which time he removed to Newburyport. For thirty-five years he adorned the bench "by sound learning, undeviating impartiality, and great dignity of deportment." At the advanced age of eighty years, he resigned his office;

[1] *The Law, the Courts, and the Lawyers of Maine*, p. 176.

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and the bench and bar, at that time, manifested by appropriate resolutions, "their high sense of his ability and uprightness through the whole course of his official judicial life." The degree of LL. D. was conferred upon Judge Wilde by Bowdoin, Dartmouth, and Harvard colleges.

In 1792, Samuel Sumner Wilde married Miss Eunice Cobb, daughter of General David Cobb of Taunton. Their children were: William Cobb, b. 1792; Eunice Cobb, b. 1794, m. Williams Emmons; Samuel Sumner, b. 1796; Eleanor Bradish, b. 1798, m. John Wendell Mellen, of Cambridge; George Cobb, b. 1800, m. Ann Janette Druce, daughter of Lemuel Brown, of Wrentham; Caroline Elizabeth, b. 1802, m. Hon. Caleb Cushing of Newburyport; Henry Jackson, b. 1804, m. Ellen Maria Whitney of Wrentham; Isaac Parker, b. 1808; Ann Sumner, b. 1809, m. first, Frederick W. Doane, second, Robert Farley of Ipswich.

Judge Wilde and his family resided in the fine old mansion known to a later generation as the Emmons house. This house, in point of architectural style and interior finish, was one of the most beautiful in the town. Its long piazzas, its spacious hall, its arched doorways, and its elegant drawing room with colonial mantlepieces and elaborately carved woodwork, gave to the house an air of state and elegance not surpassed in any of the old-time mansions of Hallowell.

In his home life Judge Wilde was always cordial, genial and affable. His intercourse with his fellowmen was always marked by warmth and kindness of heart, and courtesy of manner. "The private and personal worth of this eminent magistrate was in strict harmony with his official merits, and, indeed, formed a part of them. His bearing upon the bench indicated the man. Simple in his tastes, of industrious habits, of a cheerful spirit, of warm domestic affections, and strong religious faith, he never lost his interest in life, and nothing of him but his body grew old. He was frank, direct, calmly courageous, and of unalloyed simplicity; caring as little to conceal what he was, as to affect what he was not." [1]

[1] Willis' *The Law, the Courts, and the Lawyers of Maine*, p. 178.

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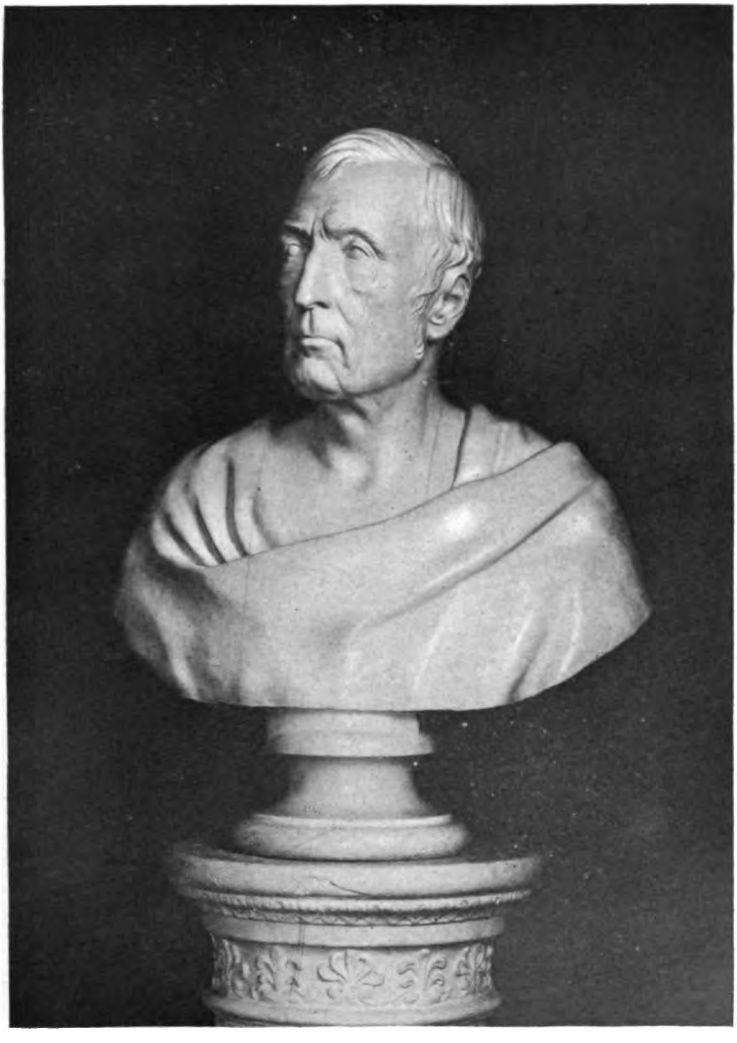

JUDGE SAMUEL SUMNER WILDE

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Mrs. Eunice Wilde died June 6, 1826. Judge Samuel S. Wilde died June 25, 1855.

The first student who fitted for Harvard at the Hallowell Academy was Thomas Bond. He was a young man of exceptional ability who had maintained high rank during his course of study. After his graduation from college in 1801, he entered the law office of Samuel Wilde in Hallowell, in order to prepare himself for practice at the Maine bar. Thomas Bond was the son of Thomas Bond of Augusta, and a descendant of one of the early settlers of Watertown, Massachusetts. He was a diligent student, and evinced such aptitude for the law that, upon his admittance to the bar, Mr. Wilde at once took him into partnership with himself. Mr. Bond thus began his practice in Hallowell under the most favorable auspices. "No better proof," writes Mr. Willis, "can be furnished of the high qualities of Mr. Bond than this substantial token of his merit."

On December 1, 1805, Mr. Bond married Lucretia F. Page, daughter of Dr. Benjamin Page. The children of this marriage were: Francis Eugene, born February 7, 1808; died September 5, 1840. Lucretia, born January 17, 1810; married Dr. Franklin Page of Augusta; died 1846. Caroline M., born January 9, 1815, married Thomas H. Sanford of New York; died January 11, 1853.

During the first years of their married life, the Bonds lived in the house south of the Hallowell House. Mr. Bond afterwards built the large and handsome house on Warren Street, subsequently occupied by the Glaziers, and still later by the Atkins family.

In 1815, Samuel Wilde was appointed to the Supreme Bench; and the whole of the extensive law business of the firm of Wilde and Bond was from that time conducted by the junior partner. "His labors became severe and responsible; it was a hard task to sustain the structure which had rested on the athletic shoulders of Wilde; but Mr. Bond acquitted himself with ability, both in the details of the office and the wider fields of the forum. For more than twenty years he maintained

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a high and honorable position at the bar and in society, faithfully fulfilling all trusts, and acquiring the reputation of a sound lawyer, an ingenious advocate, and an upright man."

During all the years of arduous labor in his profession, Mr. Bond found time to devote to the political interests of his town and county. He represented Hallowell in the General Court of Massachusetts in 1813–14; and was a member of the Maine senate from Kennebec in 1822–23.

Hon. Thomas Bond died suddenly, March 29, 1827. "The Supreme Judicial Court was then in session, and upon the announcement of his death, by Peleg Sprague, Judge Weston as a tribute of respect ordered an immediate adjournment of the court, and the bar resolved to attend his funeral and wear crape upon the left arm for thirty days as a mark of respect for their deceased brother. The resolutions placed on record by the Kennebec bar have preserved the following tribute to the character of Mr. Bond: "His undeviating rectitude and distinguished ability in the practice of his profession, the uniform sanity of his demeanor, the unstained purity of his private life and scrupulous discharge of every duty, secured to him the respect of the Bench, the affection of his brethren, the esteem of his acquaintances, and the confidence of the community." [1]

In 1817, two years after Judge Wilde had been appointed to the Supreme Bench, and at the time when Thomas Bond was just rising into eminence at the Kennebec bar, another young lawyer of great promise opened an office in Hallowell. This was Peleg Sprague, afterwards the distinguished Judge of the District Court of the United States for Massachusetts.

Peleg Sprague was born April 28, 1793, the son of Seth and Deborah Sprague of Duxbury, and a descendant of William Sprague who settled in Salem, in 1629. He was graduated "with prominent honor," from Harvard College in the brilliant class of 1812. His "performance" at Commencement was a dissertation on "the Superiority of Modern Europe."

[1] North's *History of Augusta*, p. 806.

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After his graduation, Mr. Sprague continued his studies at the law school of Judges Reeves and Gould, in Litchfield, Connecticut, which offered unusual advantages to the student at that time. In 1815, he was admitted to the bar, and came first to Augusta, but two years later settled for the practice of his profession at Hallowell.

"The bar of Kennebec," writes Willis, "contained able lawyers and advocates; among them were Judges Bridge and Fuller, Ruel Williams, Frederic Allen, Thomas Bond, and Timothy Boutelle. It required industry, perseverance, and a high ambition, as well as intellectual powers, to compete successfully with such men who had acquired the confidence of the communities in which they lived, by ability and honorable practice. But Mr. Sprague, nothing discouraged by such an array of talent, but rather stimulated by it, steadily and patiently waited for the success that was sure to follow a persistent and earnest endeavor to attain the higher ranks and honors of the profession. His agreeable and eloquent manner as an advocate, his acknowledged ability as a lawyer, soon introduced him to a profitable business. . . . The death in 1827, of Mr. Bond, of the same town, who was enjoying the entire confidence of the people, in his profession, gave an accession to the engagements of Mr. Sprague, and a more prominent position.

"Mr. Sprague's style of speaking, both at the bar and in public assemblies, was so entirely different from what the people in the county had been accustomed to hear, that it attracted them by its novelty, and interested them by its beauty. . . . And his popularity was not confined to the bar, but extended through the community, and made him a desirable candidate for public office. . . . In 1820, he was elected a representative from Hallowell to the first legislature of the new state, and re-elected the subsequent year. His political course was now onward." [1] In 1824, Mr. Sprague was elected to Congress from the Kennebec district; and again, to the Twentieth Congress. "During both of these terms, he engaged

[1] Willis p. 628-9.

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in debates on important questions, and always attracted attention by his able and eloquent advocacy of the measures which he espoused." [1]

During his two terms as representative in congress, Mr. Sprague became so popular, both at home and in political circles at Washington, that in 1829, he was chosen senator to succeed General Chandler. His service in the senate was marked by unimpeachable integrity and distinguished honor; his reputation was that of an able, intrepid, sagacious, and eloquent statesman.

On July 14, 1834, when Senator Sprague returned from Congress, he was given a great ovation by the people of the three sister towns of Hallowell, Augusta, and Gardiner. As soon as it was announced that Mr. Sprague would arrive by the stage route from Brunswick, there was a spontaneous outburst of enthusiasm. The people of Hallowell assembled on horses, in chaises, barouches, and other carriages, and were joined by a cavalcade of thirty or forty riders on horseback and a large number of chaises from Augusta. This wildly enthusiastic retinue then proceeded to Gardiner, where the townspeople had formed in procession. Here an elegant barouche drawn by four handsome gray horses, awaited the home-coming senator. Accompanied in this carriage by Judge Kingsbury and Hon. George Evans, Senator Sprague was escorted to Hallowell like an old Roman returning in triumph from his conquests. The cavalcade was mile in length; and it was said that every presentable carriage in the three towns was in evidence on this occasion. The procession passed through streets decorated with flags and patriotic mottos, and the saying, "I AM NO MAN'S MAN," from Senator Sprague's speech on the *President's Protest*, was conspicuous on the banners.

After the arrival of Mr. Sprague and his constituents at the Hallowell House, a speech of welcome was made by Mr. Richard H. Vose of Augusta. Mr. Sprague then addressed, from the balcony, the enthusiastic crowds below, and paid a

[1] Willis, p. 628-9.

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warm tribute to the constancy of the Whig party in support of the principles it professed.

In 1835, Mr. Sprague resigned his seat in the Senate and established himself in the practice of his profession at Boston. New honors here awaited him; and in 1841, on the retirement of the venerable and honored Judge Davis from the bench of the District Court of the United States, Mr. Sprague was appointed to that office. In 1847, Harvard College bestowed upon Judge Sprague the degree of LL. D.

Judge Sprague married Sarah Deming of Utica, New York, a native of Berlin, Connecticut. They had three sons and one daughter: Charles F., born May 25, 1819, died 1840, aged twenty-one years; Seth Edward, born April 12, 1822, a graduate of Harvard in 1841, and of the Law School in 1843, and afterwards clerk of the United States District Court in Massachusetts; Francis Peleg, graduate of Harvard Medical School in 1857; and Sarah, born May 7, 1828, wife of George P. Upham, a merchant of Boston. [1]

A contemporary journal in writing of Senator Sprague, makes this comment: "Mr. Sprague richly merits all the honors that have been bestowed upon him. Throughout his public life his course has been consistent, honorable to himself, and useful to his country. In private life his character is unexceptionable. Such men are invaluable. They cannot be too highly estimated."

Hon. Ebenezer T. Warren, born at Foxborough, Massachusetts, September 11, 1779, was the son of Ebenezer and Ann Warren. He was graduated at Harvard College in 1800, and admitted to the bar in 1803. He soon after established himself at Hallowell; and by his ability, his generous nature, his cordial manners, and his devoted public spirit, he acquired a large practice and attained an eminent place in the community.

Mr. Warren married Abiah, daughter of William and Tryphena Morse. Their children were: Ann Tryphena, born

[1] *The Law, the Courts, and the Lawyers of Maine*, p. 634.

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November 14, 1810, and John, born September 20, 1816. Being possessed of ample means, Mr. Warren built for his home the large, handsome house on the corner of Central and Warren Streets, known in more recent years as the main building of the Classical School. The beautiful home of the Warrens was maintained in elegance and luxury; and traditions still exist of the delightful hospitality dispensed beneath its roof. When the house was first completed, an old-time house-warming was given at which a large number of the friends and relatives of Mr. and Mrs. Warren were sumptuously entertained. Soon after this, a "splendid ball" was given in honor of the daughter of the house, Miss Anne Warren. It is stated by Rev. John S. C. Abbott that in "style of living, dress, and address," the Warrens were "ornaments to society."

In addition to the erection of his fine residence, Mr. Warren built two blocks of stores in Hallowell. He was deeply interested in the development of the place and exerted all his efforts to promote its financial prosperity. He was president of the Hallowell Bank when that unfortunate institution became insolvent; and he unselfishly sacrificed the most of his own property to sustain the credit of this bank.

In the hope of retrieving his fortunes, Mr. Warren undertook the business of settling some war claims in Illinois that had been granted to the soldiers of 1812. In order to transact this business, Mr. Warren was obliged to go to Illinois; and while in that state, he died very suddenly in August, 1829, from an illness resulting from exposure during a night's drive across the prairies.

The news of the sad and unexpected death of Mr. Warren cast a great gloom over his townspeople in Hallowell where he was greatly beloved and esteemed. Through his death the legal profession of Maine suffered an acknowleged loss; and "resolutions" expressive of sorrow and lasting esteem were passed by the bar of which he was a worthy and honored member.

After the death of Mr. Warren, the beautiful house that he had built for his family passed through the hands of several successive owners. It was occupied, at one time, by Judge

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Samuel Wells, afterwards by Colonel Thomas Andrews, then passed into the possession of Hon. John Otis. It next became the residence of Moses Lakeman; and was subsequently purchased and enlarged for the use of the Hallowell Classical School.

The Hon. John Otis was born August 3, 1801. He was the son of Oliver and Betsey Stanchfield Otis of Leeds, Maine, and was descended from the Otis family of Massachusetts of which James Otis and Harrison Gray Otis were representative members. With this ancestry behind him, and having the advantages of a liberal education, Mr. Otis naturally possessed those personal and mental qualities which won for him the sincere regard of his fellow townsmen, and rendered him successful in his professional life. He was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1823, read law with Peleg Sprague, and commenced practice in Hallowell in 1826, at the time when Mr. Sprague was just entering upon his congressional career.

In 1824, the forty-eighth anniversary of the American Independence was celebrated with much interest by the citizens of Hallowell; and Mr. Otis, then a young law student in the office of Judge Peleg Sprague, was invited to deliver the Fourth of July oration. "The day was uncommonly fine; and everything concurred to render the celebration highly interesting and satisfactory. At eleven o'clock a procession was formed at Mr. Dillingham's hotel, and proceeded to the Rev. Mr. Gillet's meeting-house, where a pure and classical oration was pronounced by Mr. John Otis, in which he entered into an examination of the present state of liberty in our own country and in Europe, and the reciprocal influence of the institutions and political systems of the two continents upon each other. The style was clear and forcible and the sentiments highly patriotic." [1]

The celebration of the Fourth in Hallowell was always a great event, which commanded the best talent of the town and called out large audiences. It is interesting to know that on

[1] *American Advocate*, July 10, 1824.

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the day of Mr. Otis' oration "the wall pews and galleries were reserved for the ladies, whose presence added great *eclat* to the occasion."

On January 12, 1831, Mr. Otis married Harriet Frances Vaughan, daughter of Colonel William Oliver Vaughan, and granddaughter of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan. The children of this marriage were: William Oliver, b. December 18, 1831, d. January 1, 1888; Maria, b. September 30, 1834, m. William H. Merrick, October 18, 1854; John, b. December 24, 1836, d. October 16, 1838; Frances, b. May 17, 1839, d. June 13, 1839; Benjamin Vaughan, b. May 15, 1840, d. September 24, 1861; John, b. July 16, 1843; Frances, b. September 25, 1845, d. December, 1860.

Mrs. Harriet Frances Vaughan Otis died July 26, 1846. On August 21, 1848, Mr. Otis married Ellen Grant, daughter of Captain Samuel and Elizabeth Frances Vaughan Grant. Mrs. Ellen Grant Otis was a granddaughter of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, and a cousin of the first wife of Mr. Otis. The children of John and Ellen Grant Otis were: Samuel Grant, Mary, and Elizabeth Grant.

Mr. Otis, a man of keen intellect, and of unusual legal ability, possessed those qualities of mind that eminently fitted him for membership in a deliberative or legislative assembly. Like many of the eminent lawyers of his day, he became interested in politics, and was chosen to represent Hallowell in the state legislature. He soon rose to prominence in the Whig party, and became one of its recognized leaders. In 1841, he was appointed a member of the United States Commission on the North Eastern Boundary Question. In 1848, Mr. Otis was elected representative from the first district of Maine to the Thirty-first Congress, in which he "served with ability and distinction, and contributed in no small degree to the passage of the act reducing the high rate of postage." [1]

The Washington Correspondent of the *Philadelphia Inquirer* at this time wrote: "Hon. John Otis of Maine, at present acting as chairman of the Committee on Patents of the

[1] Hon. Frederick Allen.

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House of Representatives, is a man of splendid business capacity and pursues his object with a perseverance and energy sure to accomplish success."

Mr. Otis' career in Washington was such as won for him many warm friends and admirers; and at the close of his last term of office, the members of the House of Representatives arose in a body and cheered him as he left the hall. This was a spontaneous tribute in recognition of the public services and personal popularity of Mr. Otis.

Hon. Frederick Allen, in his sketches of the "*Early Lawyers of Lincoln and Kennebec Counties*," states that Mr. Otis was "bland and courteous in his manners and address; and distinguished for his kindness of heart and disposition." This kindliness was very forcibly shown in his relations with the young men and boys who worked for him or studied in his office. It is a well-known fact that Mr. Otis always gave a loan of five hundred dollars to any of the young men who desired it upon leaving his employ. Among the men whom Mr. Otis thus started in life, and whose subsequent careers must have proved a satisfaction to him, were Elihu Washburne, Secretary of State, and Minister to France in 1869-70, and General Oliver O. Howard, Maine's famous hero of the Civil War.

In a letter recently written to Mr. Samuel G. Otis of Hallowell, General Howard pays a warm tribute to the benefactor of his youth. This letter affords a pleasant glimpse into the home life of the Otis family, which many of the Hallowell friends will recognize as not only delightful but genuinely true.

"Among my earliest recollections," writes General Howard, "was the devotion of my mother to her brother, John Otis, Esq., of Hallowell, Maine. She spoke of him often and of Aunt Frances, his wife. My mother always expressed a sisterly interest in everything that concerned his welfare. As the children came, one by one, William, Maria, Vaughan, and John, they seemed to me like a part of our own household. At least once a year, when the weather was warm and comfortable, your father was accustomed to take Aunt Frances, William, and Maria in his beautiful chaise and drive out twenty miles to

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Leeds to our home. His horse, harness, and carriage were finer than any others that came to our house. . . . I can recollect your father's voice as he laughed and talked. It was a very sweet, cheery, strong voice. In conversation he had a charm about him that won men to his way of thinking, and a courtesy to women that was remarkable. . . .

"My mother arranged with him when I was eleven years old to go to his home in Hallowell and do as my cousin, Addison Martin, had done, namely, take care of the horse and cow and stable and do all the ordinary chores which a man or boy would do for any household. I was to keep myself in proper trim to associate with my cousins, and was to go to school every day while school lasted. . . .

"When your brother William, in 1850, was appointed to West Point as a cadet, your father was then a member of the House of Representatives. . . . William failed in his physical examination. His chest was not broad enough to meet the requirement in physical development. I understood that your father said he would send a young man in his place who was strong enough physically to pass the examination. He had me in mind when he made that remark. I was nineteen years of age when I received the appointment. . . . I never saw very much of your father after his second marriage though I knew your mother very well when we were both children. She was a very frank, hearty, and handsome girl and quite a favorite among the young people about the time I left Hallowell for my home in Leeds. . . .

"At one time your brother William and myself with a few other boys were sitting in a pew in the gallery of the Old South Church. I think we must have whispered, laughed, and probably made some little disturbance as boys sometimes do during the service. One of the deacons of the church came to the pew, seized each boy by the collar and led him out, and, if I remember rightly, sent us home. My uncle, your father, was very much offended at this act, and would never go to that church again. When he did go to church, he attended the Unitarian, which was nearer to his house than the Old South. Aunt Frances was very much afflicted because of this jar in

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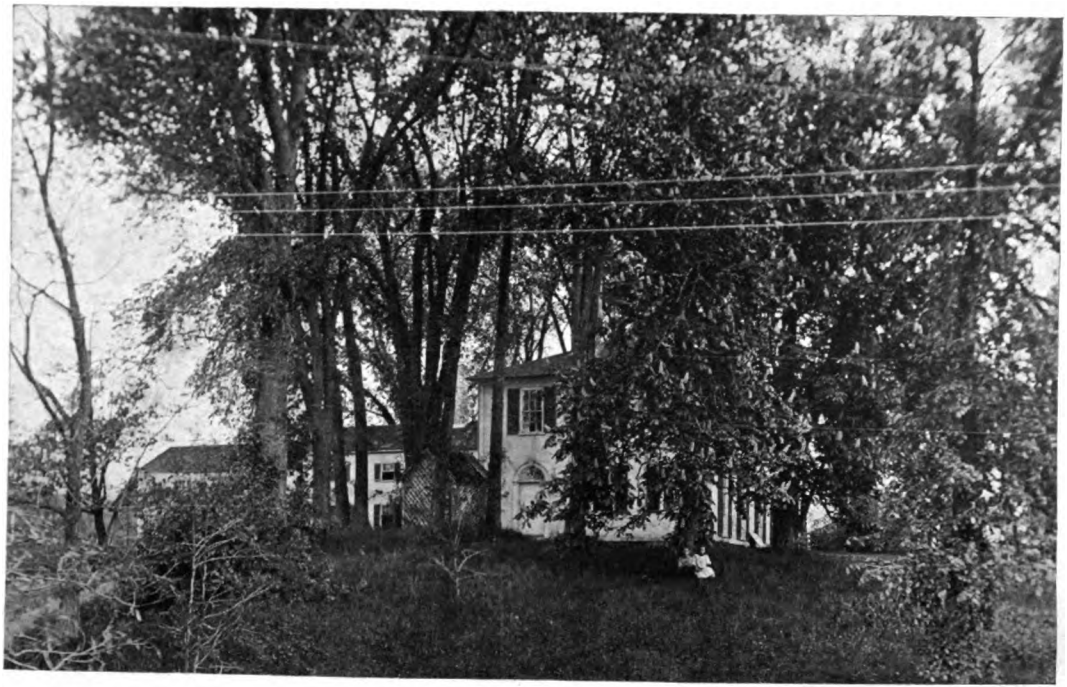

THE GRANT-OTIS MANSION

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the church relationship. With his consent, however, she always attended the Old South with us children, and kept up her relationship there. This one incident indicated to me your father's readiness to defend his family. What he resented was the violent conduct of the deacon in the presence of the whole congregation towards William and myself. He would have thanked him for reporting our misbehavior, or any misbehavior on our part.

"Now I think I can give you the impressions which I have had of your good father all my life. He was a man of excellent character, of high standing in the community, a good representative in Congress, always belonging to the Whig party. He was a great reader, fond of English publications, and kept abreast of the times in everything that concerned the public good. It seems to me to-day that a member of Congress like him was held in higher esteem by the entire district in which he lived than are representatives of to-day. . . . At home no father could be more thoroughly gentle and kind. It was a joy to him to have his children come into the library to consult him about their studies. I remember how he aided me in my early attempts at composition by a few suggestions and well chosen words. . . . I have always loved my Uncle John; and he has been a model to me, among our numerous relatives, a model of good breeding, of virtue, of culture, of refinement, of manliness."

The Hon. John Otis died October 17, 1856. After his death, the family removed from the Otis' house on Central Street to the old Grant mansion which is now in the possession of Mr. Samuel Grant Otis and Miss Elizabeth Otis.

Judge Williams Emmons was the son of the Rev. Nathaniel and Martha Emmons of Franklin, Massachusetts. Nathaniel Emmons, the father of Williams Emmons, was a graduate of Yale in 1767, and a congregational minister who had the very remarkable record of having occupied the pulpit for seventy years. He was a man of distinction in his day; and his sermons

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and other writings were published in several volumes after his death in 1840. He lived to the great age of ninety-six years, and always wore the small-clothes and cocked-up hat of the eighteenth century. Of the Rev. Nathaniel Emmons, D. D., Mr. John H. Sheppard writes as follows: "I well remember the admiration this venerable man excited, as he entered the sanctuary in Hallowell, three years before his death. It seemed as though Elijah, the Tishbite, had come again from Mt. Carmel, to point out a little cloud of refreshment soon to spread over our eastern horizon, when this venerable Patriarch suddenly rose among us."

Williams Emmons, son of Rev. Nathaniel, was born in Franklin, May 2, 1784. He was graduated in 1805, with high honors, from Brown University. At the close of his college course, he came to Hallowell, and entered the law office of Judge Samuel Wilde. On finishing his law studies, Mr. Emmons began practice at Brown's Corner, Vassalborough, but soon removed to Augusta, where he entered into partnership with Mr. Benjamin Whitwell. In 1832, Mr. Emmons was elected member of the House of Representatives from Augusta; and, in 1835-6, he was senator for Kennebec County. He removed from Augusta to Hallowell in 1835.

Mr. Emmons was recognized as an able and well-read lawyer. He prepared his cases with conscientious painstaking, and, by his clear logical reasoning, commended himself to both the jury and the bench. His integrity, his soundness of judgment, and his thorough knowledge of the technicalities of the law were unquestioned. He was frequently appointed as a referee in difficult cases, and his decisions were rarely disputed. He succeeded Judge Fuller as Judge of Probate in 1841.

In private life, Judge Emmons was highly esteemed as a friend and neighbor. North speaks of him as a lawyer "of pleasing address, upright and honorable in practice; a worthy citizen and a kind, considerate man of pure unblemished character."

Judge Emmons married, May 24, 1813, Eunice, daughter of Judge Samuel Wilde. Their children were: Delia, born

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March 8, 1814, married, September 5, 1838, Rev. Benjamin Tappan; and Eleanor Bradish Wilde, born July 7, 1815, died 1845. Mrs. Eunice Williams died in 1821; and, on September 22, 1823, Judge Emmons married Lucy Vaughan, daughter of Dr. Benjamin and Sarah Manning Vaughan. Their children were: Lucy Maria, born September 13, 1824; Martha Williams, born May 11, 1827, died January 27, 1884; Nathaniel Williams, born June 10, 1830, died October 17, 1831; Henry Vaughan, born November 3, 1832; Ellen Sarah, born May 25, 1836.

Judge Emmons and his family resided in the fine old mansion that had been previously occupied by Judge Wilde, Gideon Farrell, Esq., and Judge Peleg Sprague. The traditions of hospitality and cultured social life that had always been associated with this house were fully maintained during the many years of its occupancy by the Emmons family. The life here lived was a fine example of that simple and unostentatious culture and refinement that marked the homes of many of the old families of Hallowell. All of the members of the Emmons household were actively interested in the church, the library, and all the literary and philanthropic movements in the town. Miss Lucy Emmons was for many years librarian of the Hallowell Social Library, giving her services gratuitously and enthusiastically to this work.

The Rev. Henry Vaughan Emmons is a graduate of Amherst College, and a man of rare scholarly attainments. He married September 5, 1855, Annie Shepard, daughter of Rev. George Shepard of Bangor. Their children are: Williams, Lucy Vaughan, Elizabeth Fuller, Henry Manning, and Mary Williams. Mr. Emmons is now the pastor of the Congregational church at Northboro, Massachusetts.

Judge Williams Emmons died at Hallowell, October 3, 1855. Mrs. Williams Emmons died March 18, 1869. The Emmons mansion, which was in some respects the most beautiful old house in Hallowell was unfortunately destroyed by fire, and with it perished many valuable heirlooms, including portraits, books, letters, and other valuable papers, the loss of which must always be deplored.

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Hon. William Clark was born in Hallowell, October 12, 1788. He was the son of Isaac and Alice Philbrook Clark, and grandson of Deacon Pease Clark. William Clark was graduated from Bowdoin College in 1810 with a well-merited reputation for superior scholarship. The natural tendency of his mind is indicated by the subject of his commencement part: "The Moral Effects of Philosophical Investigation."

The Bowdoin College records state that Mr. Clark was "capable of profound research, and that his retentive memory enabled him to preserve for ready use the results of his extensive reading and study. As a lawyer, he ranked with the foremost representatives of the Kennebec bar. His professional labors were characterized by undeviating integrity, a clear intellectual insight, and a profound acquaintance with the principles of the law. As a legislator, he was zealous and faithful. His immediate influence was great, and was exercised for the right both in action and debate."

Mr. William Clark married, August 2, 1818, Elizabeth Bodwell Morse, daughter of William and Tryphena Morse, a woman of superior ability and most attractive personality. Their children were: William Henry, Elizabeth, Charlotte Ann, and Mary Mann. Mr. William Henry Clark, a graduate of Bowdoin (1837), studied law, and removed to San Francisco, where he had a successful professional career. Charlotte Clark married Hon. George S. Peters of Ellsworth. Miss Elizabeth Clark and Miss Mary Clark are now living in Waltham, Massachusetts.

Hon. William Clark, after the death of his wife, whose loss he felt severely, withdrew from active participation in public and professional life, and spent his remaining years in almost complete seclusion. He occupied his time in his favorite pursuits, which included the studies of chemistry, geology, mathematics, and philosophy. He never lost his interest in abstruse points of law, or in discussing them in his own home with his old associates of the Kennebec bar. "Thus busily, yet quietly," writes his biographer, "did this sorrow-stricken man, this intellectual and interesting recluse, descend into the vale of years. He died May 18, 1855, at the age of sixty-six."

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In the year 1834, the mantle of the law, many times honored in Hallowell, fell upon the shoulders of Henry W. Paine, Esq. It is probable that no advocate with a more astute mind than that of Mr. Paine ever stood before the Kennebec bar. His keen insight into abstruse and knotty points of the law seemed intuitive and almost infallible. It is stated that he was often called upon as Referee and Master of Chancery in a great number of difficult and complicated cases, and that his decisions, which often involved the unravelling of tangled webs of testimony and the consideration of the nicest and most delicate questions of the law, were always "luminous and masterly."

This eminent lawyer was born August 30, 1810, in Winslow, Maine. He graduated at Waterville College, studied law with William Clark, Esq., of Hallowell, and for one year in the law school of Harvard University. He began his professional life at Hallowell, where, during the next twenty years, he acquired a practice not surpassed by any other Maine lawyer.

In 1854, to the great regret of his many friends in Hallowell, Mr. Paine removed to Cambridge and opened a law office in Boston. His practice and his fame as a lawyer steadily increased; and he became known as one of the ablest advocates of the Massachusetts bar. About 1875, Mr. Paine withdrew from active practice in the courts on account of ill health and partial deafness, but retained for ten years his office as lecturer on "the law of real property" at the law school of Boston University. Mr. Paine was especially noted for his tact and never-failing courtesy in the prosecution of his law cases. The following story of his ready wit is often told in Hallowell:

On one occasion during Mr. Paine's term of service as county attorney, a man who had been indicted in Kennebec county for arson, was tried and acquitted by the jury on the ground that he was an *idiot*. After the trial, the judge sought to reconcile Mr. Paine to the verdict by some explanatory remarks. "Oh, I am quite satisfied, your Honor," said Mr. Paine, "with the acquittal of the defendant. He has been tried by a jury of his *peers*."

Mr. Paine married, May, 1837, Miss Lucy E. Coffin, of

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Newburyport, a lady of rare mental endowments and endearing personality. Their daughter, Miss Jennie Warren Paine, is remembered with warm affection and admiration by the friends of her girlhood. In Cambridge, she was recognized as a thorough and brilliant student, especially in the languages and the sciences. She was said by Agassiz to have the brightest mind of any young woman he had ever met. Mrs. Paine and her daughter were both interested in all philanthropic and charitable movements, and were devoted members of the First Parish Church of Cambridge.

William Belcher Glazier was born at Hallowell, June 29, 1827. He was the son of Franklin Glazier, Esq., well known as the head of the publishing house of Glazier, Masters, and Smith. Endowed with unusual mental ability and a most engaging personality, this gifted youth grew up in the midst of stimulating influences, and his talents matured early in his life. He graduated from Harvard in 1847, at the age of twenty years. He read law in Hallowell with Henry W. Paine, Esq., was admitted to the bar in 1850, and speedily built up a reputation as a successful lawyer, first in Newcastle and afterwards in his native town. In 1855, seeking a wider field for his professional labors, Mr. Glazier removed to Cincinnati, Ohio, where he continued the practice of law until his death in 1870.

In addition to his brilliant professional attainments, Mr. Glazier possessed unusual literary and poetic talent. He was an esteemed contributor to the *Knickerbocker Magazine*, and the author of a volume of verse published in Hallowell in 1853. Mr. Glazier's poetic work was highly commended by Mr. William Cullen Bryant, who selected the lines entitled *Cape Cottage*, as a representative poem for the *Library of Poetry and Song*.

William Belcher Glazier married, at St. Paul's church, Cincinnati, January 1, 1863, Margaret Lowry, a lady of Scotch parentage, of Shelby County, Kentucky. Two children of this marriage are Margaret Lowry, now Mrs. Louis Adams of

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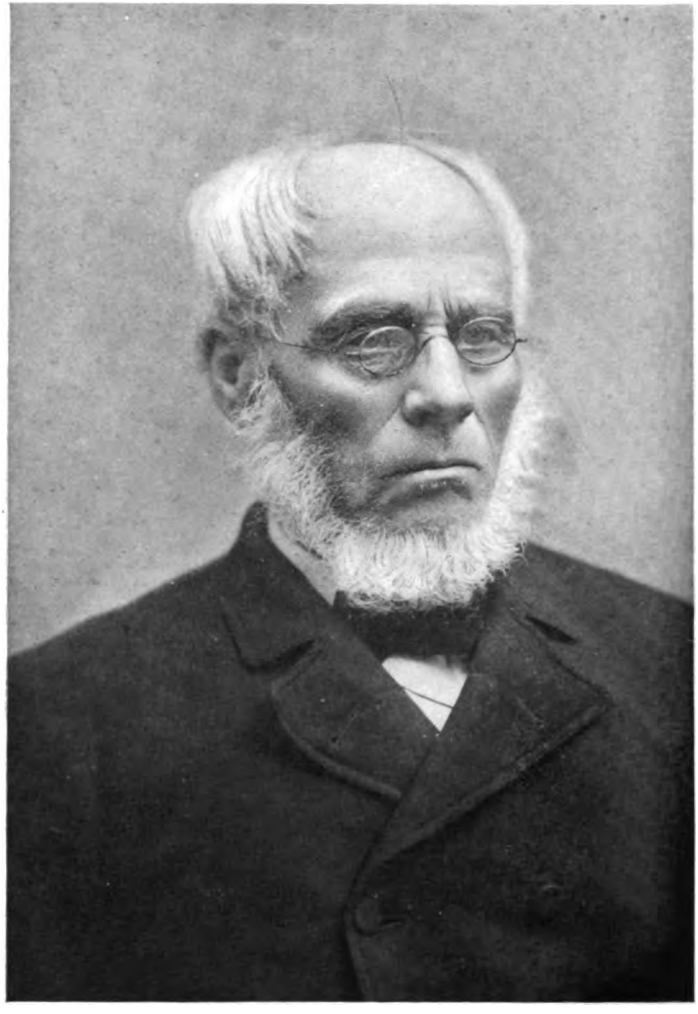

JUDGE HENRY KNOX BAKER

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Melford, Ohio, and William L. Glazier, Superintendent of the City Water Works, Newport, Kentucky.

The long and honorable career of Judge Baker in Hallowell covers a period of eighty-six years; and the impress of his work and character remains distinctly marked upon our newspapers, our public schools, our libraries, our banks, our courts, our benevolent institutions, our churches, and all that constitutes the well-being of the town.

When Henry Knox Baker first came, as a youth of fourteen, to Hallowell, he entered a printing office as an apprentice; and before he was twenty-one, he was duly installed as editor of the *Hallowell Gazette* and afterwards as editor of the *American Advertiser*. In 1836, he began the study of law in the office of Samuel Wells, and in 1840, was admitted to the bar. He represented the town of Hallowell in the Maine Legislature in 1842 and 1844, and again in 1854. In 1855, he was appointed Judge of Probate, an office which he held for twenty-six years. He was also the founder and, for forty-five years, the treasurer of the Hallowell Savings Institution.

Judge Baker was deeply interested in all educational and philanthropic work; and his work for the Industrial School, and his services as chairman of the public school committee, have long been recognized. He was also an earnest supporter of the mission of the public library in Hallowell. From his youth, Judge Baker had been a genuine lover of books. He possessed the critical and literary instinct, and was himself a ready writer. His published works consist of poems; biographical and historical essays; sketches of foreign travel; a valuable work on hymnology, entitled *Studies In Sacred Song;* and *The Hallowell Book*, compiled after he was ninety years of age. For half a century Judge Baker was a faithful and devout member of the Methodist Episcopal Church; and his whole life was an example of practical and consistent Christianity. It has been truly said that "Hallowell never had a citizen of higher integrity or more constant devotion and usefulness than Judge Baker."

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Henry Knox Baker was born in Canaan (now Skowhegan), December 2, 1806. His father was Amos Baker, a soldier of the Revolution, and a member of the Life Guard of General Washington. His mother was Betsey Weston, a member of the prominent Skowhegan family of that name. On November 15, 1835, Mr. Baker was united in marriage to Miss Sarah W. Lord, daughter of Ephraim and Sally Dennis Lord of Hallowell, and a lineal descendant of Lieutenant James Lord, a Revolutionary hero who led his company in the battle of Bunker Hill.

Mrs. Baker was a rarely gifted woman of charming personality and brilliant mental endowments. Her devoted motherhood left its imprint upon her own family; and her fondness for other young people, and the unusual felicity of the welcome with which they were always greeted under her roof, rendered the Baker home one of the most alluring and enjoyable in the town. Many other children thus shared with the Baker family the helpful and elevating influences of a home where there was always an atmosphere of books, and where literary topics and the interesting questions of the day were freely discussed.

When the Baker children were small, it was the custom of their father to read to them every Sunday afternoon from some instructive but always interesting book, the value of which was greatly enhanced by the fact that the children were not allowed to read it on any other day. They all, therefore, looked forward to the Sabbath, not with doleful anticipation, but as a bright and happy day set apart for something especially enjoyable. Novels, however, were not allowed on Sunday; and on one woeful occasion the Baker children came to grief. It chanced that, on one quiet Sunday afternoon, the father and mother were suddenly disturbed by shrieks of uproarious laughter from the children's room above. The mother immediately went up-stairs to learn the cause of this unseemly mirth, and found her little daughters sitting upon the floor, convulsed with paroxisms of laughter, while the naughty but hilarious Sanford read aloud to them the adventures of "'Bimleck," from the pages of *Neighbor Jackwood*. The book was mildly but firmly taken from his unwilling hands; and the mother, we

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MRS. SARAH LORD BAKER

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know, had a bit of a heartache as she departed with the alluring story.

But notwithstanding her devotion to her family and the careful and judicious training which she gave her children, Mrs. Baker was not a woman who lived within the four square walls of her own home. Her horizon was not limited, but had a broad outlook on the world at large. She took an active part in all the educational, patriotic, and philanthropic movements in Hallowell. She was, for many years, the efficient president of the time-honored Benevolent Society, and was also an able and judicious worker in the temperance cause. She was a devoted member of the Old South Church, and gave her gracious and faithful services to the younger children of the Sunday school for many years. By her strong personality, her brilliant mental gifts, her heartsome hospitality, her generous charity, and her devoted religious life, Mrs. Baker has left an impress upon our community not soon to be effaced.

The sons and daughters of the Baker family, true to their natural inheritance, were all gifted with rare intellectual endowments. One daughter, Mrs. Martha Baker Dunn, is the author of three delightful novels, *The Sleeping Beauty*, *Memory Street*, and *'Lias's Wife*, of a volume of essays, entitled *Cicero In Maine*, and of many poems marked by beauty of thought and expression. Mrs. Dunn is the wife of Mr. R. Wesley Dunn and resides in Waterville, Maine. In recognition of her literary work, she has been honored by Colby College with the degree of Doctor of Letters. Frances Weston Baker married Hon. Albert Rice of Rockland. Ellen B. Baker married Colonel Alfred E. Buck, member of Congress from Georgia, and United States Minister to Japan. Annie S. Baker married Frank A. Ham of Russell, Kansas. Harriet Dennis Baker married Mr. Edwin C. Dudley of Augusta. Sanford A. Baker married Miss Lulu Taylor and resides in Chicago. Judge Baker died in Hallowell, June 28, 1902, at the age of ninety-six. Mrs. Sarah Lord Baker died April 21, 1898.

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XI

LATER REPRESENTATIVE FAMILIES

"There prevailed in those days a high-minded interest in everything that lifted men up."—Rev. Henry V. Emmons.

IN tracing the records of the old families of Hallowell, we have gradually passed from the first to the second quarter of the nineteenth century. During this period many of the honored founders of the town had passed away, and new families had arrived that worthily maintained the traditions of their predecessors. A record of all of these interesting families, even in the briefest form, would require a lengthy volume, and afford material for the most insatiable genealogist; but the scope and aim of this story of Old Hallowell permit the mention of only a few of these later representative families.

A notable and worthy connecting link between the earlier and the later generation is furnished in the life of the Honorable Samuel K. Gilman. A representative man of both periods, Judge Gilman went in and out among the people for sixty-seven years, living an open, unblemished, and useful life. His kindly nature, his genial conversation, his sincerity of heart, his integrity of character, and his devoted service to his church, his town, and his state, appealed to his fellow citizens in an unusual manner.

Judge Gilman was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, May 2, 1796. He was the son of Samuel and Martha Kinsman Gilman, and a descendant of Edward Gilman who came to Boston in the *Diligent* in 1638. Through one branch of their family, the Gilmans are descended from Governor Simon Bradstreet and his wife Anne Dudley, daughter of Governor Thomas Dudley, whose record has been traced back through a long line of illustrious ancestors to Robert Earl of Leicester, Lord

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JUDGE SAMUEL K. GILMAN

HON. SIMON PAGE

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Justice of England, and, still farther, to Hugh the Great, son of Henry I. of France.

Entirely unconscious of this formidable pedigree, the youthful Samuel grew up in the old town of Exeter. As a boy, he was studious and fond of books, and absorbed all that could be obtained from the curriculum of the common schools of his day. He supplemented his education by an apprenticeship in a printing office, the advantages of which were apparent in his subsequent career. In the War of 1812, he served in a military company from Exeter. In 1815, he came to Hallowell, where he began life as a printer, and soon rose to the position of editor and proprietor of the famous old Hallowell paper called the *American Advocate*.

The *Advocate* was, at this time, the only Republican paper east of Portland. In its columns, its editor ably maintained the strict principles of his party in opposition to the Federalists, and successfully supported the movement for the separation of Maine from Massachusetts.

In 1829, Mr. Gilman commenced the study of law with Hon. Peleg Sprague, and, in 1832, was admitted to the bar. He represented Hallowell for four years in the Maine legislature; and during his term of office, he served as chairman of the finance committee with such zeal and care for the expenditure of money that he won for himself the title of "watch-dog of the treasury." Subsequently, from 1852 to 1872, he held the office of judge of the municipal court in Hallowell, and merited the reputation which he bore of being "a just judge whose sentences were tempered with mercy." Judge Gilman was also at one time, captain of the famous Hallowell Artillery, and afterwards major of his regiment. His tall, imposing figure and military bearing always commanded attention upon the field.

When the Kennebec railroad was projected, Judge Gilman was chosen as the legal representative of the railroad company to purchase land and settle claims for damages in the town of Hallowell. He was afterwards appointed station agent, an office which he retained until his death, 1882.

Judge Gilman's service to the church, in which he offici-

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ated as deacon for forty years, was characterized by the most constant devotion to the cause of religion and to the spiritual well-being of the community. It has been well said of him that "his honesty of purpose and geniality of companionship won for him the confidence of all with whom he came in contact in social, professional, or religious life."

Judge Samuel K. Gilman married, April 25, 1821, Lucy Gorham Dummer. Their children were: Gorham Dummer, b. May 29, 1822, m. October 5, 1864, Lizzie A. Field; Sarah Maria, b. 1826, d. September 24, 1827; Lucy Dummer, b. August 2, 1828, d. July 10, 1838; Ellen Louisa Dummer, b. May 21, 1831, m. November 2, 1854, Austin Abbott of New York; Sarah Frances, b. January 15, 1835, d. November 26, 1878; John Abbott, b. June 24, 1837, m. October 22, 1861, Louisa Sprague; Sophia Bond, b. July 8, 1840; Samuel Kinsman, b. August 8, 1842, m. September 5, 1865, Belle J. Wright, d. December 24, 1879. Judge Samuel K. Gilman died December 26, 1882. Mrs. Lucy Dummer Gilman died August 14, 1875.

Mrs. Lucy Dummer Gilman, the wife of Hon. Samuel K. Gilman, was born at Hallowell, August 20, 1802. She was the daughter of Gorham and Sarah Abbott Dummer, and granddaughter of Nathaniel and Mary Kilton Dummer. Mrs. Gilman was a woman of rare character, whose influence was felt not only in the home where she was enshrined as wife and mother, but throughout the whole community in which she dwelt. It was Lucy Dummer, who, in her childhood, first led by the hand to school the little cousin destined to become known to fame as Jacob Abbott. Years afterwards, when Jacob became a celebrated story-writer, he named his famous "Lucy Books" in honor of Lucy Dummer, who was just such a sweet, lovable little girl as the charming heroine of the "Lucy Books." It was but natural that this charming and lovable little girl should grow into "a lady of many beautiful graces of character," and be "honored and beloved to a degree above the common lot." Although an invalid for many years, Mrs. Gilman was the inspiring center of a beautiful and delightful home life. She lived for her husband, her children,

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RESIDENCE OF JUDGE SAMUEL K. GILMAN

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and her friends; and the Christian graces, the neighborly kindliness, and lovable personality of Mrs. Gilman will long be remembered in Hallowell.

Judge and Mrs. Gilman lived to commemorate the fiftieth anniversary of their marriage. Their "golden wedding" was celebrated, April 24, 1871, in the old Dummer-Gilman house hallowed by many family associations. This house was built by Judge Nathaniel Dummer for his son Gorham Dummer. Here Mrs. Mary Kilton Dummer, the widow of Judge Dummer, lived in the family of her son. Here Lucy Dummer was born and married to Samuel K. Gilman. Here she spent her life; and here her sons and daughters passed their youthful years. Four generations of the family have thus lived under the roof of this ancestral dwelling.

Mr. Gorham D. Gilman, the oldest son of Judge Gilman, was for twenty years a resident of Honolulu and was also Consul General for Hawaii in the United States. On his return to his own country, he, in company with his brother John A. Gilman, established the house of Gilman Brothers, which has since occupied a prominent place in the wholesale drug trade of Boston.

Samuel Kinsman Gilman, a young man of unusual promise, also entered the drug business, and became a member of the firm of Gilman Brothers. His death, at the early age of thirty-seven, was deeply lamented. A Boston paper, in an obituary notice, dwells upon his "fine business capacities, his high sense of mercantile honor, his rare personal traits," and his "helpful sympathy and unstinted generosity" in the religious interests and philanthropic work of Boston.

Miss Sophia Bond Gilman is the only representative of this family now residing in Hallowell. In her, the virtues, gifts, and graces of a long and honorable ancestry have found their full fruition.

No resident of old Hallowell will be longer and more distinctly remembered for his genial qualities, his philanthropic spirit, and his marked individuality than Deacon Ebenezer

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Dole. A godly man, with "a passion for giving," and a heart that never failed to respond to the call of the poor and oppressed, Deacon Dole was foremost in all the reforms of the day, and especially in the antislavery movement. With this cause the name of Deacon Dole will always be identified. The first antislavery society in Maine was organized at his house, November 18, 1833. Its officers were Ebenezer Dole, president; Paul Stickney, vice-president; R. Gardiner, treasurer; George Shepard, corresponding secretary; Richard D. Rice, recording secretary. These were the men who first flung the unpopular and oft-maligned banner of antislavery to the breeze. They boldly asserted "the rights of man, the atrocious wickedness of slavery, and the duty to obey God and let the oppressed go free." They unhesitatingly received into their homes the young English emancipationist, George Thompson, when he visited Maine in 1834. On the fifteenth of October, Mr. Thompson spoke in Augusta. His meetings "were crowded with listeners who were delighted and inspired;" but he was denounced by the press as "a mischief-maker coming from England to teach Americans their politics." Mr. Thompson was threatened with personal violence, and was taken by his friends from a back window in Parson Tappan's house, and secretly conveyed to Hallowell. He was followed by the mob; and the church in which he spoke was attacked by the rioters in the evening. Quiet, however, was speedily enforced by the prompt and efficient action of the Hallowell police; and before an enthusiastic audience, Mr. Thompson completed his address.

Deacon Dole bravely consecrated himself, his talents, and his money, to the antislavery cause. He met with much opposition, even in his own church; and not infrequently, when he lifted his voice in prayer for those in bondage, would some other good brother arise and leave the vestry.

Ebenezer Dole was born in Newbury, March 12, 1776. He married Hannah, daughter of John and Eunice Balch, in 1814. Their children were: Ebenezer, born 1815; Hannah, born 1817; Nathaniel, born 1819; Anna, born 1822; Mary, born 1824. Mrs. Dole was an estimable and charming woman and

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DEACON EBENEZER DOLE

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contributed largely to the religious and social life of the circle in which she moved. Her three daughters were bright, merry girls, endowed with rare musical gifts and unusual personal charms. The old residents of Hallowell still speak with unabated enthusiasm of the beauty and brilliancy of the daughters of Deacon Dole.

The second of these daughters, Mrs. De La Croix, is still living in Oxford, North Carolina. In one of her recent letters to her Hallowell friends, Mrs. De La Croix gives this brief but suggestive glimpse of the early home life of the Dole family: "On Friday night, meetings were often held in our parlor that sixty yards of carpeting covered. Often on zero nights—no heat in the halls—we children brought from the chambers every chair in the house and took them back again afterwards. It never entered our heads to object, but the last trip was jubilant."

Mrs. De La Croix then speaks of the social life of the young people, and adds: "As we were the deacon's daughters, we were not allowed to go to the Hallowell House dances, but sometimes we got off to Augusta." On one of the latter occasions Aunt Harriet Page, who lived "over the way," remarked, with some asperity, to one of the neighbors: "What do you suppose Mrs. Dole thinks when she sees those muslin dresses hanging on the clothes-horse in the winter?"

Notwithstanding her advanced age, the writer of this letter evidently retains much of her youthful spirit, for an Oxford paper states that "the most interesting old person in the county is Madame De La Croix, mother of Mr. Louis De La Croix;" and describes this aged daughter of Deacon Dole as "a woman of unusual mental force and vigor, an interesting and instructive talker, and altogether a most charming personality."

Deacon Ebenezer Dole died June 14, 1847. After his death, his family removed to Newburyport.

Daniel N. Dole, brother of Deacon Ebenezer Dole, married Nancy Gove of Edgecomb. He was a goldsmith, and manufactured gold beads and silver spoons in his quaint little shop in Hallowell. He was very exact in his movements, and

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punctual in his hours of business; and people were accustomed to set their clocks and watches by the time at which he passed certain points upon the street. He was succeeded in his business by his son Eben G. Dole, who became the well-known jeweler in Hallowell.

The children of Eben G. Dole and his wife Margaret were: Mary C., Ellen B., Annie D., Daniel L., Samuel M., and Henry L. Dole. Mrs. Miranda Dole, the second wife of Eben G. Dole, and Miss Mary C. Dole were women of sincere piety, practical benevolence, and life-long devotion to the work of the church, and the patriotic and charitable associations of the town. The only member of this family now living is Mr. Henry L. Dole of Haverhill, Massachusetts, who retains the Dole residence for a summer home in Hallowell.

Among the residents of Hallowell who were co-laborers in the antislavery, temperance, and other philanthropic causes, were Rev. Daniel Dole, Rev. Elias Bond, Rev. George Shepard, pastor of the Old South Church, Richard D. Rice, Samuel K. Gilman, Simon Page, James Gow, Rodney G. Lincoln, William Stickney, Ephraim Mayo, Samuel W. Huntington, Joseph Nason, Joseph Lovejoy, John Yeaton, Benjamin Wales, Charles Dummer, Dr. Nourse, Dr. Richardson, and many others whose names are well remembered.

The Rev. Daniel Dole was well known as an early missionary to the Hawaiian Islands, and as the father of Sanford B. Dole, president of Hawaii. Another noble son of Hallowell who devoted his long life to the work of evangelizing and civilizing the natives of the Hawaiian Islands was the Rev. Elias Bond. In 1840, Dr. Bond left Hallowell and, with his gifted and devoted wife, went to Kohala, where they both spent their lives in toil and self-sacrifice. Religion and education were the watchwords of "Father Bond," and his aspirations were grandly realized in the field to which he devoted his labors.

James Gow was a Scotch tailor who came to Hallowell in 1793. He married, August 23, 1793, Lucy, daughter of Eliphalet Gilman, and built for his family residence, the house

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afterwards occupied by his son-in-law, Rodney G. Lincoln, and later by Orlando Currier. Throughout his life, he was a worthy and pious deacon in the Old South Church, where his place often seems to have been second only to that of the minister. He has been described as "a Scotch gentleman, with a heart overflowing with loving kindness." Every one loved him. It was often said that "he was too good to die; that he would be translated." Deacon Gow was a devoted adherent to the antislavery cause, and his house was always open to the colored man. It is said that the first fugitive slave that passed through Hallowell was cared for by Deacon Gow, and that the Rev. H. H. Garnet, the colored preacher of Troy, New York, was cordially entertained by Deacon and Mrs. Gow, much to the disapproval of their friends.

Closely allied with the leading men of Hallowell in all philanthropic movements were the two brothers, Paul and William Stickney, sons of Thomas Stickney of Rowley, Massachusetts. William Stickney, born April 17, 1799, married Judith, daughter of Nathan Moody. Their children were: William, David, Joseph, and Caroline Elizabeth, who married, January 14, 1869, Mr. George H. Hoyt of Bradford, Massachusetts. Of William Stickney it has been said that "he was far-sighted, enterprising, industrious in business; yet his character as a business man seemed to be swallowed up in that of the practical Christian. All things were to him secondary to the cause of true piety, which he sought to advance no more by precept than by example and charity. He seemed to dignify human nature by his beautiful life, the end of which is — peace."

Captain Ephraim Mayo was born at Harwich, Massachusetts, October 27, 1789. He was the son of Ebenezer Mayo ship-builder, who settled in Hallowell in 1793, and a lineal descendant of the Rev. John Mayo, first pastor of the old North Church in Boston. The Mayos had also in their veins a liberal strain of Mayflower blood; and through their maternal lines they traced descent from Governor Thomas Prence, Elder William Brewster, and other worthies of the Plymouth Colony. Ebenezer Mayo and his father, Thomas, served in the war of

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the Revolution, and were prisoners on the infamous ship *Jersey* in New York harbor. Captain Ephraim Mayo was a man of the strict puritanic type. Rigid in his principles, inflexible in methods, conscientious to the extreme, he was nevertheless, kindly, generous, and just to all men, and possessed in his heart a great tenderness for little children. He was a member of no sect because he could subscribe to no creed; yet he was a constant attendant and a liberal supporter of the services of the church. As early as 1814, his name is found among the incorporators of the Union Religious Society of Hallowell. He was a staunch abolitionist in the days when the leaders of the antislavery party were branded with opprobrium and threatened with social ostracism. He did not hesitate to receive the fugitive slave into his own house; and I well remember the thrilling story of the "big black man" who was once hidden all night in the attic while the family shook in terror lest the officers of the law should appear and wreak vengeance on their heads. But the "chattel" was passed safely on to the next underground station, and at last in safety reached the desired haven.

In the war of 1812, Ephraim Mayo served as corporal in the Hallowell Light Infantry Company, which was organized under Captain Benjamin Dearborn, November 20, 1811. A few years afterwards, Ephraim Mayo was appointed captain of this company, and, in accordance with the local custom, retained his title through life. On February 19, 1815, Captain Ephraim Mayo married Sally Laughton, daughter of Thomas and Molly Adams Laughton who settled in Hallowell in 1804. Ephraim Mayo died September 24, 1857. Mrs. Sally Laughton Mayo lived to the age of eighty-six. She possessed rare charms of mind and character, and also the beautiful brown eyes, which she inherited, according to family tradition, from the Lynn Laughtons of England, and bequeathed to her own daughters.

Samuel W. Huntington came to Hallowell about 1840. In that year five votes were cast in Hallowell for James Birney, the abolitionist candidate for the presidency of the United States. It is recorded that the five gentlemen who voted this ticket were Samuel W. Huntington, Ebenezer Dole, Joseph C.

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THE OLD HUNTINGTON HOUSE

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Lovejoy, Stevens Smith, and Eli Thurston. Samuel W. Huntington was at that time a comparatively new resident in Hallowell, but he soon identified himself with the political and commercial interests of the town, and was recognized as an able business man, and a large-hearted, generous, public-spirited citizen. For more than twenty-five years, he was one of the prominent merchants and manufacturers of Hallowell, and an active supporter of all local reforms.

In the early sixties, Mr. Huntington removed his business to Augusta, but retained his residence in Hallowell. In 1874, he built the house on Central Street which he occupied until his death; but the early home of the Huntington family was in the quaint old house that still stands on Middle Street. It was, in those days, a long, low-roofed cottage with odd-shaped rooms, and five queer stairways leading, in unexpected places, to its dormer-windowed chambers and the dark, mysterious store-rooms where, on semi-annual occasions, the old-fashioned gowns, the pink-satin-lined bonnets, the gorgeous cashmere shawls, the silk-embroidered slippers, and the curious little fan-parasols were brought forth for an airing, to the great delight of the daughters of the household. The long piazza, where the children played "Old Mother Tipsey-toes," and danced "up and down the center," still remains; but the old fruit gardens, the long walk bordered with the dear old-fashioned flowers, the trellised grape arbor, and the summer-house where they might sit and read their story-books on Sunday, if they would be "very still, indeed," have entirely disappeared.

Samuel W. Huntington belonged to a family that has borne an honorable name in the annals of the country and that has not been without distinguished representatives both in the church and state. He was born in Litchfield, Maine, May 17, 1816, the son of William and Mary Huntington, and a descendant of Simon and Margaret Baret Huntington who emigrated to this country in 1633. He married, November 9, 1842, Sally, daughter of Captain Ephraim Mayo. Their children were Samuel Lancaster and Emma Caroline. Samuel Lancaster Huntington married, November 7, 1877, Nellie A. Yeaton, daughter of John Yeaton, of Chelsea, Maine. They

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have one daughter, Mary Wentworth Huntington. Emma Caroline Huntington married May 23, 1870, Charles H. Nason of Augusta. Mrs. Sally Mayo Huntington died October 3, 1849. On June 30, 1850, Samuel W. Huntington married Caroline Mayo, daughter of Captain Ephraim Mayo. Their children were Julius Francis, Alice Mayo, and Charles Franklin. Julius Francis Huntington married, May 20, 1885, Helen F. Thomas, a woman of rarely beautiful character, who died, February 19, 1907, leaving one son, Richard Thomas Huntington.

The Nason families of Hallowell were descended from Richard Nason, who, in 1639, had a grant of two hundred acres of land on the Newichawannock river in that part of old Kittery which is now South Berwick. According to family tradition, Richard Nason came from Stratford-on-Avon, where the name of Nason is found on the parish records as early as 1577. Joseph Frost Nason, born in Sanford, Maine, June 29, 1813, came to Hallowell about 1840. He was sixth in descent from Richard Nason of Kittery, and counted among his ancestors, Frosts, Emerys, Sewalls, Dummers, and leading families of the Plymouth colony. He married, first, July 23, 1843, Mary Thompson Welch, who died August 3, 1852; and, second, Mrs. Susan B. Sherman of Nantucket. The children of Joseph Frost and Mary Welch Nason were: Charles H., who became one of the prominent business men of Augusta; Edwin Francis, a graduate of Bates College, and, in his early years, a successful teacher and literary critic; and Aroline who died in infancy. Charles H. Nason married, May 23, 1870, Emma Caroline Huntington. They have one son, Arthur Huntington Nason, instructor in English in New York University.

Joseph Frost Nason was engaged for many years in the boot and shoe business in Hallowell. He was a gentleman of the old school type, of cultivated mind, of courteous bearing, and of integrity of character. He was a zealous advocate of the abolition of slavery and of the temperance reform, and a man whose strong religious principles were exemplified by most liberal charities and consistent Christian living. He died October 27, 1877.

Bartholomew Nason, also a descendant of Richard Nason

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MISS MARY THOMPSON WELCH
(Mrs. Joseph F. Nason)

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of Kittery, removed from Augusta to Hallowell in 1837, where he became one of the leading merchants. He was the father of Deacon Edward Nason, whose daughter, Miss Margaret Nason, now resides in Augusta; of William Nason, who married Mary A. Wingate; and of Frederick B. Nason, who married Annie Dwight; and the grandfather of Delia E. Collins, who married Louis Ruttkay, nephew of Kossuth.

While the cause of antislavery was thus exciting great interest in Hallowell, another philanthropic reform was inaugurated which appealed very closely to the hearts of the people. This was the temperance movement. Ever since the foundation of the town, West India rum had been classed with groceries and provisions, and had been as freely sold by the most respectable merchants. The time came, however, when the people were aroused to a realization of the terrible effects of intemperance; and leading citizens made strenuous efforts to bring about a reform. They held mass meetings; they preached sermons; they gave lectures; they formed societies. Perpetual and total abstinence was the watchword; and the method, moral suasion. One of the most famous leaders in this remarkable movement was the Rev. Joseph C. Lovejoy, the agent of the Maine Temperance Union. Under his direction immense mass meetings were held, at which speeches were made by Rev. John A. Vaughan, Rev. Mr. Miles, Rev. Thomas Adams, Dr. Amos Nourse, S. W. Robinson, Charles Dummer, Esq., and Judge Peleg Sprague. Great interest was aroused; the churches united and formed a society; and the people of Hallowell entered resolutely upon the work. Mr. Lovejoy spoke to a crowded audience, in the town hall, with great power, eloquence, and pathos; and his appeal resulted in the accession of a large number of members to the society. Mr. Lovejoy also organized a boy's society which adopted a pledge of total abstinence.

The immediate and practical results of all these efforts may be best understood from a few typical instances. The first occurs—where we should least expect to find it—in the

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orders of one of the military companies. It had always been the custom for the captain of the company, at the close of the drill, to march the men to his own door and offer them a parting glass. I remember the tall decanters and long rows of wine glasses that, in the days of my childhood, were always kept on the upper shelves of my grandmother's china closets, and of hearing how my grandfather used always to "treat the men" when he was captain of the Light Infantry. In after days he became the most rigid of total abstainers. But it was another captain of the same company who was the moral hero of whom I write. This was Captain S. A. Kingsbury who, during temperance agitation, in 1834, addressed his company saying that the common practice of serving wines and other liquors at company drills was repugnant to his views and feelings, and expressing his wish that the company would agree to have the custom discontinued. A motion was made that thereafter "refreshments" be dispensed with, and it was unanimously carried.

Another indirect but very forcible expression of the state of public sentiment may be found in the announcement, in 1841, of the famous old steamboat, the *J. W. Richmond*. "The hands of the *Richmond*," says this advertisement, "drink no strong drinks;" and adds, "It would be well if the passengers followed their example."

On June 5, 1841, the *Hallowell Weekly Gazette* announces: "We have the pleasure of informing our readers that the Hallowell House is now a temperance house; and bespeak a liberal share of the patronage of the public for its gentlemanly landlord, Mr. Hodges."

It was on the following Fourth of July that Hallowell had its memorable temperance celebration with a dinner at Mr. Hodges' famous hostelry. This notable day was ushered in with the usual noisy demonstrations of joy. At ten o'clock the Washington Temperance Society met at the Town Hall, and formed in procession with other societies, the soldiers of the Revolution, the clergy, and distinguished guests, and then marched to the Old South Church escorted by Captain A. Lord's corps of Volunteers, and the Hallowell Independent

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RESIDENCE OF JOSEPH F. NASON, ESQ.

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Lancers. The latter were a company of young lads in brilliant uniforms, who attracted much attention by fine appearance, good order, and exact marching. The band followed; and the whole procession was under the direction of Major Haines.

The services at the church consisted of prayer by Rev. Mr. Cole, reading of the Declaration of Independence by Colonel D. P. Livermore, address by Dr. Nourse, and an ode, "I've thrown the bowl aside," sung by Mr. E. Rowell. Mr. Joseph C. Lovejoy was then called upon to make "remarks," and gave one of the most eloquent addresses ever heard from his gifted lips.

At the close of these exercises the procession marched to the Hallowell House, where one hundred and thirty guests sat down to one of Landlord Hodges' best dinners. Toasts were then drank, *cold water* being the only beverage, and it was agreed that "never was a Fourth of July passed in Hallowell in better spirits and good feeling."

Among those who responded to toasts were: J. Burnham, Henry Reed, E. Rowell, T. W. Newman, Leonard Whittier, Alonzo Palmer, H. K. Baker, Colonel Livermore, Colonel Masters, Rev. J. Cole, R. G. Lincoln, Justin E. Smith, and Rev. J. C. Lovejoy. The Independent Lancers had their share of the honors. They were apostrophized as "Invincible," with the added sentiment: "May their first battle be pitched upon King Alcohol, the common enemy."

These illustrations show very plainly the trend of public sentiment and the advance made by the temperance cause. The Washington Temperance Society continued its labors with great success, not only in Hallowell but throughout the state; and the movement resulted in the prohibition law passed by the Maine Legislature, in 1852.

In 1829, Mr. Lovejoy was preceptor of the Hallowell Academy. He afterwards entered the ministry and became pastor of the Congregational Church at Cambridgeport. He was an earnest supporter of the temperance cause and, like his famous brothers Elijah and Owen Lovejoy, he was very active and zealous in the antislavery movement

A very interesting family tradition, describing an incident

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which is said to have taken place during the pastorate of Mr. Lovejoy at Cambridgeport, is worthy of record as characteristic of the temper of the times. In Mr. Lovejoy's church there was a colored man of fine appearance who was said to have had a white mother and who showed but slight traces of his colored parentage. He was a large, dignified man and a celebrated caterer. The wife of this colored man was a white woman; and as it was the rule in Mr. Lovejoy's church that the colored members should sit by themselves in the gallery, Mr. Lovejoy made an exception in this case and permitted the husband to sit with the white people, saying that no husband and wife should be separated in his church.

This decision caused great excitement and intense opposition in the church and town; the people were beside themselves with rage; and the affair resulted in the resignation of Mr. Lovejoy and his leaving the ministry. Subsequently Mr. Lovejoy was engaged in lecturing and as foreign correspondent in the Patent Office at Washington. By his association with men in sympathy with slavery, Mr. Lovejoy's views were greatly modified, and he withdrew from the antislavery movement, much to the sorrow of his brother Owen and of his northern friends.

The Rev. Joseph C. Lovejoy was the son of David Lovejoy, and a descendant of John Lovejoy, one of the founders of Andover. He was born July 26, 1805, married October 6, 1830, Sarah Moody, only daughter of Samuel and Sarah Moody of Hallowell. They had eight children, the youngest of whom, Anna Louise Lovejoy, married, April 6, 1868, William Henry Raymond of Boston. The children of this marriage are: Marion Louise, who married Joseph Warren Merrill of Brookline; Robert Lovejoy Raymond, who married Mary Minturn Higbee of New Rochelle, New York; William Lee Raymond, who married Phœbe Teresa Candage of Brookline; and Edith, who married Percy Vickery Hill of Augusta, Maine.

Stevens Smith whose name appears conspicuously in connection with the emancipationists of the period, came to Hallowell 1803. He was the son of Nathaniel Smith of Epping, New Hampshire. He married Nancy, daughter of

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George and Zipperah Robinson of Attleboro. One of his daughters, Nancy Robinson, married Richard D. Rice, editor of the *Liberty Standard*, and afterwards removed to Augusta. The *Standard* was subsequently conducted by the Rev. Austin Willey, the famous antislavery leader, who resided for some years in Hallowell, and while there gave a great impetus to the cause.

Franklin A. Day came to Hallowell about 1831, and engaged in business with Laban Lincoln. Mr. Day became a successful merchant and lumber dealer, and also officiated as town treasurer and collector. He was a fine singer, and is remembered as the leader of the Universalist choir, which was noted for its excellent music. He married Hannah Squire and had four children: Frank, Joe, Preston, and Lizzie. Mr. Joe B. O. Day is now living in Castana, Iowa. His letters to his Hallowell friends are filled with interesting reminiscences of his native town.

Laban Lincoln was eminently worthy of the name of a "good citizen." He gave his name to that part of Hallowell known as Lincolnville where he erected quite a large number of houses. Like his business partner, Mr. Day, he gloried in being "a despised abolitionist" and was once mobbed on the street for his antislavery utterances. It has been truly said of him that "he was the friend of every one, and fully exemplified his belief in the brotherhood of man." Rodney G. Lincoln, the son of Laban Lincoln, married Lucy, daughter of Deacon Gow. Mr. Lincoln's name appears prominently in connection with all movements for the public weal, until the time of his removal from Hallowell to Minnesota. His oldest daughter, Mrs. Mary Pollock, has written some interesting sketches of her native town under the pen-name of Clara Graham. A younger daughter, Miss Anna Thurston Lincoln, has been, during the last thirty years, the presiding genius of the women's hall at Carlton College, Minnesota, and a frequent and ever welcome guest at Hallowell.

The name of Page has frequent and always honorable mention in the annals of Hallowell. David Page, born August 12, 1782, was the son of Aaron, and grandson of John Page,

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and belonged to one of the noteworthy old families of Kensington, New Hampshire. He married, October 16, 1814, Mary, daughter of Benjamin and Zilpha Guild, of Hallowell. Their children were: Mary, Benjamin Guild, Horatio, Caroline A., Edward, Sarah Elizabeth, David, Franklin, and Augustus. The sons are no longer living. Mary married John Matthews and died in 1903. She was a woman much beloved by many friends. She possessed a remarkable memory, and, having spent her whole life in her native town, her mind was stored with interesting and valuable reminiscences of the old people and the olden times in Hallowell. Caroline A. Page married John Freeman. She is now a delightfully young old lady of eighty-five, who resides with her daughter, Mrs. Amos Smith of Chicago, but who still frequently visits her sister, Miss Sarah Elizabeth Page, at the family homestead in Hallowell.

The founders of the Freeman families of Hallowell were Edward, Samuel, and Ebenezer, descendants of Edmund Freeman of Sandwich, Massachusetts. They settled on the east side of the river and gave their name to Freeman's hill. Prominent among their neighbors were the Davis brothers, Benjamin, Nathan, and Daniel, from the vicinity of Exeter, New Hampshire, and Seth Littlefield, a descendant of Edmund Littlefield of Wells, Maine. The Littlefields, like the members of the Davis family, were farmers and sea-faring men of honorable repute. Jeremiah Littlefield, son of Seth, left four children. One daughter, Aurelia, married John L. French of Hallowell. The French family is now represented by Mr. Charles French of Monterey, California, Mrs. Julia Francis of Washington, Mrs. Susan F. Wallace of Nashua, and by Miss Emma O. French and Mr. Stephen H. French, of Hallowell, who reside upon the estate formerly owned by Charles Vaughan, Esq. Phineas Yeaton, with his wife, Phebe Wentworth, and two children, Dorcas and John, came from Berwick in 1798 and engaged in the lumber business on the east side of the river. These families were all of good New England stock and left descendants worthy of their names.

Barnstable County, Massachusetts, sent not a few of its staunch sons to Hallowell. Among them was Elisha

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Nye, son of Stephen Nye, both of whom served in the Continental army and in the war of the Revolution. Elisha Nye was the father of the well-remembered Kennebec sea-captain, Ansel Nye. William Nye, son of Ansel, married Susan L. Siders of Boston. Their children were Mary, William, George Albert, Charles E., J. Edwin, Emma L., and Ellen M. Three of these sons, William, George Albert, and J. Edwin, were officers in the war of the Rebellion. Ellen M. married F. Herbert Parlin and now resides in Hallowell. General George Nye of Natick, also a descendant of Elisha Nye, served in the war of the Rebellion and had a most honorable record.

Prominent among the men of this period were Ambrose Merrill and James Atkins, wealthy merchants and ship-builders. Ellen Merrill, the daughter of Ambrose Merrill, married James Atkins and resided in the Bond-Glazier mansion which is now occupied by her daughter, Mrs. M. M. Johnson. Brooks and Hathaway were hardware merchants and their families took an important part in the literary and social life of the town. Calvin Spaulding, the veteran bookseller, had a long and honorable business career in Hallowell. The Spaulding book store, founded in 1820, is still one of the characteristic landmarks of the town. Jesse Aiken, one of the enterprising and successful merchants of Hallowell married Mary A. Fuller, and resided in the old Squire Perley house. His oldest daughter, Eliza J. Aiken Masters, died in Syracuse in 1889; Edward Fuller Aiken was one of the "forty-niners," and died in California; the youngest daughter, Augusta, married William J. Kilburn and now resides in New Bedford. She still retains a warm affection for her native town and for the old Hallowell Academy in which she was educated.

Another family, closely associated with this Second Street neighborhood, was that of General Greenlief White, a prominent business man of Hallowell and afterwards of Augusta. General White married Julia Cascolene Martin, daughter of Alfred and Lydia Martin, and granddaughter of Isaac Clark.

Mrs. White was a woman of remarkable character who retained her keenness of intellect, unimpaired memory, and

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great charm of manner until her last days. She long outlived her husband and spent her last days in Hallowell where she died in 1887, at the age of eighty-two years. Of the five children of this marriage, two died in childhood; the oldest son, Greenlief White, born July 23, 1832, was drowned in the Kennebec. The oldest daughter, Julia M. White, born September 21, 1828, is said to have been "a reigning belle and beauty" in her girlhood; and although an invalid during her later years, she never lost the fascinating charm of her youthful days. Annie L. White, the second daughter of General and Mrs. White, was born May 8, 1834, and married, in 1854, Mr. Joseph Berry of Bath. Her home was for many years in Hallowell where she became endeared to a large circle of friends through her lovable character, her irresistible charm of manner, her intellectual gifts, rare conversational powers, her unselfish life, and her loyalty to her friends. The two children of Joseph and Annie L. Berry were Cascolene Hortense, who married Mr. Edward A. Thomas of Hallowell, and Edward Williams Berry, who married Katharine Maud Beeman of Hallowell. The last years of the life of Mrs. Annie Berry were spent with her son and daughter in Spokane, Washington. She died November 1, 1908, greatly beloved and lamented.

Artemas Leonard was a merchant and bank president. In his day the practice of banking was less formal and complicated than at the present time; and an interesting story of Mr. Leonard's methods is told by Mr. Benjamin Page, an old resident of Hallowell. "Before the Kennebec and Portland Railroad was built," writes Mr. Page, "transportation to Boston was, in summer, by vessels and later by steamers; in winter by stage which required three days for the journey. On this particular trip, I stood one afternoon awaiting the arrival of the stage from Augusta. It was an event—it came. A bank was located near by, and just as the stage was leaving, Mr. Artemas Leonard, its president, came briskly out, lifted the blanket side, which was hiding from view all the passengers, and said,—'Anyone here going to Boston?' Someone must have said, 'yes,' possibly someone he knew from Augusta, for he

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continued, 'I have a package here of ten thousand dollars, I would like to have taken to the Suffolk Bank.' It was taken on and the stage departed."

Artemas Leonard became a man of wealth and his residence, a large brick house on Middle Street, was one of the most attractive in the town. It is remembered by a younger generation as the home of his daughter, Mrs. Caroline Hill. An old bowling alley which stood on the Leonard grounds had a great fascination for the boys and girls who were often permitted to play there by the courtesy of Mrs. Hill.

Nathaniel Brown was one of the most energetic and enterprising of the earlier business men. He has the distinction, in an old record, of being "the baker who makes good bread." He married Mary L. Parsons of Ipswich. Their daughter, Lucia Parsons Brown, is remembered as a teacher of water-color painting. She lived to a good old age in Hallowell, where she was highly esteemed for her womanly virtues. Nathaniel Brown built the interesting old house on Winthrop Street afterwards owned by Hiram Fuller. This house has a charming stairway turning to right and left from the landing near the top; and in the window of the upper hall is a pane of glass with this quaint inscription:

Hear I stand boath day and night to keep
out could and let in light.
Glazed by Richard Calvert.
Dec. 5, 1812.

Hiram Fuller married Sarah, daughter of Simeon C. Whittier. They had four children, Martha, George, Charles, and Brenda, now Mrs. Freese of Hallowell. Mrs. Fuller was a bright, cheery, hospitable woman who always made the young people especially welcome in her home. She retained her youthful feelings, her interest in current events, and her devotion to the service of the Episcopal church until her last day. She died January 1, 1893.

Hiram Joy was in the leather and harness business. He married Caroline Hayden and lived in the Nye house on Second Street. Here their daughter Caroline was born in

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1833. About 1835, Mr. Joy removed to Detroit. He afterwards visited Hallowell bringing with him his beautiful young daughter who was warmly welcomed in the place of her birth. Caroline Joy married J. Stirling Morton, at one time Secretary and Acting-Governor of Nebraska. She was a woman of remarkable qualities of mind and character; one who took in abundantly of the many good gifts of earth and heaven, and gave out a hundred fold. She is proudly claimed by the mother town as one her most lovable and accomplished daughters. Mrs. Morton died June 29, 1881. Four sons, Joy, Paul, Mark, and Charles, live to honor their mother's memory.

Moses and Daniel Lakeman were the sons of Thomas and Elizabeth Lord Lakeman, and were among the most highly respected citizens of the town. Moses Lakeman was a man of prominence, and one of the early mayors of Hallowell. During the Civil War, he enlisted in the army and was Colonel of the famous Third Maine regiment. On his return to Hallowell he was presented, by the town with a pair of silver spurs in recognition of his services to his country. Daniel Lakeman, who might have contested, with Deacon Gow, the palm for genuine and unaffected goodness, lived a long and useful life in Hallowell. He married, first, Eliza Shepherd. One daughter of this marriage was Mrs. Mary L. Clark. The third wife of Daniel Lakeman was Mary Blood of Pepperell. The children of this marriage were Martha A., now Mrs. Reuben Brooks, of Gloucester, and Annie M., who died January 16, 1908. Miss Annie M. Lakeman began her successful career as a teacher in the public schools of Hallowell. She was afterward, for nineteen years, the principal of the Lane School, at Gloucester, Mass. She was an ideal teacher with the power of inspiring her pupils with her own mental and moral aspirations. She did a great work, with immeasurable benefit to the school, the home, and the general public.

Thomas and James Leigh were sons of Joseph Leigh who came from England to Hallowell about 1800. They both had long and honorable careers as merchants. Mr. James Leigh married Martha Athern, of Bath, and had two daughters,

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Grace Athern, and Alice Eliza who married Mr. Charles E. Dinsmore. The children of Thomas Leigh were Thomas Leigh, Jr., of Augusta; Helen Paine, who married H. Nelson Webber; and Annie Elizabeth, now Mrs. Ben Tenney of Hallowell.

Samuel Tenney was by trade a shoemaker. He occupied a shop, at the "Sign of the Boot," on the corner of Winthrop and Water Streets. But Mr. Tenney was also an apothecary, and spent all his leisure time in the study of the science of chemistry. He became so thoroughly and practically versed in this subject that he manufactured his own chemical apparatus, and gave illustrated lectures which proved most acceptable and interesting to the public. His lecture room was on the upper floor of the Old South School House; and here, in 1817, he exhibited an electric light on the same principle as the electric light of the present day. Mr. Tenney was also a noted singer and teacher of music in Hallowell and was chorister of the Old South Church for many years.

Mr. and Mrs. Tenney had two children, Alonzo and Abby. Captain Alonzo Tenney married Sadie White. Their sons, Ben, Fred, and George, now reside in Hallowell. The following interesting story is told of Alonzo Tenney who seems to have inherited his father's practical and scientific ability: "Alonzo when a young man went to sea for his health and was master of the vessel *Nile* which was shipwrecked in a violent gale on a voyage to Pensacola. For twelve days the captain and his crew were at the mercy of the wind and wave and were kept alive only by the ingenuity of Captain Tenney. By the aid of a lens he procured fire; and by his knowledge of chemistry, with simply a barrel, a tea-kettle, and gun-barrel he made a rude distillery changing the salt water to fresh. He also rigged a mast so that the vessel was making some time when finally picked up. Captain Tenney received high commendation for his courage and prudence from the owners of the vessel."

John Yeaton, the son of Phineas Yeaton, married Abigail Rollins, and resided on the east side of the river. He was a man marked for his uprightness and force of character, and

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was active in the antislavery movements and other moral reforms of his time. He died at an honored old age, leaving one son, who worthily bore his father's name, and three daughters, Mrs. Alden Flye of Damariscotta, Mrs. George W. Simonds of Boston, and Mrs. Samuel L. Huntington of Augusta.

Other familiar names appear in the lists of the business men of this period. There was Benjamin Davenport, the hatter; Ichabod Nutter who advertised "black, white, and green French crepe, ostrich feathers and rich thread laces;" Jonas Child, A. Lord, and John Clark, tailors; Jerome Day, H. Tobey, John Lowell, B. F. Warner, merchants; James Sherburne, the blind storekeeper; Elbridge Rollins, whose stand was the headquarters of the democratic party-leaders during the exciting political campaigns; and Mark Means, the prosperous baker, who built a fine brick house on Chestnut Street, now the residence of Miss Annie S. Banks. Mr. George Fuller established an iron foundry and machine shops in which his sons have carried on an extensive business. Isaiah McClinch also built an iron foundry, and was succeeded by his son, George B. McClinch. D. L. Gardiner was a dealer in men's furnishing goods. His sons, George, Charles, Harry, Frederic, and one daughter, Inez, were students at the Hallowell Academy, and always retained their loyalty for their native town. The old Gardiner-Marston house, at the head of Union Street, has a chamber called the "Tom Reed room," so named because it was frequently occupied by Charles Gardiner's college friend who afterwards became the famous Speaker of the National House of Representatives. Mark Johnson, dealer in groceries and provisions, occupied the corner store in the brick block erected by Squire Perley. He married Sarah Simmons, daughter of Captain Daniel Simmons, and granddaughter of Ebenezer Mayo. They had three sons, Llewellyn, Gorham, and Hannibal; and three daughters, Clara, Florence, and Fanny. Lieutenant Hannibal A. Johnson was an officer of the famous Third Maine Regiment during the Civil War, and the author of an interesting and valuable volume of personal reminiscences, entitled *The Sword Of Honor*. Clara married Captain Holman Anderson; Florence

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married Mr. Jewell of Hallowell; Fanny married Alexander Doyle, the well-known sculptor of New York.

Major William S. Haines was cabinet maker and undertaker. His father, Jonathan Haines, was the owner of the granite quarry afterwards developed and made famous by the proprietors of the Hallowell Granite Works. Major Haines was, for twenty-five years, the superintendent of burials in Hallowell and came into close and sympathetic touch with the people. He kept a record of all the deaths that occurred during this period; and his mind was a depository of local history and family genealogies. A. B. and P. Morton are also well remembered among the business men of Hallowell in 1840. They afterwards removed to Baltimore where they became wealthy merchants. Mr. Franklin J. Morton, Mrs. H. P. Dyer, and Miss Priscilla B. Morton, the son and daughters of Mr. A. B. Morton, have been frequent guests in Hallowell, and liberal donors to the Old South Church.

Not least among all these was John Beeman who kept the corner store, at the "Sign of the Indian." It is not quite clear to my mind, at the present time, just what kind of a stock of goods John Beeman had for sale. I remember it as a sort of phantasmagoria of dolls, rocking-horses, peppermint candy, fireworks, jews harps, hoops and hoop-sticks, coral necklaces, and carnelian rings—magnificent beyond compare! And yet there must have been other staple articles of merchandise purchased by the older patrons of the store, who apparently did not always pay their bills as promptly as did the children, for, in the columns of the local paper, appears this notice:

> "All persons having demands against the subscriber will please call and get their money. Those indebted to the subscriber are requested to call and settle, or they will find the 'items' in the hands of Wm. B. Glazier, Esq., who has no bowels of compassion."

John Beeman, born January 24, 1810, was the son of John Beeman of Hallowell and grandson of John Beeman of Hartford, Connecticut. He married Sarah Carr, daughter of George Carr. Their daughters, Mrs. Katharine Berry, and Miss Edith Beeman, now reside in the ancestral Carr house on

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Second Street. John Beeman, senior, came to Hallowell in 1781. He owned a large tract of land on Water and Central Streets—where he cultivated an extensive garden famed for its fruits and vegetables. Mr. Beeman, it is said, was "a great reader;" and on winter evenings, he was always found on his long settle, by the fireplace, poring by candlelight, over some book on science or ancient history.

Another well-remembered business man was Benjamin Wales, who, for many years, was the leading druggist on the Kennebec. Mr. Wales was born at Braintree in 1782, and came to Hallowell when good druggists were rare. He soon built up an extensive and profitable business, and taught the secrets of his trade to Mr. Simon Page of Hallowell, Mr. Eben Fuller of Augusta, and other young men who afterwards established themselves successfully in the same business. Mr. Wales married Sally Carr, daughter of Mrs. Carr, who became the second wife of Mr. William Morse. Mr. Wales built, in 1820, the spacious and elegant mansion, on the corner of Middle and Chestnut streets. This house was subsequently occupied by Henry W. Paine, Thomas Andrews, A. S. Washburn, and Captain Charles H. Wells. Mr. Wales was a member of the Old South Church, and a stanch democrat. He was also evidently a consistent supporter of the temperance movement, for when he pledged himself to this cause he emptied his bottles of cherry brandy out of doors, while the children gazed with awe upon the little blood-red streams that trickled down his garden paths. Mr. and Mrs. Wales had one son who died in early manhood, and two daughters, Miss Sarah Wales, long remembered as a teacher in the Hallowell Academy, and Charlotte, who married Dr. Frederick Allen of Hallowell.

Dr. Frederick Allen was born in Chilmark, Martha's Vineyard, and educated at Amherst College and the Harvard Medical School. After a year's experience in hospital practice, he came to Hallowell where he had a long and successful professional career, terminated by his sudden death in 1858. Mrs. Charlotte Wales Allen outlived her husband for forty years. She was a most interesting and lovable woman and a

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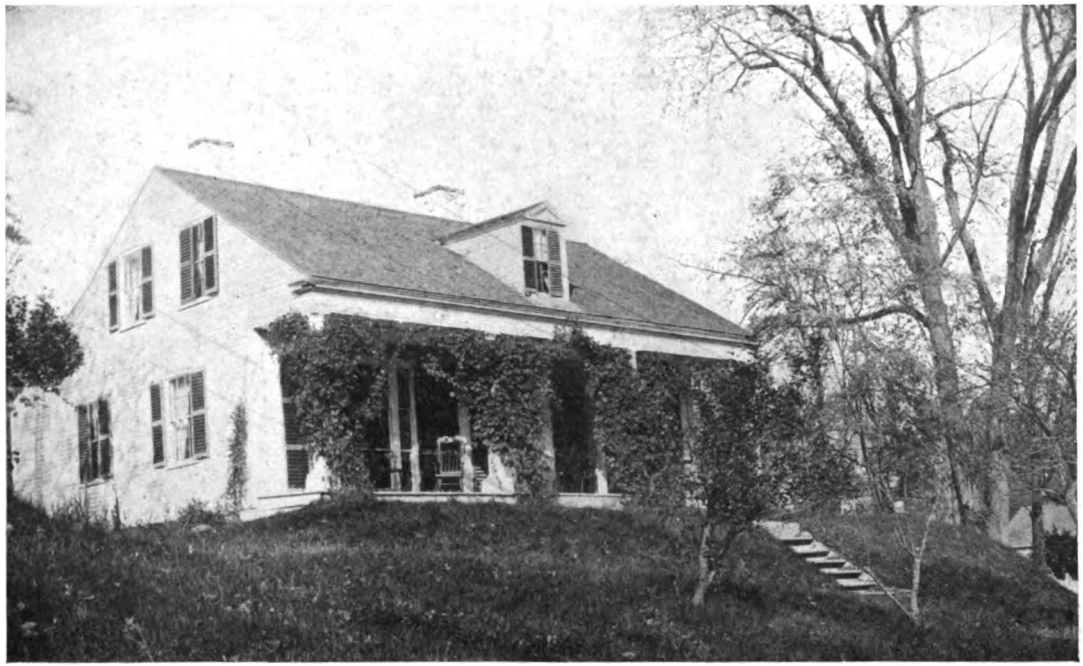

RESIDENCE OF MAJOR THOMAS M. ANDREWS

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devoted and life-long member of St. Matthew's Parish in Hallowell.

The names of Dr. and Mrs. Allen suggest those of other interesting families who lived at the south end of Second Street—the Andrews, the De Wolfe Smiths, the Hathaways, the Flaggs, the Dummers, and other cultured and interesting people. These families, together with Dr. and Mrs. Richardson, organized and maintained a literary club, at which original essays and the books of the day were read and discussed. The men were all interesting talkers and keenly alive to the questions of the time and the women were no less able to contribute to the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." This old-time reading club held frequent meetings, and proved a very enjoyable feature of neighborhood intercourse.

The Andrews family lived in a picturesque cottage with a long piazza shaded by clematis vines. The house was surrounded by pleasant gardens in which all the old-fashioned fruits and flowers grew; and this home was one of the most charming and hospitable in the town. Major Thomas M. Andrews was a genial friend and neighbor, and Mrs. Andrews, who was Miss Martha Augusta Curtis, daughter of Charles Curtis of Boston, was greatly beloved by all who knew her. They had one son, William Henry, and four daughters: Elizabeth, who married Captain Llewellyn Cooper; Georgiana, who died in girlhood greatly beloved and lamented; Martha, who married Mr. Frank E. Mulliken, and who, with the youngest sister, Miss Julia M. Andrews, now resides in Augusta. Mrs. Martha Curtis Andrews died October 24, 1857. Major Andrews married for his second wife, Louise, daughter of Gideon Farrell, Esq.

Dr. De Wolfe Smith, a gentleman of wealth and culture, married Judith Smith, daughter of Mr. Joseph Smith of Hallowell. Mrs. Smith was a very handsome and brilliant woman who took a prominent and efficient part in all the social, literary, and philanthropic movements of the day. Their only daughter, Florence, is now Mrs. Pope Sampson of New York. Their son, Robert, a graduate of Harvard, a brilliant scholar, and a lawyer of unusual talent, died in early manhood.

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Franklin Hathaway married Caroline Gardiner and resided in the octagon house which was familiarly known as the "Bird-Cage." This unique and attractive cottage was built by Captain Thwing, and first occupied by the family of Joseph Barrett. The home of the Flaggs was just opposite the Emmons house. Mr. John P. Flagg married Mary, daughter of John Merrick, Esq. Mrs. Flagg was a woman of most estimable character and distinguished for her private and public benevolences. She was one of the founders of the Girls' Industrial School, and a liberal endower of the Flagg-Dummer Hall.

Mr. Charles Dummer was a descendant of Jeremiah Dummer who came to Hallowell with the early settlers. Charles Dummer married, first, Miss Cobb of Portland, and, second, Miss Almira Cleaves of Saco. Mr. and Mrs. Dummer were both interested in all that pertained to the welfare of Hallowell, and especially in its educational institutions. Mrs. Dummer was, for many years, an invalid, but never lost her interest in the vital affairs of life. She was the moving spirit in her own home; and neither sickness nor pain prevented her from joining the household in the pleasant social intercourse which she constantly maintained. Her private and public charities were numerous; and her gift of the Dummer estate, on Winthrop Street, to the Girls' Industrial School remains a permanent benefaction. The residence of the Dummers was the handsome house built for the first Mrs. Dummer by her father. Its location is one of the finest in the town; and its style of architecture is suggestive of the elegance and repose of Colonial life. This house is now the property of the artist, Mr. Alger V. Currier.

An interesting story of Mrs. Dummer's girlhood is related by Josiah Quincy in his *Figures of the Past*. The author describes a journey which he made with Judge Story and several other interesting passengers, in an old-fashioned stage coach, in 1826. Among these passengers were Mr. and Mrs. McCobb, from Maine who were escorting to Washington the Misses Cleaves, two young ladies about to make their *debut* in Washington. The journey from Boston to New York occupied four days; and the passengers congratulated themselves

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THE DUMMER MANSION

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upon living in an age of rapid communication. They looked upon their journey as a pleasure trip and each one contributed of his best to the entertainment of his fellow-passengers. "People who never talked anywhere else," writes Quincy, "were driven to talk in those old stage coaches." . . . . "Judge Story was one of the great talkers at a period when conversation was considered a sort of second profession;" and before the close of the first day's journey he was favoring his fellow-travelers with brilliant stories, selections of poetry, a discussion of Scott's novels, of Miss Burney's *Evelina*, and of the "conversations of Maria Edgeworth." We can therefore imagine the keen delight with which the two young heiresses from Maine listened to the conversation of this famous talker with his fellow-passengers.

"The early hours of Sunday," continues Mr. Quincy, "I spent in visiting the churches in attendance upon the Misses Cleaves, who, being fresh from boarding-school were somewhat romantic. May it chance that either of these fair, young creatures are yet living? May it happen that either of them survives to read this narrative of our journey with the great Judge? Were they also keeping journals? It is just possible that the publication of this paper may bring me some news of their lives during the fifty-four years since we parted company."

The publication of the above sketch resulted in a correspondence between the author and Mrs. Almira Dummer. "Little did I think," wrote this lady, "that, when taking the journey alluded to, which was the first great event of my life, 'being fresh from boarding-school, and somewhat romantic,' I should be reminded of it, after a period of fifty years, by one of the party who enjoyed the privilege of the friendly intercourse, the pleasure, and instruction derived from the unlimited fund of conversation and knowledge possessed by Judge Story. During the long course of years since that time each member of that stage-coach party has been held in pleasant remembrance."

Among the well-remembered physicians of Hallowell were Dr. Ariel Mann, Dr. Amos Nourse, and Dr. M. C. Richardson.

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Dr. Ariel Mann, was born in Wrentham, May 14, 1777, came to Hallowell in 1802, and married September 3, 1810, Phebe, daughter of William Morse. He was especially skilled as a surgeon and stood at the head of his profession in this part of the country. He entered into partnership with Dr. Amos Nourse and maintained a successful practice for a number of years. On being appointed Judge of Probate for Kennebec County, he gave up the more strenuous duties of the medical profession. Dr. Amos Nourse was also a physician of thorough education and excellent practice, but, like Dr. Mann, he was not of robust constitution. He therefore accepted the appointment of postmaster at Hallowell which he held from 1822 until the time of his removal to Bath, in 1841. He married, first, Clarissa Augusta, daughter of Hon. John Chandler of Monmouth; and, second, Miss Melville of Boston. He died April 7, 1877.

Dr. M. C. Richardson was born in Springfield, New Hampshire, September 24, 1814. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1841, and from the medical department of the University of New York in 1845. He settled in Hallowell about 1848, and will long be remembered by our townspeople as a man of scholarly attainments and a successful physician. As a medical practitioner, Dr. Richardson was enthusiastically and conscientiously devoted to his profession, and rendered his service as freely to the poorer as well as to the richer class of patients. Amidst the arduous demands of his practice, Dr. Richardson also found time for the educational and philanthropic work connected with the various new movements of the time. For a number of years he gave his services gratuitously as librarian to the Hallowell Social Library, and collected many books for its scantily filled shelves. He also gave gratuitous instruction in music in the public schools, to the great delight of the pupils and the gratitude of the parents in those earlier days. With most commendable public spirit, Dr. Richardson organized free lecture courses in Hallowell, and gave lectures himself upon subjects that opened the newly discovered fields of science to the people. His numerous contributions to the press, upon scientific and literary topics,

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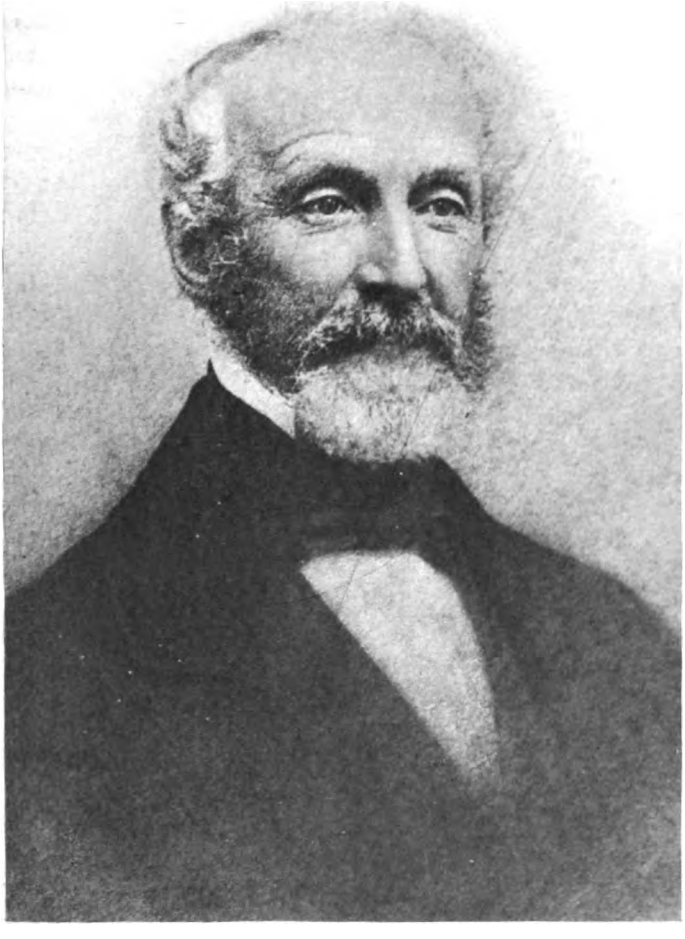

DR. M. C. RICHARDSON

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were alike interesting and valuable. During his long residence in Hallowell, Dr. Richardson occupied a prominent place in the social and religious life of the town. He was a devoted church member and an honored deacon in the old South Church. His character is very suggestive of that of "Dr. Urquhart," in the story by his son, Professor Charles F. Richardson, entitled *The End of the Beginning*. Dr. Richardson married first, Caroline Farnsworth of Bridgton. The only child of this marriage was Harriet, now Mrs. S. S. Turner of Chicago. Dr. Richardson married for his second wife, Mary Wingate, daughter of Joseph Wingate of Hallowell. Their son is Professor Charles F. Richardson of Dartmouth College. Dr. Richardson died at New Marlborough, Massachusetts, 1877.

Professor Charles F. Richardson was born at Hallowell, fitted for college at the Hallowell Academy, and graduated from Dartmouth in 1871. He married Miss Elizabeth Miner Thomas, of Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, a granddaughter of Charles Miner, of editorial and congressional fame, and a prominent leader in the early antislavery movement. To him the American public is indebted for that ever-popular phrase, "to have an axe to grind." [1] Professor Richardson began his literary life as an editor of *The Independent*, and was subsequently a member of the editorial staff of the *Sunday School Times*, Philadelphia, and of *Good Literature*, New York. In 1882, he was appointed Winkley Professor of Saxon and English at Dartmouth. He is the author of *A Primer of American Literature*, 1878; *The Cross* (religious poems), 1879; *The Choice of Books* (essays on reading), 1881; *American Literature*, 2 vols., 1886-8; and a very delightfully-written novel entitled *The End of the Beginning*, the scene of which is laid in Hallowell. In addition to these works, Professor Richardson has edited Cooper's *The Last of the Mohicans*, *Poe's Works*, *Daniel Webster for Young Americans*, and, in connection with other editors, *The College Book*, *The International Cyclopaedia*, *and the World's Best Poetry*. Professor Richardson has

[1] *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*

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attained an enviable distinction both as a college professor and an author, and he is recognized in scholarly and literary circles as a standard authority on American Literature. He is proudly claimed by Hallowell as one of her most gifted and distinguished sons.

According to an old-fashioned and oft-quoted expression, in our old town, there were certain men who were "the cornerstones and pillars of society." This phrase has now lost much of its significance, but we can recall the time when it was not only an elegant figure of speech but a literal truth. In the civic and social structure of our community, there was a class of men that occupied places of honor and trust, and filled them so worthily that no one ever questioned their right to perpetual permanency in these positions. These men were individual characters. They were known and received for what they were. They were not men who were popular for a day, or a year, and who were then suddenly dropped from the regard of the public. The reputation which they had built up for themselves was secure. Character told in those earlier times; and the deep and lasting impression made by such men upon the community can not be better illustrated than in the life of the Honorable Simon Page.

Mr. Page was a man of sterling character, of exceptional business ability, of philanthropic spirit, of sincere devotion to the interests of the town, and of active and unswerving allegiance to all moral reforms and to the principles of Christianity. He was the son of Samuel and Mary Whittier Page, and was born in Readfield, Maine, in 1804. When a young man, he came to Hallowell and gradually built up an extensive business in oils, paints, drugs, and medicines. He engaged largely in local manufacturing enterprises, and was one of the principal promoters of the Hallowell cotton factory, and of the oilcloth works of Stickney and Page, later of Page, Wilder, and Company. He was also, for some time, President of the Hallowell Savings Institution. Mr. Page served as Mayor of Hallowell for several successive terms, and his first address to the board of aldermen discloses the true public spirit and high

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MRS. SIMON PAGE

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moral standard of the man whom the new-made city delighted to honor.

One of the educational projects, very dear to the heart of Mr. Page, was the establishment of the Hallowell Classical School. On this institution he expended much of his time and thought, and a large portion of his private fortune. But the work which received his most devoted service, and which has been undoubtedly the most far-reaching in its effects on the life and character of the young people of Hallowell, was his long superintendence of the Old South Sunday School. For fifty years, Mr. Page carried on this work with indefatigable energy and enthusiasm and in a spirit of entire consecration to the cause. The influence of the example, precepts, and personal teaching of such a man upon the many successive classes of children under his charge can never be adequately estimated. His service as deacon of the Old South Church covers a period of twenty-seven years; and his whole life serves as an example of ideal Christian citizenship.

Mr. Simon Page married June 6, 1830, Fraziette, daughter of Dr. Benjamin Page. Their children were: Benjamin, who married, in 1859, Isabella Kerswell, of Skowhegan; Julia, who married, August 21, 1866, Henry Sampson, Esq., of New York; and Miss Annie F. Page, who now resides in Hallowell. Mr. Simon Page died July 30, 1878. Mrs. Fraziette Page died February 5, 1889. The following tribute to her memory is from the pen of one who knew her well:

"Fraziette Page was the third daughter of Dr. Benjamin and Abigail Page, born in Hallowell, there married, and there spending her whole life. Her marriage to Mr. Simon Page was an ideal one, and together they worked and lived for the good of others. Mr. Page was devoted to his church and Sunday School, as well as to his business, and Mrs. Page, to works of benevolence and mercy. All the missionary and philanthropic movements of the day were in their thoughts and plans even to the then much-despised cause of the antislavery society. For many years, Mrs. Page was President of the Hallowell Benevolent Society, and her deeds for the poor were numberless. Of great energy, strong in her religious faith, and

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with a wonderful power of endurance, she used all her endowments of mind and body as gifts of God for which she was accountable to Him."

The home of the Pages has ever been noted for its hospitality. Here the minister, the missionary, the professor, the student, the social guest of high degree, and the poor of low estate, were alike welcomed and cordially entertained. In these latter days, the Page house, which is now the residence of Miss Annie F. Page, has lost none of its old-time atmosphere of hospitality; nor do the hand and heart of the present mistress of the mansion lack the generous helpfulness and sympathetic spirit characteristic of the former occupants of this dwelling. Happy are the guests who sit in the old Chippendale chairs around its cheery hearthstone, or who have a place at the hospitable board laden with antique silver and the beautiful old china brought from far-off countries in the famous old seafaring days. Thrice happy they who are permitted to open the doors of the great shelf-lined store-rooms, to "take down" the rare and curious plates, the quaint pitchers, and the tall, long-empty, drinking glasses, or to range at will in the spacious pantry of the forty platters.

The Simon Page house, like many of the old mansions of Hallowell, has a handsome doorway, with quaint side windows and chaste colonial pilasters of much architectural merit. On yesternight, this doorway framed a fitting picture. It was that of my lady hostess, in "lavender and old lace," standing beneath its portals, and holding above her head a gleaming candle to light the pathway, beneath the giant elms, for her departing guests. To those who paused a moment for a last good-night, this picture seemed symbolic of the old-time spirit of hospitality which still abides within the homes of Hallowell.

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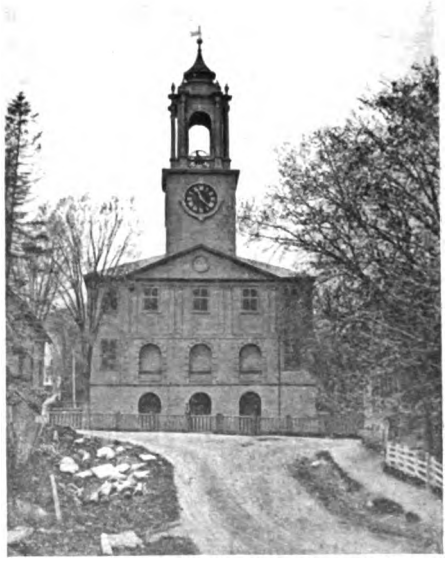

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH

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XII

THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH

"It was built for God — it was built for man;
A Church of Christ, on the Master's plan."
—Mary E. Moody.

A LEARNED Puritan divine, the Rev. Cotton Mather, once gave a recipe for making a New England village. The "ingredients" were a meeting-house, a school-house, a training field, and a town-meeting. Old Hallowell certainly possessed all of these requisites; but the chief essential, in the opinion of our forefathers, was the meeting-house. Accordingly, in the year 1796, the Old South Church was built.

This famous old meeting-house was for nearly a century the most venerated and most imposing edifice in Hallowell. Its majestic proportions, its noble architecture, and its beautiful belfry tower, designed by Charles Bulfinch, combined to give this old-time meeting-house an artistic charm unusual in its day. Standing at quite an elevation above the river shore, the meeting-house was the most conspicuous object in the landscape, and with its belfry, which towered above the houses clustered on the hill-side, it gave to Hallowell the aspect of an old cathedral town.

The Old South was long called the "standing church" of Hallowell. As a moral and spiritual power in the community, it reigned supreme. This church, from its foundation, created the public sentiment of the town, assumed the guidance of the personal religious experience of its members, and gave to society a spiritual and intellectual element that not only regulated the morals of the place but refined and elevated the every-day life of the people.

This ancient church was organized, February 25, 1790, and was called the Congregational Church of Christ of the

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the west end was a tall semi-circular structure reached by stairs on either side. The galleries occupying three sides of the house were supported by large and well-proportioned columns thoroughly in harmony with other parts of the interior of the church. The pews of the church were long and wide with high backs and doors. These large pews were usually well filled throughout the church even in winter when the house was unheated save by the small foot-stoves, which the little boys carried for their mother's use, and which, we doubt not, the mother often tucked under the feet of her little ones. In 1816, a stove was for the first time placed in the church to temper the frigid atmosphere for these faithful old-time worshipers.

The Old South Church from the time of the ordination of its first minister, in 1795, to the year 1907 has had twelve pastors: Rev. Eliphalet Gillet, Rev. George Shepard, Rev. Eli Thurston, Rev. Nathan Rogers, Rev. J. P. Skeele, Rev. H. Q. Butterfield, Rev. A. Fuller, Rev. C. G. McCully, Rev. Charles A. White, Rev. Edward Chase, Rev. John R. Boardman, Rev. Charles A. Wight. The first pastor, Rev. Eliphalet Gillet, ministered to the people for thirty-two years. His name and his personality are associated with all of the early records of the church and of the town. His pastorate presents an example of the typical old-time ministry, when a candidate, once accepted, was practically ordained for life. In those days, the talents of the minister were exalted; his virtues were reverenced; his follies and weaknesses, if perchance he had any, were charitably condoned. The man was apotheosized by his office. His authority was unquestioned, and the dignity of his position was unassailed. Happy were the congregations that, like the Old South of Hallowell, were fortunate enough to secure a pastor in all respects so acceptable as Dr. Gillet.

This representative old-time minister was regarded as an able, learned, and eloquent preacher. We are told, by those who remember him, that Dr. Gillet was "a refined and scholarly-looking man, tall and slender and very graceful. He always appeared smoothly shaven and neatly attired in black

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RESIDENCE OF REV. DR. GILLET

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broadcloth. In the pulpit he wore linen bands and black silk gloves. He never drove a horse, but always employed a boy or man to drive for him when his duties took him into the country. He resided in the old brick parsonage on Second Street, now the home of Hon. J. Warren Fuller. Here Mr. Gillet cultivated a garden famed for its beautiful flowers; and in this garden the children of the parish were often welcomed and delightfully entertained. "Our Puritan minister," writes Rev. John S. C. Abbott, "was as tender and loving as an angel. He never uttered a harsh word. The most fastidious taste could never be annoyed by any expression that passed his lips in the pulpit. His sermons would *now* attract attention by their rhetorical excellence."

A collection of Dr. Gillet's sermons are preserved in the Hubbard Free Library. It has been said of them that "they are models of pulpit eloquence and packed full of wise counsels." They won for this old-time preacher the name of the "Addison of Maine."

In 1827, after a long pastorate of thirty-two years, Dr. Gillet was dismissed from the Old South Congregational Church to become Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society. This Society was organized June 18, 1807, at the house of Dr. Gillet. One hundred years later, the centennial anniversary of the founding of the society was celebrated in the same house. On this interesting occasion an address was read by Rev. C. A. Wight, pastor of the Congregational Church of Hallowell, who paid an appreciative and worthy tribute to the life and services of Dr. Gillet as minister of the Old South Church and Secretary of the Maine Missionary Society.

Rev. Eliphalet Gillet was born in Colchester, Connecticut, November 19, 1768. He graduated from Dartmouth College in 1791, studied theology with the famous Dr. Spring of Newburyport, and was ordained minister of the Old South Church of Hallowell, August 12, 1795. He married, May 25, 1805, Mary Gurley, daughter of Rev. John Gurley, and had a large and interesting family of ten children. Dr. Gillet died October 19, 1845. His burial place in the Hallowell cemetery was visited by the delegates to the Centenary of the Maine Missionary So-

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ciety, and impressive services were held, at sunset, on June 18, 1907, in memory of this famous minister of a century ago.

An interesting description of some of the prominent members of the Old South congregation has been given to us by the Rev. J. H. Ingraham in his *Lights and Shadows of the Past:*

"There used to be a great deal of wealth and fashion and aristocracy displayed at the Old South. . . . The broad aisle pews were considered, as we believe they are now-a-days, the most desirable and genteel, and the more genteel the nearer the pulpit. We can remember there old Dr. Vaughan, with his venerable John-Quincy-Adams-like figure, in his respectable suit of black and ruffles, and his powdered hair and queue. . . . There was also to be seen every Sabbath, Judge Robbins in a blue surtout and wide plaited ruffles with his head powdered white as snow, and his queue wound with black ribbon and neatly tied with a bow. He always wore a white vest and carried a gold-headed cane, with very elegant white doe-skin gloves. Judge Dummer also, a portly and noble-looking gentleman, in ruffs and queue and powder, usually dressed in a black coat with broad skirts and buff breeches, with white top boots. There too were to be found the two venerable Dr. Pages, father and son, gentlemen of fine persons and courtly dignity of appearance. The elder was a noble specimen of the elderly gentleman of the close of the last century, . . . the latter leaving behind him a name that will long be distinguished in the annals of medical jurisprudence.

"In another part of the church, was 'old Squire Perley' with his straight queue which was rather carelessly tied, and his coat collar besprinkled with powder. He was a prominent member of the bar, a man of great intellect, and distinguished for his wit and peculiarities. In the southwest corner pew sat Gideon Gilman; and in the next, John Rice, as constant as the minister, though his home was distant four miles. In the northwest corner was Judge Wilde, afterwards Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, seated in a rocking-chair in the center, his family surrounding him on three sides.

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In the northeast corner square pew sat John Sewall, for many years parish clerk, who, just as the services were to begin, would rise and cry intentions of marriage, much to the gratification of eager listeners.

"In the south gallery sat Mr. Phineas Yeaton. Next east sat Thomas and Joseph Leigh and Mr. Elias Bond; east of them were seats for strangers and stray boys. In the gallery on the north side was 'old Deacon Gow,' as he was called, a little short man, square built, leaning over with his hand to his ear (for he was a little deaf) to catch every word, sometimes looking back to certain noisy boys who had stolen up stairs away from their parents, and shaking his finger at them with a dark knitting of his shaggy brows. He was a terror to juvenile evil-doers, and once he acted as 'tithing man,' an office now unknown, and would go out and bring in by the ears all truant boys. At such times he carried a long, red staff of office. He was a deacon in the Old South Church almost from its commencement to his death. He was long remembered for his life-long, consistent piety. Opposite him was Mr. John Merrick, a remarkable man, whom those who have once seen can never forget. In his later years, with his elastic, graceful figure, his unusually intellectual features, and his long snowy locks, he was the picture of a patriarch. Near him was another whose noble, benevolent, snow-white head once seen could never be forgotten. As he rises in the last prayer what an imposing figure he displays! This is Mr. Charles Vaughan, an English gentleman of retiring habits and agricultural tastes, whose estate was just out of town and whose gardens were the wonder of the whole region. And there were Dummers, Moodys, Sewalls, Leonards, Abbotts, Cheevers, Emmons, Farrels, Gilmans, Doles, Leighs, Bonds, Smiths, and Pages, and scores of others all worthy of special mention.

"The singers' seats, two rows in each gallery, extended from the north to the south galleries. Mr. Samuel Tenney, before the days of the organ, was leader of the choir, and he, in his grey coat, wielded a large bow over the strings of a mammoth bass viol. With what a clear musical voice he gives the pitch, while a well-trained choir gives with fine effect

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one of Watts' hymns. Preceptor Moody, Messrs. John Merrick, Jacob Abbott, S. G. Ladd, Samuel Locke, Samuel Manning, and David Heard were the principal male singers. Later, Mr. Paul Stickney, a leader among leaders, was choir-director for many years. The female singers, were modestly partitioned off in a compartment of their own. The leading parts were taken by Mrs. Thomas Bond and Miss Lucy G. Dummer, afterwards Mrs. Samuel K. Gilman."

There was at this time no organ in the church, but, in 1823, a fine instrument, made in England, at a cost of nine hundred dollars, was purchased. About half of this amount was contributed by the grandchildren of Benjamin Hallowell, Esq. This fine old organ with its Gothic front, its gilded pipes, and sweet-toned, harmonious keys held a revered place in the sanctuary until, in the lamentable fire of 1878, it mingled its dust and ashes with those of the old South meeting-house.

A beautiful tribute to the Old South, and to the music of its choir, once came floating back to Hallowell from the far-off seas of the Orient. It was from the pen of the *Kennebecker* whom we all know as that loyal son of Hallowell, Captain John F. Drew. This tribute should be enshrined among the archives of the church.

"Paul Stickney led the choir,—Barnekoy presided at the organ. They sang:

> "Oh, when thou city of my God, shall I thy courts ascend,
> Where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end—
> In joy! in joy!—and peace! and peace!—"

A soft soprano sang, "In joy and peace," alone; then the full choir in mighty chorus,—"In joy and peace in thee!"—John Odlin Page, the basso, going way down among the notes where but few men could go. How I remember this. There was the great congregation on their feet facing the singers; it was late in the afternoon, and the sun, getting ready to decline over the hills behind the church, sent glories in through the back windows on many of the best men and women in Hallowell. Young men, men in their prime, men with silvery locks; fair maidens, beautiful women, true matrons with silver

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threads among the gold, women grown old and gray in sorrow and trouble. There were the Pages, Rufus K., then the great steamboat man of the state, Simon, so well known and true, and Charles, whom everyone far and near knew. Then the Doles and Stickneys, the Masters, Smiths, and Livermores, and so many more that I might mention all with honest respect and pride, . . . how plain it all comes back to me. . . . Most of that assembled congregation have gone 'Where congregations ne'er break up and Sabbaths have no end.' Somehow to my young mind the ascending of the Heavenly courts, the streets of shining gold, the gates of pearl, got fixed, as though Paul Stickney, the sweet soprano voice, John Odlin Page, and the other singers would have much to do with them and the Heavenly choir; there would be sweet-toned organs with gilded pipes, wonderful to behold and hear, as well as heavenly harps and angels, and silvery-haired men and golden-haired women, in that beautiful abode; and my father would be there holding me by the hand lest I should lose my way and stray off to some bad place, and Pastor Thurston would raise his arms over the waiting congregation who would turn round and face him for their benediction in the last rays of the glorious sun, with a circle over his head, saying: *Holiness becometh thy House, oh God!*

"I have witnessed impressive religious ceremonies in the great cathedrals and churches in the seaports and other cities I have visited. I have stood where the grand music of the best masters rang through the minster walls, shaking and rustling banners and guidons that had hung there for centuries. The last was when the Arch-Bishop of all the Philippines performed High Mass at a celebrated religious festival in the great Cathedral at Manilla. As he was borne from the altar in his palanquin, or chair of state, down the broad aisle, he passed very near me, with his crozier and mitred hat and robes of gold. Hundreds of voices with a full orchestra and the great organ gave the seductive, witching music of the Romish church, now low, now in great hosannas; the thronged procession with priests and monks of different orders, with bell and cowl, chanted their orisons; the soft Indian light came in

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through stained glass windows, rare and costly; there were crowded worshippers on their knees in adoration; and what else, what beside the swelling censers, the perfumes, and lulling, soothing influences of precious burning gums? Why, my mind was far away to that Old South Cathedral Church in Hallowell; and it was Paul Stickney again and his choir, and the soft sunset, and the congregation, and angels, and 'Jerusalem, my Heavenly Home,' and myself a little boy holding on to my father's hand. . . . Yes, whether it be the *Stabat Mater*, or the *Rosary*, or the *Benedicite*, or anything else, my mind invariably wanders back to that old time, in the Old South church, the Hallowell Cathedral (to me), and I immediately hear again, 'Jerusalem, my Heavenly Home.' "

In 1839, the Paul Revere bell, for some unexplained reason, was exchanged for a new one, and a clock was placed in the church at the same time. An amusing anecdote is related of this clock, by Miss Annie F. Page, in her valuable and interesting *Historical Sketch of the Old South Church*. "This clock," as Miss Page writes, "usually performed its work like any well-behaved instrument of its kind, but once, becoming tired probably of the quiet round of duty, it played a trick on the congregation which well-nigh produced disastrous results. One pleasant summer Sunday, the pastor, Mr. Thurston, exchanged pulpits with Mr. Peet of Gardiner, and a large audience was assembled to hear and do honor to the stranger. In the midst of the discourse a most unearthly noise was heard which paralyzed the preacher, and brought the congregation to their feet. The guns of an attacking enemy could not have been more startling. Some thought it was an earthquake capable of swallowing up the whole town; some, that the last day had come, and all, with blanched faces, awaited the result in horror. One young man fainted and was seized by the arms and legs and borne from the church. The occupant of the northwest corner pew raised the window, put out all his children, and arranged himself in readiness for a jump in case the walls should fall. One tall, angular sister frantically waved her long arms beckoning the minister, who was calmly awaiting the result, and crying out: 'Come down, come down,

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save yourself, save yourself!' No one could account for the terrible noise, and no one could tell its source. It continued one or two minutes, increasing in intensity, when it suddenly stopped, just as Mr. Burnham, the High School teacher, who had been into the porch, rushed back exclaiming, 'Don't be alarmed; it's only the clock running down!' It was afterwards learned that the clock had been wound up that morning and the weight was at its highest point. The pole that held the rachet wheel had given way, causing the "wheels of time to fly swifter round." Mr. Peet did not attempt to finish his sermon.

In 1855, about the time when New England people as a class, began to tire of everything that was antique and old-fashioned, whatever its artistic merits, the Old South Meeting-house was pronounced "old-fashioned and ugly," and extensive repairs and the most deplorable "improvements" were made. The great columns were supplanted by little sticks about as large as a man's arm; the windows were pointed out in Gothic style which harmonized with nothing else in the building. The old pulpit was thrown away, the arched inscription behind it,—*Holiness becometh Thine House, O Lord, forever*—was relentlessly blotted out; but to the hearts of the people, the meeting-house remained the same revered Old South.

Then, at last, there came a melancholy day when the familiar Old South Church stood no longer in our midst. On the fateful night of December 1, 1878, this ancient and venerated landmark was utterly destroyed by fire. Every effort was made to save the church, but all in vain. The tongues of fire fiends curled around its pillars, darted in and out of its windows, crept swiftly up its walls, and leaped triumphantly to the very top of the beautiful old bell-tower. The whole population of the old town stood, at first wild, and then mute with sorrow, while the devastating element irresistibly, exultantly, did its direful work.

Those who loved the old church best will never forget the splendid yet heart-breaking spectacle of this memorable conflagration. As those who in their latest hours recall in swift review the scenes of a whole long life, so the men and women

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who constituted the soul of which this old meeting-house was the earthly tenement, stood under the smoke-dimmed skies while through their minds surged the memories of their own lives and the traditions of their fathers. Visions of stately men and women pass once more up and down the minster aisles. Little children nestle, half in fear and half in joy, beside their mothers in the great high-backed pews. The sunlight streams in through the tall Gothic windows, and words of holy prayer are ascending from the altar. The people hear the great bell toll once more for the passing soul of him who first dispensed the bread of life within these crumbling walls. They hear the sweet-toned organ, and the sweet voices chanting, "How beautiful upon the mountains are the feet of Him who bringeth good tidings," as a young man walks up the aisle to receive the holy ordinances of the ministry. Each soul in silence recalls its own experience, while the clamor, the roar, and the cries of the surging multitude fill the air. Suddenly there is a mighty crash. All eyes turn upward; the red light shines for the last time on the white face of the old church-clock, and at exactly ten minutes past four, the beautiful and beloved bell-tower falls, and the Old South meeting-house is no more.

To the memory of the "Old South Church of Hallowell," remains this tribute from the pen of Miss Mary A. Moody:

The Old South Church of Hallowell!
Sweet and clear, like a silver bell,
Like breath of spring or song of birds,
Come to many, these simple words.
The stranger may pass with careless eye,
The liquid syllables heedless by:
Not so the hearts that have loved it well,
The Old South Church of Hallowell!

How rose that Church from the lowly sod,
When the best they had men gave to God,
Hewn from the heart of the living tree,
Tall, and goodly, and fair to see?
Slowly it rose, to their waiting eyes,
A holy thing for sacrifice.—
With earnest heart and purpose true,
They "builded better than they knew."

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No stately ritual echoed there:
Few and simple the words of prayer;
The consecration need scarce be spoken;
The House was God's without word or token:
It was built for God—it was built for man;
A Church of Christ, on the Master's plan.
They passed it on to our love and care,
Their holy and beautiful House of Prayer.

Is it dead? Did it die when it passed from sight,
'Twixt dark and dawn that wintry night?
Die—Is there any such word as die,
For faith and love and loyalty?
Doth God forget the hands that wrought
To make just here a hallowed spot?
The words, from lips growing white and set,
"Remember the Church!" Doth he forget?

Pour out the silver—pour out the gold.
In the Master's ear let the tale be told.
From near and far must the treasure come;
Ye wanderers—send of your fulness home,
From bursting bags or the widow's hand,
With an equal eye, each gift is scanned.
And large or small, they shall all be one,
When the Master saith to his own, "Well done."

Spotless and pure, must our temple rise,
A holy thing for sacrifice;
Hewn from the heart of the solid rock
Patiently, carefully, block by block.
Faint not nor fail; it shall well endure;
Not alone ye toil; the work is sure.
Do they watch the piling, those men of yore?
The Master watcheth; it may be more.

The Old South Church of Hallowell!
Ay, build it strong, and build it well,
To stand once more where it stood so long,
For right and truth—a shame to wrong.
Those liquid syllables cannot die:
List to the echo floating by,
Sweet and clear like a silver bell,
The Old South Church of Hallowell!

The corner-stone of the new "Old South" was laid May 21, 1883; and on October 28, 1885, a beautiful granite church

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was dedicated as a temple to the Lord. To-day, instead of the old familiar belfrey, a Gothic spire arises upon our sight; and in place of the sweet-toned old English instrument stands a grand modern organ presented to the church by Mrs. Henry Sampson, of New York, in memory of her father, Deacon Simon Page. But the *old* Old South is not forgotten, nor has its glory departed from our gates.

During all these years, however, Hallowell had not been without other houses of worship. The Rev. Jesse Lee, the pioneer apostle of Methodism in New England, preached at Hallowell, October 13, 1793, and made some converts to his fold. The Methodist Society grew and flourished, and, in 1825-6, the church, now standing on Middle Street, was erected. Among the notable early ministers of this church were the Rev. Mark Trafton, of some literary fame; the Rev. D. B. Randall, a man of power and influence in his day; the Rev. Charles F. Allen, a scholarly and devout man, who lifted his people to a higher intellectual and spiritual plane than they had before attained; the Rev. Charles Morse of saintly memory; and the Rev. Caleb Fuller who was no less revered as a pastor than beloved as a friend.

The Baptist Church was organized in 1807. Its most famous early ministers were the Rev. D. Chessman and the Rev. S. Adlam, under whose ministry the church "enjoyed revivals of marked power," and a constantly increasing membership. The Baptish Church, built in 1821, was destroyed by fire in 1868. The loss of this venerated landmark, and of its sweet-toned bell, was greatly deplored by the people of Hallowell.

The Universalist Society was founded May 8, 1842, and the church was built in 1843. Its first pastor was the Rev. N. Gunnison. This church had a large and influential fellowship, and its choir was composed of some of the best musicians in the town. Its history belongs chiefly to the last half of the century.

The Unitarian Society first met in the old Academy in 1823, under the ministry of the Rev. C. C. Everett. In 1824, a church was built; Mr. Everett was ordained as pastor and

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officiated with great acceptance for several years. A large number of wealthy and influential families united with this church; and it soon became necessary to enlarge the building in order to accommodate the congregation. Mr. Everett was succeeded by Mr. Miles, an energetic, philanthropic man of broad mind and evangelical spirit. He was followed by the Rev. Mr. Cole, the last of the settled ministers. During the closing years of Mr. Cole's service, his congregation was thinned by the death or removal from town of many of his members; and, a few years later, the church was finally closed. In 1868, it was sold to the Baptist Society, and remodeled. In its original form, this old church was quite unlike any other meeting-house in town. It was a plain rectangular edifice, with no steeple, and no bell, but with a recessed portico, in the east front, supported by four large Doric columns, which gave the church an air of classic dignity and simple grandeur. The other churches of Hallowell were not organized until a later period. The Old South remained, for many years, the dominant church, and doubtless, at times, it did "rule Hallowell with an iron hand." For a long period the other churches struggled against the tide of popular sentiment. The Baptists were at first looked upon with disfavor; the Methodists were regarded as "wild-fire"; the Unitarians, though cultured and wealthy, were considered heretical; the Universalists were outspokenly dangerous, and the certainty of their salvation was seriously questioned by many people. But in spite of all this, the combined efforts of all these denominations stimulated, deepened, and broadened the religious sentiment of the people, and produced a law-abiding, God-fearing community. "In the early days of the Old South," writes the Rev. J. H. Ingraham, "there was but one road to heaven. Afterwards, a good many gates were put up across it, for every man would go in at his own gate; but we trust that all will find themselves coming out on the right road at last."

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XIII

THE HALLOWELL ACADEMY

AND OTHER SCHOOLS

"Many shall run to and fro, and knowledge shall be increased."
—*Dedicatory Address*, May 5, 1795.

AN OLD-TIME New England matron once said to her little son, "Child, if God make thee a good Christian and a good scholar, thou hast all thy mother ever asked for thee." This sentence expresses the spirit that prevailed in Old Hallowell in the days of its early founders. The first thought of the early settlers was for a church, that they might make good Christians of their children; their next thought was for the establishment of an institution of learning, that they might make good scholars of their sons and daughters. Accordingly, very soon after their first meeting-house was built at the Fort, a movement was organized for the founding of a permanent school of liberal learning. On August 31, 1791, an act for the incorporation and endowment of an Academy at Hallowell Hook was signed by Governor Hancock, and passed by the General Court of Massachussetts.

This Academy, in accordance with the design of its founders, was a strictly classical school; and upon its board of trustees were some of the ablest and best educated men of the Kennebec valley. A building was erected and made ready for occupancy in May, 1795, at which time, a "splendid seal" was presented to the institution by Charles Vaughan, Esq., and a dedicatory sermon was preached by the Rev. Mr. Bradford of Pownalborough.

Mr. Woodman was the first preceptor of the Academy; and the school opened with well-warranted expectations of success. At the end of the first year, there were about forty students in attendance; and a public exhibition was given to demonstrate to the friends of the institution the progress made

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THE HALLOWELL ACADEMY

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by the pupils. On this occcasion, as we read in the columns of the *Tocsin* for May 10, 1796, "the exercises consisted of several orations in English, Latin, and Greek, and of a number of pertinent and interesting dialogues, which so affected the audience that they at times were unable to restrain their *risibles*, and again their eyes were dashed with tears." The programme was enlivened by "vocal and instrumental music, under the direction of Mr. Belcher, the Handel of Maine."

The number of pupils at the Academy rapidly increased. They came not only from Hallowell, but from Augusta, Gardiner, and other neighboring towns. The farmers' sons and the ambitious sailor lads often saved enough from their scanty wages to pay their tuition for several years; and were proud to be numbered among the students of the famous Hallowell Academy. The establishment of this school added materially to the upbuilding of the town, as many desirable new settlers were attracted to Hallowell by its educational advantages; and the influence of the institution upon the intellectual life of the people, at this period, proved inestimable.

Mr. Woodman was succeeded, in 1797, by Preceptor Samuel Moody who conducted the school most successfully for eight years. Then followed a long line of preceptors, among whom were William Kinne, Joseph Lovejoy, John Hubbard, D. R. Goodwin, James W. Bradbury, James Withington, Francis Waterhouse, Charles B. Chace, and other able instructors.

Among the many notable men who received their early education at the Hallowell Academy were: Samuel Merrick, Esq., owner of extensive machine manufactories in Philadelphia, and one of the most prominent and public-spirited residents of that city; Thomas B. Merrick, Esq., of Germantown, a wealthy merchant who devoted much of his life to scholarly pursuits; the eminent clergymen, John A. Vaughan, George B. Cheever, Henry T. Cheever, John H. Ingraham, and Dr. Elias Bond, missionary to Hawaii; the well-known authors, Jacob and John S. C. Abbott; the Hon. John H. Sheppard, Hon. George Evans, Hon. Ruel Williams and Hon. William H. Clark; Chief Justice Nathan Weston; Charles

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Shaw, author of the History of Boston; the Rev. Henry V. Emmons, Charles Dummer, Esq., Hon. Rufus K. Page, Hon. John O. Page; Gorham D. Gilman and Henry W. Severance, Consuls-General from Hawaii to United States ports; Captain Charles A. Curtiss, military instructor in Wisconsin University; Captain John H. Drew, author of sketches of ocean life and foreign travel; General A. S. Dearborn, General Oliver O. Howard, Captain John Hubbard, General Thomas H. Hubbard, Professor Charles F. Richardson of Dartmouth College; and others whose names are well remembered.

The names of the teachers and pupils of the old Academy recall many pleasant reminiscences. Among the earlier preceptors, Samuel Moody taught for the longest time, and his personality and character have been preserved by several vivid bits of pen-portraiture. The Hon. John H. Sheppard writes: "I was seven years under the care of Samuel Moody, preceptor of the Hallowell Academy, a thorough Dartmouth scholar and superior instructor. I can see, in the visions of the past, his tall majestic form, like an admiral on the deck of his frigate, treading the academic floor, arrayed in smallclothes, the costume of his time, with his bright blue eye watching over his one hundred pupils at their desks. He was severe at times, but affectionate, and used the ferule as a sceptre of righteousness. I loved him, and was a favorite, for he let me study the *Eclogues of Virgil* in school hours under the groves of the Academy. His scholars turned out well in the world."

Mr. J. H. Ingraham, in his *Lights and Shadows of the Past*, states that "The Hallowell Academy was always under the charge of a learned man of influence and character, and usually he was of great personal dignity. His title was always that of 'Preceptor'. . . . Old Preceptor Moody was a gentleman excellently well calculated to preside at the head of an academy of the highest classical rank and popularity which this school then enjoyed. He was of large stature, inclined to corpulency, with a good deal of the air of an old-school gentleman. He usually dressed in a snuff-colored, broad-skirted coat, and black or buff short-clothes, with silver buckles, and white, or in wet weather, greyish mixed long hose. He carried a gold-

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headed India cane with a tassel of white leather. He wore his hair in a queue, and as he powdered of a Sunday and on examination days, his shoulders were usually sprinkled with the white dust. We stood in great awe of this Preceptor. He had a very stern voice and was a rigid disciplinarian; but in society he was amiable and courteous. To us lads he was an object of awe. He was very partial to scanning Virgil, and used to drill us until we heartily wished there had never been such a poet as Maro born. He particularly loved to hear himself scan that famous line which describes the trotting of a horse, and which is supposed to represent the sound of the quadrupedanting steed over the resounding ground.

"'Hush! Do you not absolutely hear the horse trotting in that line?' he one day triumphantly asked us, as he, for our example and also for our admiration, sonorously scanned the line. At the precise instant of his question an old white nag that used to crop the grass on our playground, suddenly trotted rapidly past the school-room door at exactly the measure at which the Preceptor had read the line. We all laughed, every imp of us, for it was irresistible. I can see the Preceptor's smiling eyes twinkle now, as he calmly waved his hand after he thought we had laughed quite as much as was necessary, and with a triumphant air looked around at his Virgil class as he said with honest enthusiasm, 'there you have had an illustration, young gentlemen, from nature; and you must allow that *mine* was the most *natural*.'"

William Kinne, who succeeded Samuel Moody, was an able and successful teacher. He was the reputed author of *Kinne's Arithmetic* which was in use until 1840, in the schools of Maine. But it is stated on unquestionable authority [1] that the arithmetic, which was published in Mr. Kinne's name, was really prepared by Mr. William Allen, of Norridgewock, who was an assistant teacher at the Academy when Mr. Kinne was preceptor.

The Hon. James W. Bradbury, who resided in Augusta until the advanced age of ninety-seven years, was never weary

[1] *Collections of the Maine Historical Society*, Second Series, Vol. II, p. 382.

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of talking of the time when he was preceptor of the old Hallowell Academy, (1825-6), and of the cultured homes and the charming women of Hallowell. Mr. William H. Page has also given us some very interesting reminiscences of school life in the old Hallowell Academy. He tells us of one preceptor who studied law during the school hours and who was very impatient if interrupted in that occupation by the slightest infraction of the strict rule of silence, and who, if annoyed by any of the small boys in the front seats, would send his ruler flying against the culprit's head.

Under Mr. Joseph Lovejoy, in 1829, new methods were introduced, and a female department, conducted by Miss Sibyl Lovejoy, was added to the school. "Preceptor Lovejoy," writes Mr. Page, "was a manly Christian, strict enough in discipline, but never resorting to punishment of any kind; the ferule was neither used nor required to keep order in the school. He was not at all concerned that his dignity might suffer when he occasionally stood by encouraging the lads in their out-door amusements." Mr. Lovejoy even established a rude gymnasium and instructed the lads in healthful exercises. He also entertained the boys in his own home, and gave lectures and talks to them on electricity and other interesting subjects. By these means he won not only the respect, but the affection of his pupils; and he is remembered as one of the ablest and most popular of the early preceptors of the Academy.

Daniel Raynes Goodwin, D. D., LL. D., Preceptor of the Hallowell Academy from 1832 to 1834, was a man of rare character and of scholarly attainments. He was born in North Berwick, Maine, April 12, 1811, graduated from Bowdoin College, at the head of his class, in 1832, and came immediately to Hallowell where, as preceptor of the Academy, he disclosed those traits of mind and character that marked his after life. In 1837, after having spent two years in travel and study in Europe, he was elected Professor of Modern Languages to succeed Professor Longfellow at Bowdoin College. In 1847, Professor Goodwin was ordained as a priest in the Episcopal Church. He was afterward President of Trinity College,

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Provost of the University of Pennsylvania, and, in 1864, Dean of the Philadelphia Divinity School. He was a profound thinker and scholarly writer, and was the author of nearly one hundred treatises on educational, philosophical, and religious subjects. It was said by the Rev. C. C. Everett that Professor Goodwin possessed two distinctions that contributed to his success as a teacher. One was that "*he taught.*" "His hour was crammed full of instruction." The other distinction was "his habit of inviting the students to his house to tea,"—a social innovation in those days, but one of mutual advantage to both professor and student. Professor Goodwin's name is held in perpetual remembrance, at Bowdoin, as the founder of the Goodwin Commencement prize.

Another side of Professor Goodwin's character which gave a brilliant lustre to his memory was "that mirthfulness and general enjoyment of what was really bright and clever in literature, in persons, in social and domestic life, which made him, in his own home, the center of a group of young people, delighting himself and them with witty things of all kinds." [1]

Professor Goodwin married in 1838, Mary Merrick, daughter of Samuel and Hannah Merrick, and niece of John Merrick, Esq., of Hallowell. Their children now living are: Anna Harriet, wife of Mr. Benjamin Vaughan of Cambridge; Mary, widow of the late Dr. William Canfield Spencer, U. S. A.; and Harold Goodwin, Esq., of Philadelphia. Mrs. Daniel Raynes Goodwin was known in her girlhood in Hallowell as "pretty Mary Merrick." Her personal charms and loveliness of character are disclosed in her home life in Brunswick, Hartford, and Philadelphia. Professor Smyth speaks of her "engaging gifts," and "charming home" which was "a perpetual fountain of knowledge and life." Another Bowdoin friend describes the home life of the Goodwins as "simple, unconventional, orderly, refined, and Christian." Of Dr. Goodwin it has been truly said that "Christian faith was the dominating keynote of his life." [2] He was a man of strong piety in the noblest meaning of

[1] *Memoir of Daniel Raynes Goodwin*, p. 4
[2] *Ibid.* p. 9

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the word. His epitaph may be fittingly written in words of his own choice:

'A servant of Jesus Christ, and for him a teacher of Men.' "

Preceptor Withington was a "master" of the old-fashioned dominant type who, while he held the school in wholesome awe, was greatly respected by his pupils. He has been described as "a tall, angular man, who walked the platform with a long, straight stick, which he called a demonstrator, and impressed his pupils like a king with a sceptre." His faculty for imparting instruction was remarkable. A lady who, in her youth, was under the instruction of Preceptor Withington, recently said to me: "It made no difference whether the boys and girls wished to learn or not—learn they must!" One of the "over the river" boys has left us some pleasant reminiscences of his personal experience in Master Withington's school.

"I came, with some other boys, from that part of the town opposite Loudon Hill. At Sheppard's wharf, we joined the scholars from the Hill, each with a green satchel for his books. It was a busy thoroughfare for us filled with great things,—the road that took us to the Academy. The schoolroom was so different from ours over the river; nice benches and seats, large windows, a clean, cheerful, airy place. . . . Mr. Withington's hobby was chemistry and he was second to none in the state in that branch of study. . . . But with all his passion for his studies, and all of his labors in the laboratory he always found time for a little music. Like many a young man he had learned to play upon the flute. When he found scholars enough for a choir, he introduced singing into the school. He sang bass himself and we could always carry three parts. He was very proud of this. But I think he liked the blackboard better than music. If he could only get us all deep into algebra, he was delighted. How our brains cracked and heads ached with the problems he gave us to solve. . . . He was fitting a class for college, and as we were all in one room, what he said to one class was, of course, listened to by the whole school. . . . It always

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seemed to me that those that did not study languages and chemistry were as deep in them as those who did. I learned French, almost as fast from hearing his class as though I had been in it. *Je n'oublierai jamais.*"

Two other pupils, Miss Helen Freeman and Miss Jennie W. Paine, acquired the rudiments of Greek by hearing Mr. Withington's class recite. When the Preceptor discovered this fact, he invited these two young ladies to enter the class with the young men who were taking their college preparatory courses. This caused some disaffection, as girls had never before been permitted to study Greek at the Academy. Both of these young ladies made a record for brilliant and thorough scholarship. Miss Freeman is still a highly-esteemed teacher in Burlington, New Jersey, where she has fitted many boys for their college examinations in Greek.

The strong personality and successful methods of "Master Withington" made a deep and lasting impression on the community, and under his instruction the school attained a wide reputation. In 1853, Mr. Withington was called to Germantown, Pennsylvania, as Principal of its classical academy which he made famous, during his long service there, by the scholarly and well-trained students whom he sent forth to the great universities of the country. Mr. Withington married Alfreda Bosworth. He died at Amboy, New Jersey, in 1877, leaving one son, Augustus H., and one daughter, Alfreda B. Withington, M. D., of Pittsfield, Massachusetts.

Mr. Francis Ashbury Waterhouse is remembered as one of the most successful and highly-esteemed preceptors of the Hallowell Academy. He was a man whose personal influence was a potent factor in stimulating a love of study, and whose method of instruction brought his classes to a high degree of excellence. Mr. Waterhouse fitted for college in the Hallowell Academy under Mr. Withington. He graduated from Bowdoin in 1857, and taught a while in the South before beginning his work in his home town. His ability as an instructor was soon recognized abroad, and more influential and lucrative positions soon lured him away from Hallowell. He taught most successfully the High Schools of Augusta and West Newton; and, in

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1880, was elected head master of the English High School in Boston, where, as a contemporary writer states, "he lent a hand in teaching some thousands of Bostonese ideas how to shoot," and established an enviable reputation as one of the foremost educators of the day. The following tribute to Mr. Waterhouse is taken from the *Boston News:* "Few, if any, men are better known to the rising urban generation than Master Francis Ashbury Waterhouse of the English High School. . . . Master Waterhouse is a familiar figure upon the streets. He is tall and keen-eyed, and has gray hair and a luxuriant gray beard. . . . He is immensely popular with the boys of the 'English High.' . . . As a teacher he is very successful, inspiring his classes with much of his own enthusiasm. He has great capacity for work, and is thoroughly in love with his noble profession." Mr. Waterhouse died in Paris while at the height of his successful career, leaving one son to bear his honored name.

The first building used as an academy was burned in 1804. The second building was a two-story wooden edifice, painted white, the "chief glory" of which was a bell-tower with a Paul Revere bell. This building also was destroyed by fire, in 1839. The brick building now standing was erected in 1841, and remodelled in 1890. It was originally a rectangular edifice, of a simple yet dignified style of architecture, with a classic portico supported by tall Doric columns.

It is to this classic old Academy, as it stood before its remodeling in 1890, that the hearts of the boys and girls of my own generation went out in love and grateful reverence; and it may safely be said that there was never a better school of its class than that taught at the Hallowell Academy, in the "famous sixties," when Mr. Charles B. Chace was preceptor. This institution was then doing a splendid and enduring work in the mental and moral culture of its pupils. Mr. Chace was a man far in advance of his times, and eminently fitted for the head of such a school. His methods were based entirely on the principles of self-government and mutual improvement; and the ideals of true manhood and womanhood were daily inculcated. Every branch of learning was made perfectly plain and prac-

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tical, from "bookkeeping by double entry" to the calculating of eclipses. Each boy and girl honestly aspired to the best work possible; but woe to him or her who pretended to know anything that he or she did not know! There was some intangible element in the atmosphere of the school that tolerated no false pretensions. The principle of living and working "upon honor" was unconsciously absorbed by the pupil from the very personality of the teacher. To have been under the instruction and influence of such a man proved a life-long inspiration to his pupils.

During the preceptorship of Mr. Charles B. Chace the school attained a degree of mental and moral culture unexcelled in the long and honorable history of the institution; and under his methods, which were most unusual in his day, the Hallowell Academy reached the climax of its power and usefulness. There are not a few grown-up boys and girls in the world to-day —and their faces stand out plainly before me as I write—who gratefully acknowledge themselves wiser and better for their school life with Mr. Chace in the old Hallowell Academy. To these friends of my youth, I here inscribe the lines:

AVE ET VALE

Shrined in our hearts, forever fair, there stands
A pillared temple rising to the sun;
Not grander were the courts of Eastern lands;
Not prouder was the peerless Parthenon.

Here open vistas led through all the earth;
Here Knowledge sat enthroned with starry crown;
Here all the glorious dreams of youth had birth;
Here let the heavens their solemn secrets down.

O happy temple on the sloping hill,
We hear afar thy softly ringing bell,
And send, in answer, words that throb and thrill,—
Ave et vale! Greeting and farewell!

Farewell! unto the old familiar gates,
The stately columns and the halls of yore;
Hail! to the newly risen fane that waits
With all the future beckoning at the door.

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Hail! to the tread of countless eager feet
That come and go the symphony to swell;
Hail and farewell! unto the phantoms sweet,
That haunt thy shades, beloved Hallowell!

Fair olden city on the river's shore,
Thou, through a measured century, hast kept
The grand inheritance our fathers bore,
When to thy wilds across the seas they swept.

And prized with liberty of life and faith,
Thy honored schools their proud traditions tell;
Long mayst thou hear the echoing strain that saith:
Ave et vale! Greeting and farewell!

The mission of the old Hallowell Academy, during its flourishing existence of more than three-quarters of a century, was nobly and fully accomplished. It did not, however, cover the whole field of education in Hallowell, but was supplemented by private and public schools for children, by the Vaughan Female Academy, and by the High School which, however, was not established until 1840.

One of the earliest educational institutions of the town was a typical "dame school," taught by Madame Bills, familiarly known in her later years as "Granny Bills." The school of Madame Bills was kept in her own little cottage located beneath a great willow-tree on the banks of the Kennebec. Madame Bills had all the latest and most improved methods of instruction of her time. She taught her children their daily lessons from one of the famous old hornbooks then in use, as they were in Shakespeare's day. The hornbook was a wooden frame holding a single page on which was printed the alphabet, the numerals, and usually the Lord's Prayer. This page was covered with a sheet of transparent horn, to preserve the text while the children learned their lessons. Hornbooks were also, sometimes, by some anomaly, made of gingerbread. Matthew Prior, in his *Alma*, speaks of the gingerbread hornbook which is given by the "English Maid" to "Master John;"—

"And that the child may learn the better,
As he can name, he eats the letter."

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I cannot say that Madame Bills ever sweetened the path of learning for her pupils by giving them hornbooks of gingerbread, but I have been assured, by one who knew from good authority, that she never "used the twig." The fool's cap was considered supreme punishment in the school of Madame Bills. This notable founder of the "dame schools" of Hallowell lived to be over ninety-six years of age. In her later years Granny Bills was very poor, and her old house down in "Joppa," became so dilapidated that it was in danger of falling upon her head. So her kind neighbors built a little new house for her in the locality where the old one had stood. In this new abode Granny Bills placed her bedstead, her Queen Anne chest of drawers, her broom, and her light-stand with her big Bible upon it; and here, with the simple necessities of life, provided by the good people of Hallowell, Granny Bills lived in peace and happiness the remainder of her days.

Another and far more ambitious establishment was the "Boarding and Day School" of Madame Remington which was established in 1810. No better description of this school at its most flourishing period, can be given than in Madame Remington's own announcement in the *American Advocate.*

Mrs. REMINGTON respectfully informs the inhabitants of Hallowell, and the public in general, that she has taken a pleasant and commodious house at the corner of Winthrop and 2d Streets, at which place she will on Monday the 21st instant, open an ACADEMY for the instruction of young ladies—where will be taught the following branches, viz: Reading, Writing, English Grammar, Arithmetic, Composition, Geography, the use of the Globes and Maps, and the elements of History.——— *Also* Drawing, Painting, Embroidery, Filigree; with every kind of useful and ornamental Needle-work. TERMS: Board per Quarter $27. Tuition pr. do. from $4 to $10.

Mrs. REMINGTON assures those parents who may entrust their children to her care, that every attention shall be paid to their morals, manners and improvement.

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N. B. MUSIC AND DANCING MASTERS, are engaged, should a sufficient number of pupils offer.

After four successful years, Mrs. Remington was succeeded by Mrs. Boardman who opened a Boarding and Day School "for the instruction of Young Ladies in the Useful and Ornamental Branches of education." She adds, to the curriculum of her predecessor, "Painting on Velvet," $9.00; and music on Wednesday and Saturday afternoons.

Mrs. Boardman was a woman of pleasing personality who was always gowned in white and who "had two clean dresses every week." Her art classes were especially popular. "Painting on velvet" was an expensive accomplishment, but water colors were within the means of all the pupils. Flower painting was a specialty; and Mrs. Boardman was, doubtless, the originator of that long line of perpetual, ever-blooming, never-fading, pink-and-green moss-rosebuds which are still preserved in their pristine freshness in many of the old houses in Hallowell.

The pupils in Mrs. Boardman's school, not at all behind the progressive young people of to-day, organized an art club, which is delightfully described by Miss Sallucia Abbott:

"There were a dozen or more of us who all attended Mrs. Boardman's school for Young Misses, so that we were all friends and schoolmates together. There were Mary and Lucia, Louisa and Julia, Lucy and Caroline, Mary Jane, Emeline and myself, and perhaps some others that I do not now recollect. The little girl, at whose house we met, generally had the use of her mother's parlor for the occasion. We had no officers, and no form about our association. We sat around the table in the seats we chanced to take when we came in, and talked together pleasantly while we worked. Mary and Lucia were a little older than the rest of us, and were better acquainted with the art; and we naturally went to them for assistance in all difficult parts; so that they were in reality our teachers; and the benefit that we derived from these meetings was in a great measure derived from them. Thus we spent two hours in

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drawing and painting landscapes and flowers, and all sorts of things, chatting together, admiring each other's work, and asking each other's advice, and having, as the children say, an 'excellent time,'—[forgive us, dear Aunt Sallucia, but did they really say an "excellent" time?]—and at four o'clock the portfolios were refilled, and we all resorted to the yards and gardens for a run among the flowers. At five o'clock we were all wending our way home to take tea with our parents."

This story, in *The Alcove*, is of especial interest because we know that the nice little girls therein mentioned were real little girls who truly lived in Hallowell, and had the painting parties at their very own houses. We know too what their real names were, for have not our mothers told us?—that is, all but that of "Mary Jane." "Mary" was Mary Perley, daughter of Squire Perley, and afterwards, Mrs. William Lane; "Lucia" was Lucia Brown; "Louisa" was Louisa Perley, afterwards Mrs. John Dumont; "Julia" was Julia Page, daughter of Dr. Benjamin Page; "Lucy" was Lucy Dummer, who married Samuel K. Kilman; "Emeline" was Emeline Page, daughter of John O. Page, who married Wilmot Wood of Wiscasset; "myself," who, in the words of the writer, ends the list, was "Aunt Sallucia Abbott." But—who was "Mary Jane?"

Another notable dame school was that taught by Miss Polly Salisbury. Miss Polly reigned about the year of Our Lord 1835. Under her *regime* several innovations were introduced into the dame school. Miss Polly believed in co-education, and took boys as well as girls for pupils. She was a strict disciplinarian and some of her punishments were original and very efficacious. In addition to the fool's cap and the dunce's stool, Miss Polly had what she called the "tattle-rag." This was a rectangular piece of cloth, made of stripes of different colors, which was pinned to the back of those children who told tales of their fellow pupils.

Miss Polly is remembered as a sweet and cheery little woman, very bright and quick at repartee. Her career as a teacher terminated with her marriage to Samuel Page, Esq., of Wiscasset, in 1840. After Miss Polly's day, numerous other juvenile schools flourished. One of the most notable was that

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of Miss Bergen who is said to have been "a living illustration of manners."

The private school for young ladies in Hallowell reached the height of its development and usefulness in the "Female Academy" founded by the Rev. John Apthorp Vaughan. This model school for girls was an institution far in advance of its time. It was conducted by a man of liberal education, inherited culture, and most impressive character; and it speedily acquired a wide reputation. The school was located on Central Street in a new edifice described, in a contemporary journal, as "a spacious, convenient building of truly classic architecture," and was furnished with all the best educational appliances of the day.

Mr. Vaughan was assisted in the school by Miss Mary Merrick, who taught the younger children, and who was greatly beloved and admired by all the students. Miss Merrick, as we are told by an old lady who had been a member of the school, was accustomed, on summer afternoons, to return to her classes, in fresh and dainty attire, with ribbons and slippers of a color that matched her gown. This artistic touch in Miss Merrick's costume made a great impression on the minds of her adoring pupils.

The Vaughan School was patronized by the best families of Hallowell, and many young ladies came from other towns to enjoy the educational advantages here afforded. A few of these pupils were received into the Vaughan household where much attention was paid to their physical, mental, and moral development.

Four, at least, of the students of the old Vaughan Academy are now living. They are Mrs. Caroline F. Dole of Norridgewock, Mrs. Emeline L. Percival of Cambridge, Miss Elizabeth Clark of Waltham, and Mrs. De La Croix of Oxford, North Carolina; and in letters recently written, they all testify to the superior methods of instruction, and to the refining and elevating influences of this famous and long-remembered school.

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From those letters, I have been able to learn the names of a number of the pupils who attended Mr. Vaughan's Academy in 1831 and 1832. They were: Caroline Fletcher (Mrs. Nathan Dole), Susan F. Preston (Mrs. M. Clapp), and Sarah Selden (Mrs. McCobb), from Norridgewock; Isabella Williams (Mrs. Frederic Freeman), Elizabeth Williams (Mrs. Judge Redington), Lucy Williams (Mrs. William Woart), Elizabeth T. Tappan (Mrs. Edwin B. Webb), Caroline Potter (Mrs. Stephen Deering), Augusta Vose (Mrs. Jacob W. Mc. Maine), Ellen Emmons, and Jane Tappan, from Augusta; Ellen Evans (Mrs. Lally) from Gardiner; Sarah Sherman and Rebecca Ford from Newcastle. The list of Hallowell pupils, which is very incomplete, gives the names of Charlotte Sewall (Mrs. Eastman), Joanna Sewall (Mrs. Lemont), Charlotte Wales (Mrs. Frederick Allen), Caroline Gardiner (Mrs. Hathaway), Mary Wingate (Mrs. William Nason), Sarah W. Wales, Emeline Davis, (Mrs. Warren Percival), Eliza Pollard, Ellen Ladd, Annie Dole (Mrs. Titcomb), of Alemada, California; Isadore Allen and sister, Hannah, Anna, and Mary Dole, —the latter, Mrs. De La Croix, of Oxford, North Carolina.

In his system of teaching, Mr. Vaughan was original and most successful. Globes and maps were used, and object lessons made the studies easy and interesting for the younger pupils. Much attention was given to history and literature, and the subjects were presented in a broad way and not in the mere text-book style. There was also a good deal of written work, and spelling and dictation exercises were frequent. In later years, when modern methods and new ideas in teaching were mentioned, Mrs. Charlotte Allen would often say, "We used to do that at Mr. Vaughan's school."

Mrs. De La Croix, now an old lady over eighty years of age, vividly recalls her childish impressions of this old school and the instances of moral suasion by which the pupils were governed. "There was never a punishment," she writes. "There were two sessions, and all stood up by their desks the last thing at night. Those who had not made any communications could sit down. He (Mr. Vaughan) looked at each one as they stood, more or less saddened, and his face expressed his

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feelings; and every one of us regretted our failings and mentally decided to be more careful not to grieve him. . . Mr. Vaughan had two minutes recess every half hour. A clock stood in plain sight and we all knew that when the little bell rang we could leave our seats and talk and exchange books. Communications were unnecessary."

Mrs. Caroline Fletcher Dole, one of the older scholars in the school, boarded in Mr. Vaughan's family, and thus had an opportunity to acquire a discerning and appreciative insight into the character of her teacher. She still speaks with the warmest affection of Mr. Vaughan, who was beloved and revered by all of his pupils, and especially of the moral influence of the school. "Dr. Vaughan," writes Mrs. Dole," "had the spiritual welfare of his scholars very much at heart and sought to influence them to lead a religious life. He had daily prayers in the home, and a short devotional exercise every morning in opening the school for the day." On the last day of the closing term of the school, the morning reading, by a chance and touching coincidence, was the 20th chapter of Acts, in which Paul makes a parting address to the elders of the church. The students were deeply impressed and much affected by the closing verse: "Sorrowing most of all for the words which he spake, that they should see his face no more."

In December, 1832, Mr. Vaughan, much to the regret of pupils, parents, and the whole community at Hallowell, closed his school, after its short but potent existence of two years. He soon afterwards became rector of the Church of the Mediator in Philadelphia. Twenty-two years later, on August 11, 1854, the pupils of the Hallowell Female Academy held a reunion at Hallowell and tendered a reception to Mr. Vaughan. A felicitous address was made on this occasion by the Rev. Daniel R. Goodwin; and a silver goblet was presented to the Rev. John A. Vaughan, D. D., by the pupils of the Hallowell Female Academy, "as a tribute of regard for their former teacher."

One of the first acts of the newly organized town government of Hallowell, in the year 1797, was the appropriation of

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five hundred dollars for "schooling." The fathers had evidently not forgotten the injunction laid upon them by the Rev. William Hazlitt, in his Thanksgiving sermon: "You should teach your children to read before you teach them to work!" and, although the Academy was well established at this time, the town did not neglect to provide for its public schools.

The first town school of which we have record was kept in an old one-story building on Clark's lane, opposite Deacon Gow's house. A better and more commodious house was soon secured on Second Street, opposite the meeting-house. This building was known for many years as the Old South school-house.

One of the old residents of Hallowell, under the name of "Senex," writes: "It was an eventful day when we changed the old for the new school-house. Headed by the master, we formed two by two in solemn cavalcade, with our books under our arms to take possession of the new seminary. We had not much to carry, it is true. Our reading books then consisted, according to advancement in the class, of three volumes, to wit, *The New England Primer*, *Webster's Spelling Book*, and the *New Testament*. Probably you hardly know now in your primary schools what the New England Primer means. We knew it well, and it was the business of Master Haskell to see that on Saturday afternoon we *said our Catechism*. Old Parson Gillet also examined the pupils in his frequent visits to the school and heard them recite:

'In Adam's fall
We sinned all.'

"Uncle John Sewall taught after Master Haskell. He was not a very learned man. He taught the three R's—Readin', Ritin', and 'Rithmetic—pretty well, and suffered the reading of Morse's Geography. But he was a stranger to Grammar."

A much more learned man than "Uncle John," was Master Samuel Locke. He has been characterized as an "old-fashioned iron schoolmaster," who was "celebrated for breaking in incorrigibles;" and yet it is said that he was "neither cruel nor

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unjust in the treatment of his scholars." Master Locke was a fine mathematician and an excellent teacher of navigation. Many of the Hallowell boys who became famous sea-captains received their elementary instruction in Master Locke's classes. This old-time pedagogue was undoubtedly a man of high attainments and, as a citizen, he was much respected.

Prior to 1840, there were only two public schools in Hallowell, one in the Old South school-house, and the other in the brick school-house on Middle Street. Master Locke taught in the brick school-house, and the other school was for the children. As the Hallowell Academy and other private schools were patronized by many of the families in the town, the necessity of advanced public schools was not fully recognized until about 1840, when an attempt was made to grade and improve the town schools. In this year the inhabitants, assembled in a "district meeting," voted to increase the school appropriation to $3000; and to erect a new double brick building in the place of the old one, at a cost af $1200. The measures at this time provided for a High school, a Grammar school, and the necessary primaries.

Mr. Baker states that many excellent instructors have been employed in the Hallowell schools. In the girl's Grammar school, Sarah R. Parke "carried away the palm as an instructress who could not be excelled." Other successful teachers who were beloved by many successive classes of pupils were Caroline Yeaton, Caroline A. Perley, Elizabeth D. Pillsbury, Caroline A. Page (Mrs. Freeman), Ruth H. Nickerson (Mrs. Plaisted), Fannie L. Nye, and S. Louisa Gilman. "In the boy's Grammar school," writes Mr. Baker, "D. H. Goodno was a superior teacher and disciplinarian. Albert Thomas was very successful; and J. B. Brackett incited his pupils to very faithful and profitable study." The three most noteworthy instructors in the High School were, without question, Mr. Jonas Burnham, Mr. W. H. Seavey, and Mr. Alfred E. Buck.

Mr. Jonas Burnham was ably equipped for his work and entered upon the task of organizing and maintaining the new High school, with great enthusiasm. His efforts were crowned with great success; and at the annual examinations of the

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school, some of his pupils showed remarkable proficiency in their studies. When it was announced to the public that Mr. Burnham had resigned his position as teacher of the Hallowell High School to go to another field of labor, there was a very general and sincere expression of regret from the pupils and friends of the school. The "big boys" were openly rebellious; and with that perverted sense of justice, often observed at such times, they vowed to "make things lively" for the next teacher. Very fortunately for the school and for Hallowell, the next teacher was Mr. W. N. Seavey. For the first few days after his arrival, the boys spared no effort to make matters uncomfortable for Mr. Seavey; but gradually, imperceptibly, nobody exactly knew how, the atmosphere cleared, and before the first week of the term had ended, every boy and girl was the loyal supporter of the new master. Mr. Seavey's success and popularity were at once established, and were maintained until his resignation. He afterwards attained celebrity in the schools of Boston.

A third teacher whose name and fame are a lasting honor to the records of the Hallowell High School was Mr. Alfred E. Buck. As a young man, and soon after his graduation from Waterville College, Mr. Buck came to Hallowell, and by his force and sincerity of character, and his thorough scholarship, he won the respect and devoted allegiance of his pupils. His term of service as a teacher in the Hallowell High School was remarkable for its success; and the friendship formed between Mr. Buck and his pupils was loyal and enduring.

At the beginning of the Civil War, Mr. Buck entered the Union army as Captain of Company C, Thirtieth Maine Volunteers. Promoted to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, he led his command in the assault upon Fort Blakely, Alabama, and was brevetted Colonel for his gallant conduct at the capture of that fortress. At the close of the war, Colonel Buck settled at the south. He was elected a member of the Constitutional Convention of Alabama, was a Presidential Elector for that state when Grant was elected President, and a member of Congress from 1869 to 1871. He removed to Atlanta, Georgia, in 1873, and was at the head of the Republican

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party in that state for eighteen years. He was Marshal of the United States for Georgia during the administration of Harrison; and was a delegate to five Republican National Conventions. He was also connected with many industries for developing the coal and iron resources of Alabama and Georgia, and was an important factor in the growth of the New South.

In April, 1897, Colonel Buck was appointed United States Minister to Japan, by President McKinley, and served most successfully and acceptably until his death, which occurred in Tokyo, December 4, 1902. Many tributes to his official ability and success as minister at the court of Japan appeared, at the time of his death, in the Japanese and American press. He carried to his office a ripe knowledge of American politics, a keen insight into national affairs, and great administrative ability. While in Tokyo, he won the highest respect and esteem, and received marked recognition at the Japanese court. His term of service as United States minister was one of distinction to himself and of honor to his country. He was a man, morally and mentally, of a large mould, and had within himself the elements of greatness. He lies buried, as he wished, in the cemetery at Arlington, with the nation's honored dead.

As we reach the close of our chapter, the stories of the old Hallowell Academy and of the Hallowell High School, by an unanticipated transition, merge into one. In 1873, both of these schools were united with the new Classical School. In 1885, after the discontinuance of the Classical School, the High School was reopened, and established in the old Academy building; and thus, this time-honored structure as remodeled by the city fathers, remains today, a monument of the early and never-failing purpose of Hallowell to liberally educate her sons and daughters.

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Astor, Lenox and Tilden
Foundations
1910

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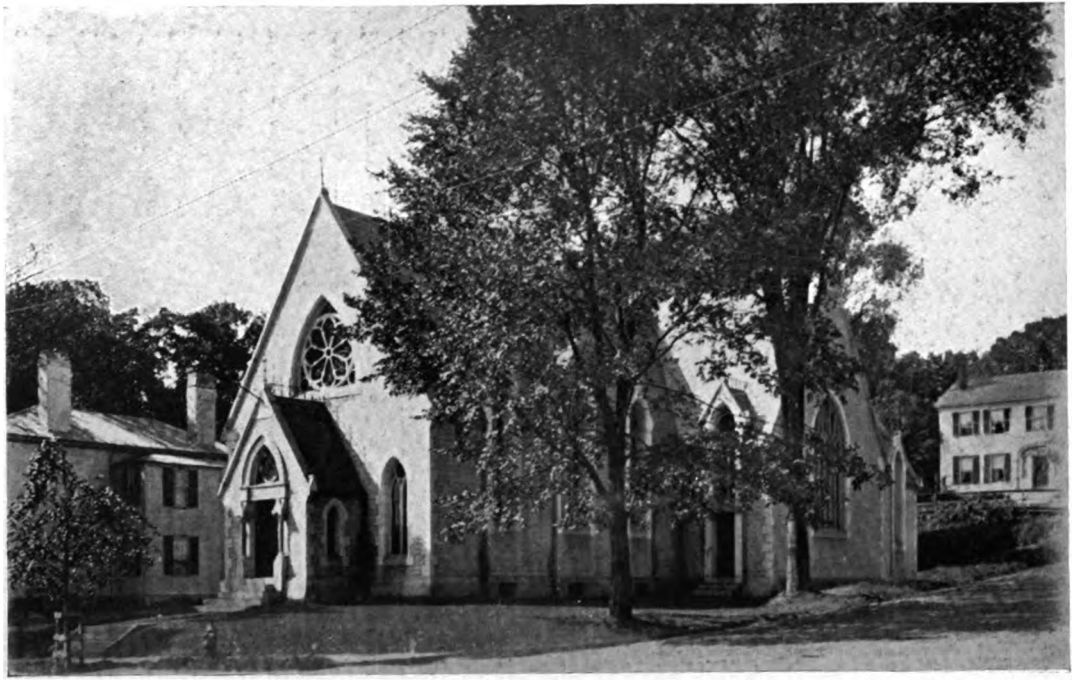

THE HUBBARD FREE LIBRARY

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XIV

THE LIBRARIES OF HALLOWELL

"Here is that 'etherial and fifth essence, the breath of reason itself, the seasoned life of men, preserved and stored up in books.'"
—Rev. Henry V. Emmons.

NEXT to the schools of a town, in the influences that develop the character, educate the mind, and perfect the intellectual and moral culture of the people, stand its private and public libraries. To every town or city, the schools are the absolutely essential source of intelligence, prosperity, and happiness in the community; but, from the libraries, emanate that subtle force and influence that perfect the work of the school, by expanding its budding growth into the blossom and fruitage of intellectual culture. Old Hallowell had the happy fate of having its schools, which were founded at the close of the eighteenth century, immediately supplemented by most excellent private and public libraries.

Among the early settlers at the Hook, there were not a few families, like the Merricks, the Pages, the Dummers, the Sheppards, and others, that brought with them a very excellent collection of goodly books; but upon the Vaughan library, Hallowell bases its claim of having within its limits, at the opening of the nineteenth century, the largest and most valuable library in New England, with the exception of that of Harvard College.

The owner of this library, Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, who came to Hallowell in 1797, was one of the most scholarly and cultured men of his time. The books in his library had been collected, with rare discrimination, from the publications of England, France, Switzerland, Germany, and America. In this library there were ten thousand volumes. The walls of the Vaughan mansion were literally lined with books. Moreover, Dr. Vaughan was not only an ardent lover but a generous

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lender of good literature. His bookshelves, which were especially rich in classic and scientific works, were always open for reference to the student; and thus the whole community was enriched by the wealth of the Vaughan library.

But it was not only the mature student, and the men and women of the town, that were welcome to the use of these interesting and valuable books. The children of Old Hallowell were equally indebted to the Vaughan library, one department of which was filled with the best books for young people that could be procured at this time. Every Saturday afternoon, this library was opened, and the books were freely loaned to the boys and girls who came for them. The value of these books to the children of Hallowell cannot be overestimated. Of this home library, and of the gracious hostess who here dispensed the best gifts of classic and story-book lore to the favored children of this olden time, Mr. John S. C. Abbott writes as follows:

"Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Vaughan, whose names I can never speak but with the most profound emotions of reverence and affection, opened their spacious library every week to the children of the village. It contained, among its other literary treasures, as choice a collection of juvenile books as money could then afford. Every Saturday afternoon the children were accustomed to cluster on the piazza of the spacious mansion to exchange these well-read volumes. One good mother in Hallowell, whose five sons imbibed from this library such tastes that they all passed through Bowdoin College and Andover Theological Seminary, said to one of them: 'You children will never be able to appreciate the debt of gratitude you owe to the Vaughan family.'

"Mrs. Vaughan," adds Mr. Abbott, "was a very lovely woman full of vivacity and activity, with a face beaming with intelligence. I can now see her questioning the children as to what they had read, and, with her slight and fragile form, nimbly ascending the library steps and selecting such a book as she thought best adapted to the capacity of the child. Sixty years of this stormy life have passed away, and I can yet recall the intensity of pleasurable emotion with which those precious

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volumes were read during the long evenings of a Maine winter. The influence of this library upon that little community was very remarkable; so much so that in the social gatherings of the children which were frequent, and which always broke up when the nine o'clock bell rang, one of their principal joys was to entertain each other with the recital of original stories, made up *extempore* upon the occasion."

Another very remarkable private library in Hallowell was that of the Hon. John Otis. Throughout his life, Mr. Otis was a student and lover of good literature. He was a collector of rare and valuable old books, and his library contained hundreds of volumes of interest to the antiquarian student. Some of these books, that probably could not have been obtained elsewhere in this country, were purchased at the sale of the library of Mr. Samuel Vaughan of London. There were, in Mr. Otis' collection, about a thousand books and pamphlets published prior to 1800. These were works on history, travel, biography, science, politics, philosophy, poetry and *belles-lettres*. Upon his book shelves were the old Greek and Latin authors, in the original, and in modern translations. There were also translations from the Persian, Arabic, German, French, and Italian. The works of the English historians and poets were represented in fine editions. There were essays and sermons innumerable, and tracts upon all subjects from the "Antiquity of Scandal and Birthday of Folly," to the most abstruse treatises on theological and political polemics, and "Plain Truths and Remarks on Common Sense." To emphasize the importance of the statement in regard to the rareness and value of these old volumes, the titles and date of publication of some of them are here given.

The oldest book in the library bore the date of 1492. This book was the *Herodias Epistolae*, by the Latin poet Publius Ovidius Naso, whom we commonly called Ovid. A worthy and venerable companion to this ancient volume was a book by Diogenes Laertius, entitled *The Lives of the Philosophers*. This was a beautiful well-preserved folio, printed on vellum, in 1493. These two books alone would give distinction to any library, public or private, in our country.

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The century from 1500 to 1600 was represented by twelve valuable volumes; the century from 1600 to 1700 by one hundred and ten volumes; the century from 1700 to 1800, by six hundred and seventy-five volumes. The library therefore contained over eight hundred books besides numerous pamphlets, published prior to 1800.

Notable among the books printed between 1500 and 1600 were:

Quintiliani. De Institutione. 1514.

Ovidii Epistole, cum Comment, Calderini et Badio. Black Letter. Curious Wood cuts. Folio Calf. Lugduni. 1523. (This is a very rare volume.)

Homeri Ilias et Ulyssea cum Interpretatione. Folio. 1535. (A very fine rare copy.)

Sententae Veterum Poetarum per Georgium Maiorum. 1551.

P. Ovidii Nasonis. *Metamorphoses.* (In Latin.) 1568.

Ptolomaei Geographiae, per C. Mercator. 1584. (Fine ancient maps. Very rare.)

The Mirrour of Policie. A Work no less profitable than necessarie, for all Magistrates and Governors of Estates and Commonweales. 1590. (Rare.)

The Historie of the Warres of Italie and Other Partes. Translated by Geffray Fenton. By F. Guicciardini. 1599.

Among the books printed between 1600 and 1700, the oldest was *A Generall Historie of the Netherlands, with Genealogic and Memorable Acts of the Earls of Holland, Zeeland and West Friesland.* This was a magnificently illustrated Folio, issued in 1608. Other books of this century were: Montaigne's *Essays,* "done into English" by John Florio, London, 1613; *Histoire des Martyrs,* Geneva, 1619; *Purchase. His Pilgrimes contayning a History of the World in Sea Voyages and Land Travells by Englishmen and Others;* (a very rare work in four volumes published in 1625–6); *The Painting of the Ancients,* by Franciscus, Jr., London, 1633; *Military Essayes of the Ancient Grecian, Roman, and Modern Art of War,* by Sir James Turner, London, 1633; and *The Historie of the World* by C. Pliny, Translated by Philemon Holland, 1634.

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One very rare and curious work was that by Sir John Finette, (Master of Ceremonies), entitled *Some Choice Observations touching the Reception and Precedence, the Treatment and Audience, the Punctillios and Contests of Foreign Ambassadors in England*, 1656.

Two valuable and interesting histories were the *Chronicles of the Kings of England*, by Sir Richard Baker, 1674; and a very rare work, entitled *The Account of the Pretended Prince of Wales and other Grievances that occasioned the Invitation of the Prince of Orange*, with other papers relating to the Revolution, 1688. Another highly prized book was *Meditationes de Prima de Philosophia*, by Descartes, Elzivir, Amsterdam, 1678.

These are but a few of a collection of over one hundred books printed in the seventeenth century. Among the books of the eighteenth century it is more difficult to make a representative selection. This collection included many fine and richly illustrated volumes on history, travel, poetry, and philosophy. Some of the oldest were Malabranch's *Search After Truth*, 1700; Dryden's *Poems and Translations*, 1701; *The Glory of Queen Anne*, 1703. There was also the *Peerage of England*, in eight volumes, by Arthur Collins, 1779; and that very rare and interesting folio, *A Display of Heraldrie*, by John Guyllym, probably the edition of 1724. Two other books that appeal very strongly to us at the present day, were *The Generall Historie of Virginia, New England, and the Summer Isles*, by Capt. John Smith, 1629, (a reprint); and a rare edition of Robert Beverely's *History of Virginia in Four Parts*, printed in 1705. Other miscellaneous but interesting books were the famous *Junius Letters*, 1772; *The Freethinker; Essays in Wit and Humor*, 1740; *E. Burke on the Sublime and Beautiful*, 1757; *Ancient and Modern Scottish Songs and Heroic Ballads*, 1776; *The Acts and Deeds of the Most Famous Valliant Champion, Sir William Wallace*, written by blind Harry, a Scottish minstrel who died about 1492; and a quaint copy of Luther's *German Bible*. The English poets were represented in handsome editions, and the books of the nineteenth century were too numerous to mention.

I well remember this library and the impression which this

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seemingly vast collection of books always produced upon my childish mind. Many of the books were kept in alcoves in the hall where the book shelves were built into the wall. No marvel of modern architecture which it has since been my lot to behold, has ever inspired such a sense of rapturous awe as I always felt on entering this fine old hall with its glass-covered book-cases, its arched doorways, and its wonderful winding stairway which seemed to swing itself upward by some marvelous but invisible means to enchanted regions above.

Mr. Otis died in 1856; and after his death this valuable library was preserved intact, at the Grant mansion, until the year 1878. It was then sold at auction in Boston and nearly all of its rare folios, books, pamphlets, etc., were scattered among libraries and book-collectors that were only too eager to secure them. The handsomely illustrated *Historie of the Netherlands* is now in the Boston Art Museum where it is frequently consulted by the students of art and history. Happily a few of the most valuable volumes are still in the possession of the Otis family. One of these, printed in 1747, is entitled *The Heads of Illustrious Persons of Great Britain;* and as we turn the leaves of this beautiful folio, enriched with full page engravings by Houbraken and Vertue, we realize as never before the loss of the hundreds of rare volumes which might, perhaps, have been preserved for the old town of Hallowell. The books were offered for sale, but the opportunity passed unheeded. This is one of those oversights which seem unaccountable in the retrospect; but no one among us apparently realized what a treasure was passing from our grasp, or that the opportunity of acquiring such a collection of rare old books would never come to us again. It is with infinite and unassuaged regret that we now think of the loss of these ancient volumes that would have been of inestimable value to the Hubbard Free Library, and a fitting monument of the time when Hallowell rightfully bore the honor of being "the most intellectual and literary town in Maine."

In those earlier days several of the literary societies of Hallowell also possessed collections of books. The Kennebec

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Library Society and the Young Men's Society, which was a literary and debating club, are still represented by a number of volumes now preserved upon the shelves of the Hubbard Free Library.

The Franklin Debating Society also had a small but well-selected library. This society was composed of representative young men of Hallowell who took themselves and their talents more seriously than do many young men of the present time, and who endeavored to make the most of such gifts as they possessed. The members of the society met in the upper room of the Old South school-house. They wrote essays, declaimed the speeches of great statesmen, and debated questions of civic, national, historic, and theological importance. A record of the meetings, in the handwriting of one of its principal members, Henry Knox Baker, is preserved in the Hubbard Free Library, with a number of books bearing the label of the Franklin Debating Society.

In addition to these libraries, large and small, there was also in Hallowell, in the olden days, a very excellent circulating library, founded by Ezekiel Goodale, printer and bookseller. "Uncle Zekiel," as this early benefactor of the town was called, saw the necessity of a good library easily accessible to the general public, and, with a commendable spirit, immediately founded one. As his business placed him in touch with the English market, Mr. Goodale imported many of the new and standard books as soon as they were issued by the English publishing houses. From small beginnings, the Hallowell Circulating Library grew to a large and valuable collection. Upon its shelves were found the *Spectator*, the *Rambler*, *Skakespeare*, *Milton*, the novels of Fielding and Smollet, and Richardson's *Pamela*. To these, were soon added the works of Scott, Byron, Moore, Campbell, Wordsworth, Coleridge, Lamb, Shelley, and of many other authors then new to the reading world. All these were placed by a book-loving dealer in the hands of an intelligent circle of readers. In 1820, according to the attractive catalogue still extant, this old library offered to its patrons "novels, romances, plays, biography, history, voyages, travels, poems, miscellaneous reviews, and periodi-

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cals;" and among the latter, were the *London Monthly Magazine*, the *Atheneum*, the *Edinburgh Review*, *Quarterly Review*, and the *American Review of History and Politics*. It was said of Ezekiel Goodale, the founder of this library, that he was not a literary man himself but was "the cause of literature in others."

The Hallowell Social Library, which still exists under the name of the Hubbard Free Library, was established in 1842. Among its most prominent founders were Dr. Amos Nourse, Rev. Jonathan Cole, and Mr. Thomas B. Brooks. This library consisted in the beginning of five hundred and twenty-nine well-selected volumes purchased by the shareholders. These books were, for twelve years, hospitably housed, free of rent, in a large room on the second floor of the store of Mr. Brooks, on the corner of Winthrop and Water Streets. The early patrons of this library will recall its entrance which had an iron door opening upon a Venetian-like balcony, from which an airy flight of stairs descended to the street below.

The first officers of the Hallowell Social Library Association were: Andrew Masters, *president;* Jonathan Cole, Samuel Wells, Thomas B. Brooks, Franklin Scammon, Justin E. Smith, *directors;* Edward K. Butler, *treasurer;* Henry K. Baker, *secretary* and *librarian*. The services of those who successively held the office of librarian were gratuitously given; and grateful acknowledgments are due from the residents of Hallowell to the men and women who so generously gave their time, thought, and disinterested efforts to this beneficent work. The list of librarians of the Hallowell Social Library is on record as follows: Hon. H. K. Baker, Mr. T. B. Brooks, Mr. J. C. Dwight, E. K. Butler, Esq., Mr. T. W. Newman, Miss Lucy M. Emmons, Dr. M. C. Richardson, Dr. J. DeWolfe Smith, Miss Annie F. Page, and Miss Sophie B. Gilman and Miss Abbie Eveleth, assistant librarians.

In 1858, the library received the donation of a collection of rare and valuable books from the library of Mr. John Merrick, and another accession to its shelves from the library of Mr. George Merrick.

In 1861, a store and lot on Water Street valued at $1600,

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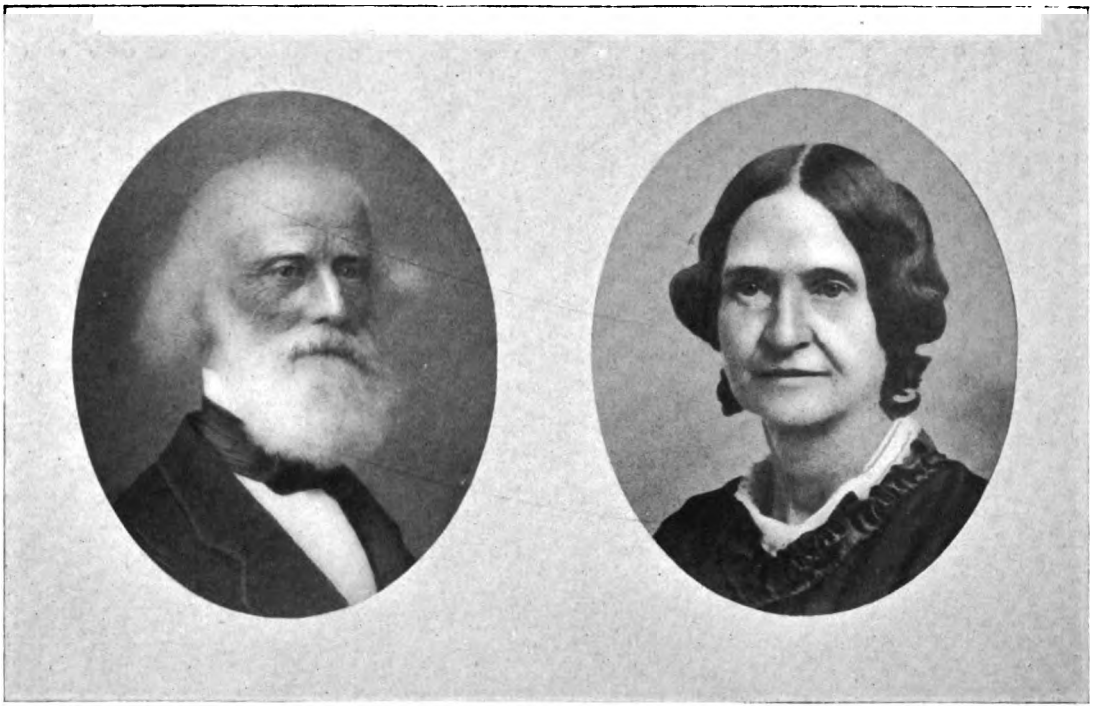

MR. AND MRS. CHARLES VAUGHAN

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was presented to the library by Mr. Charles Vaughan of Cambridge. This gift was accompanied by a cordial letter, closing as follows:

> "If you should accept the enclosed deed, I shall be happy to think I have done something for the benefit of an institution calculated, if properly managed, to do much good, and be an honor to my native place, which still has my best affections.
>
> I am
>
> Your obt. servant,
>
> CHAS. VAUGHAN."

The hopes and expectations of Mr. Charles Vaughan, whose gift first placed the library upon a practical financial basis, were abundantly realized. It soon became necessary to have a permanent and suitable building for the library; and the first effectual movement to this end is due to the women of Hallowell who, in the summer of 1868, met at the home of Mrs. Simon Page, and appointed two secretaries, Miss Emma G. Hubbard and Miss Annie F. Page, to solicit funds for the purchase of a lot, and for the subsequent erection of an ideal library building. In 1878, the "Library Building Association" was formed. Its officers were: Mrs. J. DeWolfe Smith, *president;* Miss Mary E. Moody, *treasurer;* Miss Annie F. Page, *secretary;* Mrs. H. F. Harding, Miss Emma G. Hubbard, Miss Harriet Morgridge, Miss Sophie B. Gilman, Miss Lucy M. Emmons, *executive committee.*

Through the efforts of these public-spirited women of Hallowell the enterprise, so courageously undertaken, was carried out to complete success. In 1880, a beautiful stone building, the cumulative gift of the sons and daughters of Old Hallowell to the mother town, was erected on Second Street. The granite of which this edifice was constructed was quarried from the Hallowell hills, and was the gift of Governor J. R. Bodwell, the large-hearted, widely-beloved president of the Hallowell Granite Company. The iron cresting was generously donated by the Fuller Brothers of Hallowell. The architectural plan for the library was designed and presented to the committee by Mr. A. C. Currier, as a tribute to his native town; and

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the funds for the erection of the building were contributed by the residents and former residents of Hallowell. When all completed, the beautiful Gothic edifice stood, like a temple of old, lifting its portals to the east; and the ladies of the Library Building Association had the supreme pleasure of committing its keys to the officers of the Hallowell Social Library.

On the 9th of March, 1880, this library was publicly dedicated to the great and noble purpose for which it was designed. On this occasion an oration was delivered by the Rev. Henry V. Emmons, and an original poem was read by Mrs. Emma Huntington Nason. All of the other parts of the programme were likewise contributed by loyal sons and daughters of Hallowell, in harmony with the general plan of the building and presentation committee.

Thus this library, in the words of the Rev. Henry V. Emmons, the orator of the day, was "dedicated to the honor of the living and the memory of the dead, among its donors and promoters; to the perpetuation of the memory of our fathers; to the adding of comfort and culture to our homes; to the unfolding of the minds and the refinement of the tastes of our children; to the elevation of our aims and our manners; to the advancement of learning and liberality and loyalty; to the common welfare among our citizens; to the spread of truth and the correction of error; to the inculcation of candor, fidelity, proberty, and veracity, and the promotion of liberty, patriotism, and piety." Well has this library fulfilled its mission; and that it has done so, has been, in a great measure due to the fidelity, enthusiasm, and literary discrimination of its librarians, Miss Annie F. Page and Miss Sophie B. Gilman, who for more than a quarter of a century, with a devotion akin to that of priestesses at a shrine, have stood at this altar of learning, and guided both young and old into its inner sanctuary.

In 1893, the library was enlarged through the liberal endowment of $20,000, from General Thomas H. Hubbard, an honored son of Hallowell; and the free library and reading room was thus established. The building was re-dedicated on March 15, 1894. At this time an able and eloquent address, on "The Place and Work of the Public Library," was delivered by

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GENERAL THOMAS H. HUBBARD

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Professor Charles F. Richardson, who paid, during his discourse, a loyal tribute to the treasure-store of books with which he was familiar in his boyhood. A beautiful and suggestive poem, written by a gifted daughter of Hallowell, Mrs. Martha Baker Dunn, was read by Mr. Walter F. Marston. One stanza of this poem might well be engraved upon the portals of this library:

> "Then enter here with reverent tread,
> Here bare the brow, uplift the eye,
> Do homage to the deathless dead,—
> Within these walls they never die."

To the donor of this munificent gift to the library, to him who thus made the desires of the people a reality in enduring stone, words of acknowledgment must ever be inadequate; but as a perpetual expression of the gratitude of the citizens of Hallowell for this benefaction to themselves, their children, and their children's children, and in memory of the Hubbard family, this library was named, in 1894, the HUBBARD FREE LIBRARY.

In 1897, the library received an endowment of $10,000, which was expended in adding a west wing to the building. This liberal benefaction was the gift of Mrs. Eliza Clark Lowell, a direct descendant of Deacon Pease Clark, the first settler of Hallowell.

When the west wing, now designated as the "Lowell Museum," was completed in 1898, and the building was opened, for the third time, to the public, with dedicatory exercises. Mrs. Lowell, at the age of ninety-four years, had the pleasure of being present to receive the grateful acknowledgments of the friends and patrons of the library. The address for this occasion on "Libraries and Their Uses," was written by the venerable Judge Henry K. Baker. The poem, by Miss Ellen Hamlin Butler, entitled "*The Creating of the Book*," presented a beautiful conception of the development of the mental growth of the human race, from which one learned how humanity was first taught to *live*, then to *sing*, and then to *write*, and at last to *read*. The poem closed with the following invocation to the "fortunate children of these last days:"

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"Oh friends,
This is a story that never ends
The story! Ah no, face to face are we
With quickening immortality.
These arches for our communion keep
The heart of Dante, passionate deep,
The voice of Taliesin breaking its bars,
The speech of Homer like marching stars,
The mind of Plato married to truth,
The soul of Christ in its matchless youth!
And if ye will muse a little space
In the holy silence that fills this place,
Ye shall lift your eyes, and — every one —
Behold the message spelled by the sun,
The spirit's message told, yet once more,
In the fair rose-window over the door:
HE KNOWS THE SECRET OF TIME, INDEED,
WHO SEEKING THE LIGHT, COMES HITHER TO READ."

And so the history of this library is not like "a tale that is told," but rather like an accumulative story filled with pleasant happenings, and records of constant benefactions from its friends. The library has been frequently remembered with gifts of books, pictures, portraits, busts, valuable curios, and donations of money for special purposes. In 1887, the library received, by the will of Mrs. Almira C. Dummer, a bequest of $500, together with a large number of books. Among these timely gifts, there also came, one day, a check for $800, from a "Stranger." The donor long remained unknown, but it was at last ascertained that this beneficent "Stranger" was Mr. Henry Sampson of New York. Several very interesting and valuable contributions to the collection of antique curiosities and works of art in the "Lowell Museum" have been donated by Mr. Everett T. Getchell.

In 1898, the children of Judge Henry K. Baker gave to the library a valuable collection of one hundred volumes; and, at the same time, presented a marble bust of their father, in whose memory the books were given. This life-like bust of Judge Baker is the work of the Sculptor Mahoney. A portrait of Judge Baker, painted by Scott Clifton Carbee, hangs above the case of books. These gifts form a fitting memorial of one

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who throughout his long life was devotedly interested in the work of the library.

A marble bust of Judge Gilman and fine portraits of Mr. John Merrick, Mr. Thomas B. Merrick, Mr. Charles Vaughan, Dr. M. C. Richardson, and General Thomas H. Hubbard hold places of honor in the library.

And thus to-day, the Hubbard Free Library, hewn from the heart of our own hills, stands thrice consecrated. Its unseen, yet all-pervasive forces have permeated the homes, refined and elevated the minds, enlarged the mental and spiritual vision, and strengthened and ennobled the character of all who have gone in and out beneath its portals. Of the hallowed mission of the books upon its shelves no one can adequately speak; for—

> "Subtle, such influence, and vast!
> And he who tells its power for good
> Must take his data from the past,
> And reckon to infinitude."

"These volumes," said Professor Richardson, at the close of his dedicatory address, "will outlast us, yet they too will sometime perish. Some part of their contents, however, it is sober truth to say, may be made to pass beyond the visible world when turned into the mental and spiritual life of the individual, which we believe to be in its nature indestructible. Of the beautiful building and the excellent library thus influencing imperishable souls, we may say, in Oliver Wendell Holmes' stately lines:

> 'Emblem and legend may fade from the portal,
> Keystone may crumble and pillar may fall,
> They were the builders whose work is immortal,
> Crowned with the dome that is over us all.' "

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XV

OLD BOOKS AND NEWSPAPERS

"There was inbred among us a love of good letters."
—*Rev. Henry V. Emmons.*

THE literary life of Hallowell began simultaneously with its material existence. If there was ever "a social structure founded on a book," it was surely in this old town. It has been truly said that the Hallowell people were a reading people. There were, however, among them, not only many readers of books but makers of books. Printers and publishers abounded among our early settlers; and a surprisingly large number of books, pamphlets, and newspapers were issued from the press of old Hallowell. Over one hundred of these ancient Hallowell imprints have been collected and placed in the Hubbard Free Library. The oldest of these is an address delivered at the dedication of the Hallowell Academy in 1795.

The first book published in Hallowell was a work of fiction, issued by Howard L. Robinson in 1797, and entitled *Female Friendship, or the Innocent Sufferer: A Moral Novel.* This curious old-fashioned story opens with a retrospective chapter which contains tragedy enough for a whole novel, and, in the tale that follows, the misery is so generally diffused that it is difficult to decide whether "dearest Emily," or some other one of the intensely sympathetic characters, is the "innocent sufferer." This book was published anonymously, and the name of the author is unfortunately lost to fame.

In the year 1800, a notable book, entitled the *Rural Socrates* was given to the public, by Dr. Benjamin Vaughan. This volume contains an account of "a celebrated philosophical farmer, named Kilyogg, lately living in Switzerland." The book was printed by Peter Edes, and "sold by the booksellers of the principal towns of the United States."

One of the earliest printers and publishers in the town

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was Ezekiel Goodale; and to him is ascribed the honor of establishing the first permanent publishing house in Hallowell. He was the first of a somewhat remarkable succession of men—a sort of dynasty of printers and publishers—who perpetuated the business, with the occasional substitution of a new name in the firm, for over sixty years.

Ezekiel Goodale came to Hallowell in 1802. He first opened a little shop in the front room of Moses Sewall's house where he sold spelling-books and a few copies of the *New England Primer*. He prospered in business and, in 1813, opened a printing establishment, at the "Sign of the Bible," near the foot of Academy Street. In 1806, Mr. Goodale published an interesting book entitled *The History of the Bible and the Jews*.

This book was originally written in Dutch, from which language it was translated into English. A copy of the work was brought to Hallowell by Deacon Gow from Scotland, and was reprinted by Ezekiel Goodale, at the "Sign of the Bible." When the volume appeared in print, Crom Aldrich, one of the local poets, composed this couplet:

> "The History of the Bible and the Jews
> Is the beautifullest book I ever did peruse."

The book is certainly a work that demands some superlative adjectives. It consists of a series of dialogues, first between the "Pilgrim" and Adam; then between the "Pilgrim" and Noah; and afterwards, between the "Pilgrim" and the Apostle John, and the "Pilgrim" and Melanchthon. In these dialogues we are permitted to look upon the history of the world through the eyes of the Patriarchs; and also to discuss, with the "Pilgrim" and the Apostle John, the direct dealings of God with man, and the more abstruse philosophy of the universe. The conversations with Adam savor somewhat of the senile garrulity that might be expected of an old man nine hundred and thirty years of age; but who, as the "Pilgrim" suggests, "having conversed both with God and man, must have acquired a large stock of knowledge and experience." His sufferings after leaving Paradise are pathetically related.

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"What troubled me extremely," said Adam, "was that my wife, who had ever conducted herself with great meekness and affection, began to be somewhat froward and contradictory, which gave rise to many discords. Oh, son,—a most distressing subject it is to me to talk of!"

New editions of other religious works followed: *Pilgrim's Progress* in 1814, *A History of Persecution*, 1819; *Taylor's Holy Living*, 1820: and *Paley's Evidences*, in 1826. In the meantime *Murray's Grammar*, 1812, *Goldsmith's England*, 1814, *Arnaud's French Verbs*, 1823, *Kinne's Practical Arithmetic*, 1820, and the *New Pleasing Spelling Book*, 1818, show that the educational interests of the young people were not neglected in the first two decades of the nineteenth century. The *New Pleasing Spelling Book* is indeed most pleasingly arranged. The pages containing the spelling lessons are printed in double columns, and interspersed with stories and lively dialogues in which the long hard words all reappear in most delightful combinations. What child could resist them! *Moral Amusement* was also published by Ezekiel Goodale. This was "A selection from the most approved authors for the instruction and mental improvement of young ladies and gentlemen."

Nor did "Uncle Zekiel" forget the children of Hallowell. In 1813, he published the *Affecting History of the Children in the Wood*, with pathetic illustrations. Happily, however, these children did not perish at the last, like those whom the robins buried in the leaves, but were rescued by a good, kind woman, with whom they lived in "uninterrupted peace" at "Happy Dell," for the remainder of their lives. This remarkable story is interspersed with many moral reflections and "pretty hymns," which "the Babes" learned and often repeated, and which all good children would do well to commit to memory.

The cover of this old book bears the following inscription written in a bold clear hand:

Pattey Smiths hur Book of Epping.

We cannot help feeling sorry for Pattey, as we think of the tears she must have shed over this tragic tale, which, as the

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author avows, is "unsparingly related in every particular." Our sympathies also go out to that other little girl who was the possessor of one of Cotton Mather's doleful books, on the fly-leaf of which she wrote this touching inscription:

> "Sarah Harriss hur book
> god give her Grace therein to Look
> & when the Bells for hur Do tole
> the Lord of heaven Recijue her Sole
> the Roses red the grass is Green
> the Days is past which I have seen."

Another remarkable book for children was *The Sister's Gift: The Naughty Boy Reformed*, "published for the Advantage of the Rising Generation," 1809. The two prominent characters in this story are Miss Kitty, aged twelve, and Master Billy, aged eight. Master Billy is a bad boy, a very bad boy indeed. He ties a tin can to the dog's tail; he throws his sister's pet kitten out of the window; and does other wicked and equally unheard-of deeds, all vividly depicted in the illustrations which it would seem might be quite suggestive to other bad boys, if there were any at this period. Mistress Kitty labors with her wayward brother, as a virtuous elder sister should; and we are delighted to know, at the close of the story, that "Master Billy wept bitterly, and declared to his sister that she had painted the enormity of his vices in such striking colors that they shocked him in the greatest degree, and promised ever after to be as remarkable for generosity, compassion, and every other virtue, as he had hitherto been for cruelty, forwardness, and ill-nature." On the last page of the book we read that "the piety of a child is sweeter than the incense of Persia, offered to the sun; yea, more delicious than odors, wafted from a field of Arabian spices by the western gales."

One book of American verse appears among the early publications of Goodale. It was *McFingal: A modern Epic*, written by John Trumbull, Esq., and inspired by the events of the Revolution. There are other imprints from the press of "Uncle Zekiel," wherein to look would certainly require grace; but one publication, for which his name should be most grate-

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fully perpetuated, is the *Maine Farmer's Almanac.* This famous old annual, which had a place next to the Bible in many of the homes of Maine, was issued for sixty years in Hallowell. In 1880, the *Farmer's Almanac* was purchased by Charles E. Nash, and has since been printed in Augusta.

"Uncle Zekiel," however, did not confine his literary output to his own publications, but imported from England the best books of the time, for sale at his store, and for his circulating library. Thus it happened that on one never-to-be-forgotten day, a big new pasteboard placard was hung out at the "Sign of the Bible" which bore in large letters this inscription: "Guy Mannering: A New Novel by the Author of Waverley." Can we imagine the days when this book was absolutely new, or the sensation it must have made in the literary circles of this old town?

On another eventful day, the front of the store was covered with placards bearing this announcement: "Childe Harold: A Poem by Lord Byron." In 1811, the *Musical Repertory* was announced. This was a collection of ancient and modern songs, beginning with "Ye Mariners of England," and including ballads and verses, by Tom Moore, Allan Ramsay, Robert Burns, and other lyric poets. In 1819, Mr. Goodale opened the old corner bookstore, at Number One, Kennebec Row.

Ezekiel Goodale, the founder of the publishing business in Hallowell, was born in West Boylston, Massachusetts, in 1780. He married Betsey Stone, and removed to Hallowell in 1802. He lived at first in an unpretentious house on Water Street, but later built the typical old-time mansion on Chestnut Street, afterwards the residence of Mr. Thomas Leigh, and now occupied by Mr. Ben Tenney. In 1820, Mr. Franklin Glazier entered into business with Mr. Goodale. Three years later Andrew Masters and Justin E. Smith were taken into the firm. In 1857, Mr. Glazier retired, and Colonel Danforth P. Livermore became a partner. The firm was continued under the name of Masters and Livermore until 1880.

Each of the men in this long succession of publishers was a prominent and eminently worthy citizen of Hallowell.

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Franklin Glazier, born in Oakham, Massachusetts, was the son of John Glazier, and grandson of Jonathan Glazier who served in the war of the Revolution. The mother of Franklin Glazier was Dorothy Goodale, sister of Ezekiel Goodale, and a descendant of John Goodale who settled in Salem in 1634. Franklin Glazier married, December 18, 1823, Julia Tarbox of Gardiner. Their children were Franklin, who married Emma Swan; William Belcher; John; Julia Mary, afterwards Mrs. John Russell; Louise Tarbox; and Eleanor Lucy, who married the Rev. H. R. Howard, and now resides in Manheim, Pennsylvania. The Glazier family lived in a spacious, square, old house built by Thomas Bond on Warren Street. The house was surrounded by extensive grounds shaded by fine trees. A large willow-tree, on the corner of the front lawn, furnished all the children in the neighborhood with wood for willow whistles; and the whole place had an air of open hospitality which was always very inviting. Franklin Glazier was highly esteemed as a business man and citizen and, with his interesting family, occupied a prominent social position in Hallowell. He died June 9th, 1863.

Justin Ely Smith was the son of Stevens Smith of Hallowell. He was born June 18, 1807, and married, November 13, 1833, Cornelia Wetmore, of Whitesboro, New York. Their children, now living, are Caroline, who married William Sprague; Amos Robinson, who married Carrie E. Freeman, daughter of John and Caroline Page Freeman; and Alice Wetmore, who married Frederick B. Smith; all of whom now reside in Chicago.

Justin E. Smith entered the bookstore of Goodale and Glazier as a clerk at the age of thirteen. At twenty-one, he became a member of the firm. He was recognized as one of the ablest business men of Hallowell, and as an accountant and mathematician, he was unequaled by any of his fellow townsmen. He was for many years cashier of the Northern National Bank, and afterwards president of the Hallowell Savings Institution. As a citizen he was highly esteemed for his integrity, benevolence, and public spirit.

Colonel Andrew Masters was born in Exeter, New Hampshire, in 1794. At the age of thirteen, he entered a

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printing office and served a faithful apprenticeship of seven years. Having thus laid the foundation for his subsequent successful career, Colonel Masters came to Hallowell in 1815, and a few years later, entered the firm of Goodale and Glazier. For sixty years, Colonel Masters was active in all the details of the business as well as in the general oversight of the publishing departments; and to his fostering care the maintenance and success of the famous old Hallowell bookstore and publishing house is greatly due. At the time of his death in 1881, he was the oldest printer and publisher in the State of Maine.

In private life, Colonel Masters was greatly beloved and respected. He had all the qualities of a noble manhood. He was a faithful friend, a cordial, hospitable neighbor, a generous, public-spirited citizen. He married October 14, 1815, Sarah P. Livermore, daughter of William Livermore. His grandson, Mr. Alonzo Melvin, has written some interesting sketches of early life in Hallowell.

Colonel Danforth P. Livermore, was not only an active member of the publishing house of Masters and Livermore, but was also one of the pioneer experts in telegraphy. At the age of eighty-one he was the oldest living telegrapher in active service in the world. He had been manager of the Hallowell Telegraph Office since 1850, and had trained and sent into service more than forty skillful operators. When Colonel Livermore first entered the Hallowell office, there was but one Maine line stretching from Portland to Calais with a branch from Augusta to Bath, and the average number of messages was two a day. The veteran telegrapher of Maine, therefore, saw during his lifetime a marvelous progress in the science of telegraphy. Two of his children were also expert telegraphers. His son, Mr. Charles D. Livermore, was manager of the Western Union office in Portland for many years; and his accomplished daughter, Miss Emma Livermore, was the first lady operator in the world to send a telegram.

Miss Emma Livermore was also distinguished for her musical ability. She was an exceptionally fine pianist and accompanist, and possessed by nature such an acute and sensitive musical organization that even reading music gave her the

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most exquisite pleasure. The death of Emma Livermore was the occasion of profound sorrow to a large circle of friends. Miss Sarah Livermore, the second daughter, married Captain Charles E. Nash who rendered honorable service to his country during the Civil War, and afterwards became well known as a publisher and local historian.

Colonel and Mrs. Danforth P. Livermore lived to celebrate the sixtieth anniversary of their wedding day, which was fittingly commemorated by their children and friends.

The publishing business, as conducted by these five men from 1813 to 1880, was at times of extensive proportions, and was far-reaching in its influence. It has been stated that, at this period, "no place in Maine ranked with Hallowell as the center of book publishing, or in the spirit of its literary life." In addition to the imprints already mentioned, this house published the *Maine Reports*, the *Revised Statutes*, and many law books; also many school books, including arithmetics, geographies, grammars, music books, spelling and reading books. They published Williamson's *History of Maine*, Eaton's *Annals of Warren*, volumes of poems, hundreds of pamphlets, and a great variety of miscellaneous books. These Hallowell publishers enjoyed an enviable reputation throughout the State, and the "old corner bookstore," in Kennebec Row, had more than a local fame.

So enterprising a town as Hallowell could not long remain without its weekly newspaper, and, on August 4, 1794, the *Eastern Star* arose above the horizon, and although its orbit was completed in one short year, it should be remembered as the first of a series of greater luminaries that have never since ceased to shed their light upon the region of the Kennebec.

A copy of this ancient newspaper, dated June 9, 1795, lies before me. It bears this announcement: "Printed and published at the Hook, Hallowell, (Mass.) by Howard S. Robinson at nine shillings per annum, exclusive of postage, where useful Essays, articles of Intelligence etc. etc. are thankfully received." It is a small four-page paper with the name of "I. Nutter" written in indelible ink upon its yellow margin. The

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Eastern Star rose and set with due regularity for about a year and then disappeared from the literary firmament of the Hook. Its motto, at least, is worthy of remembrance:

"The Public Will, Our Guide—The Public Good, Our End."

The *Eastern Star* was succeeded by the *Tocsin* which was edited and published by Wait and Baker. Copies of the *Tocsin* issued from April 16, 1796 to June 9, 1797, are now preserved in a bound volume, in the Hubbard Free Library at Hallowell. This volume of old newspapers is unique and valuable as a representative publication of its time. The *Tocsin* is also most interesting on account of its articles on foreign and home politics, and especially for the light it casts on the early history of Hallowell. Its columns disclose the growth and progress of the town, and perpetuate the names of the inhabitants who were prominently identified with its business interests at this early date. In an announcement appearing September 30, 1796, the editor, "relying on the aid and support of a generous public," declares himself ready to use his utmost endeavors to give the paper permanent establishment and to render it "the repository of intelligence and useful information;" and the editor is convinced that if his paper has merits," it will rise in the estimation of the public, and have an extensive circulation—otherwise it will sink, where it ought, into oblivion."

Far be it from us, the sons and daughters of Old Hallowell, ever to let the *Tocsin* sink into oblivion; and to help, in some slight degree, in sending its fame down to posterity, a few extracts from the columns of this characteristic old New England newspaper are here reprinted.

As we turn the leaves of the *Tocsin*, we find the first three pages devoted to political editorials, foreign and domestic news, interspersed with advertisements and local notes. The fourth page, which was doubtless intended to appeal to "the *literati* of the Hook," has its poet's corner, its literary and scientific articles, its occasional short stories, and its interesting or amusing anecdotes.

Under the head of "Late Foreign Intelligence," we find

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the news from England, France, Holland, Spain, and Germany; and the exciting military operations going on in these countries are fully described. All the events thus commemorated have now passed into the pages of history, which we read to-day with a passive interest; but let us imagine, if we can, the excitement which these stirring reports produced when the news arrived at the little wide-awake town on the Kennebec. Let us fancy ourselves among the crowd of alert, intelligent, liberty-loving men who gather, perchance, at the stores of John Sheppard, Joshua Wingate, and Chandler Robbins, or at the post-office kept by Nathaniel Dummer, to discuss the latest news from Europe. On the 9th of September, they receive the foreign dispatches sent from Milan on the 19th of the previous May. Perhaps John Sheppard himself, or Preceptor Woodman of the Academy, reads the dramatic story aloud. Let us also listen:

"On the 14th, General Massena entered Milan with a vanguard of about five thousand. The city sent the keys forward to meet this General as far as Lodi, by a deputation of the General Council and Archbishop. On his entrance, he struck the keys together as a token of joy. The next day, General Buonaparte made a brilliant entry. Arrived at the Roman gate the National Guards received him with presented arms, and the nobility and city officers paid him their compliments amidst the applause of a vast crowd of spectators. He was preceded by a large detachment of infantry, surrounded by a guard of huzzars, and followed by carriages and the Milanese National guards. In this order he proceeded to his residence at the Archducal palace, where he dismounted. There was served at the palace a dinner of two hundred covers. The tree of liberty was planted in front of the palace amidst cries of *Vive la liberte! Vive la republique!* The day finished with a very elegant ball, at which a number of ladies appeared with ribbons of the French national colors."

If our latter-day souls are not stirred by these words, let us listen to the proclamation of Buonaparte, from the headquarters in Milan, to his "Brethren in Arms:"

"Soldiers: You are precipitated like a torrent from the

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heights of the Appennines; you have overthrown and dispersed all that opposed your march. Piedmont, rescued from Austrian tyranny, is left to its natural sentiments of regard and friendship to the French. Milan is yours, and the Republican standard is displayed throughout all Lombardy. The dukes of Parma and Modena are indebted for their political existence to your generosity. . . . The vaunted bulwarks of Italy were insignificant. You swept them with the same rapidity that you did the Appennines.

"These successes have carried joy into the bosom of your country. Your representatives decreed a festival dedicated to your victories. . . . Now, your fathers, your mothers, your wives, your sisters, your sweethearts will rejoice in your success, and take pride in their relation to you. Yes, Soldiers, you have done much, but more remains for you to do. Shall it be said of us that we know how to conquer, but not to profit by our victories? Shall posterity reproach us with having found a Capua at Lombardy? But already I see you fly to arms, to reestablish the Capitol, to rouse the Roman people entranced with many ages of slavery,—this shall be the fruit of your victories! You will again be restored to your firesides and homes, and your fellow citizens, pointing you out shall say: There goes one who belonged to the Army of Italy!"

(Signed)

BUONAPARTE."

But affairs of national importance at home are not overlooked in the *Tocsin*. On October 7, 1796, appears the *Message of President Washington* apprising the people of the United States that he declines to be considered among the number from whom the choice of the next President must be made. This long state paper, in which the Father of his Country plainly stated his views on the home and foreign policies of the nation, took a powerful hold upon the heads and hearts of the people; and was evidently read and discussed by the patriots and statesmen of the Hook and Fort, with all the earnestness and personal interest felt by the men of that day in the public affairs of the nation.

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Local politics also have a prominent place in the columns of the *Tocsin*; and candidates for the office of electors to make choice of the new President and Vice-President are discussed in letters addressed to the editor of the paper. These letters are signed, "A Plain Man," "A Yeoman," "A Civil Man," "A Veteran," "Clericus," "A Kindred Spirit," and "Thousands." They are written with a vigor and asperity quite comparable with similar communications to the press at the present day.

In its graphic summary of the political situation at the close of the eighteenth century, the *Tocsin* offers the following "Observations on the Conduct of Different Governments:"

France undertakes	all.
England endeavors to corrupt	all.
The King of Prussia deserts	all.
The Emperor takes part with	all.
Denmark bewares of	all.
Sweden will have nothing at	all.
Turkey wonders at	all.
The Pope is afraid of	all.
Spain is about to try	all.
Russia balances	all.
Holland pays	all.
America receives	all.
If God has not pity on	all.
The Devil will take	all.

To the lovers of poetry, the *Tocsin* proffers many lyric gems, among which are the "Seasons of Life," the "Lamentation for Kosciusko," "Love and Philosophy," and an "Ode to Night," and, most remarkable of all, the following lines:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF THE AMIABLE MISS BETSEY WOOD.

Th' Almighty spake! pale death appear'd,
  Shook his cold wings and sought his prey—
When lo! from heaven a voice he hear'd,
  Go, fetch the lovely nymph away.

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Again the voice rehears'd the cry,
"Laura's too pure to dwell in dust—
"Quick, snatch her to her native sky,
To join th' assembly of the just."

Obedient then the monarch drew
His fatal bow, with visage keen—
When lo! the barbed arrow flew,
And sudden pierced the beauteous queen.

The fair one groan'd but to expire,
In arms of mercy was forgiv'n—
Then mounted on the Seraph's fire
She sweetly languished into heaven.

PALMYRA.

Hallowell, May 16, 1796.

The *American Advocate* was founded in Hallowell as a "Democratic-Republican" paper, by Nathaniel Cheever, in 1810. In his first editorial, Mr. Cheever announces that "political questions will be discussed in the spirit and temper of conciliation, consistent with independent and decided opinion; but as scurrility, invective, and personal abuse are not congenial to this spirit, they are therefore at all times inadmissible."

To maintain such a temper as this must have been quite a difficult task, for the political questions of the day were considered of alarming importance, and between Federals and Republicans there was a bitter and implacable hostility. Mr. Cheever, however, edited the *Advocate* with dignity and ability, while its rival paper, the *Hallowell Gazette*, founded in 1814, vigorously expounded the doctrines of the Federal party. After the death of Mr. Cheever in 1819, the *Advocate* was transferred to Samuel K. Gilman who published the paper for six years, ably guiding his party through the critical period preceding the separation of Maine from Massachusetts.

The enterprise of the *Advocate* in placing the news of the day before the public is illustrated by an incident which occured while Judge Gilman occupied the editorial chair. This was the time when Hallowell was practically a sea port town, and one day, a vessel arrived, with an important piece of intelligence,

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directly from New Orleans. Mr. Gilman inserted the news in the *Advocate*, just as its columns were going to press, and immediately sent copies to the Boston papers. Thus the Boston editors, for once, at least, were obliged to give their readers the "latest national intelligence," as received *via* Hallowell on the Kennebec.

It is rather interesting also to read in this old paper that Daniel Webster had just delivered an oration at Plymouth, on the two hundredth anniversary of the landing of the Pilgrims; that Wordsworth had recently written some touching lines entitled "We Are Seven;" and that a New England author had published a new poem beginning, "Old Grimes is dead."

In 1825, the *American Advocate* was sold to C. Spaulding. This paper subsequently passed into the possession of S. W. Robinson and Henry K. Baker. In 1835, it was united with the *Free Press* edited by Richard D. Rice.

In the year 1814 the famous *Hallowell Gazette* was founded. This paper was published for a little more than a year by Goodale and Burton, and afterwards by Ezekiel Goodale. The *Gazette* was established at a critical period in our country's history when party spirit was very strong. In its first number the editor announces that the paper "will be conducted on principles truly American, of the old Washington School," and that its object will be "to support those principles of resistance to tyranny, oppression, and unconstitutional invasion of the rights of the people, which produced our glorious Revolution, and those *federal* principles of government established by Washington and his associates." "The situation of the country is perilous," asserts the *Gazette*, "and imposes an imperious duty on the editor which he will fearlessly discharge."

The condition of affairs in Europe, in the year 1814, was even more exciting than in our own country, and the columns of the *Hallowell Gazette* fairly bristle with foreign news. The defeat of Napoleon is announced with these large and exultant headlines:

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JOY TO THE WORLD! GREAT NEWS!
NAPOLEON THE GREAT IS FALLEN!
Bonaparte dethroned.
Complete emancipation and peace of Europe.

In order to learn the actual effect which this news had upon the people of Hallowell and what were the sentiments of some of the prominent men of the town whose names are familiar to us all, we must revive the records of the great public celebration held at Washington Hall on the 7th of June, 1814.

"In consequence of the wonderful and glorious events which we had the pleasure to announce the last week," writes the editor of the *Gazette*, "a spontaneous disposition was exhibited among a respectable number of the citizens of this town to give a public expression of those emotions excited by the occasion." The leading men of Hallowell assembled at Washington Hall where a banquet was served; and "gratitude, sympathy, and heartfelt pleasure animated every breast." Thomas Bond, Jr., presided, and the following toasts were drank, accompanied by music and the roar of cannon:

The Memory of Washington.—Had we adhered to his precepts, not one tear of regret would mingle with our cup of rejoicing.

The Overthrow of Napoleon.—An example and warning to tyrants and conquerors.

Louis 18th.—May his friendship for America be equal to that of his brother, Louis 16th. *By Mr. Jacob Abbott.*

Governor Strong.—The venerable patriot, equal to every crisis, the favorite ruler of the independent State of Massachusetts. *By Thomas Bond, Jr.*

The Commonwealth of Massachusetts, the *Cradle* of Liberty.—May it soon become the *Tomb* of Democracy. *By Nathaniel Perley, Esq.*

American Patriots.—None are "genuine" but those that bear the "mark" of George Washington. *By Major W. H. Page.*

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In the evening a large reception was given to the ladies and citizens generally at Washington Hall which was brilliantly illuminated and tastefully decorated. Excellent music added to the festivity of the scene.

The young men of Hallowell were no less patriotic than their fathers; and on the 4th of July, the young *Washingtonian Republicans* celebrated the anniversary of the declaration of American Independence, "in a very suitable and decent manner." They had a dinner served in a very handsomely decorated room and Master John Gow, son of Deacon Gow, presided. The toasts prepared by these youthful Federals were not lacking in wit, nor in a decided expression of the principles of their party; and we are glad to be assured that "their correct and orderly conduct was highly applauded."

On the following 4th of July, 1815, the day was celebrated at Hallowell by the Washington Benevolent Society of Kennebec, and an eloquent oration was "pronounced" by William C. Wilde, a young man twenty-three years of age, the oldest son of Judge Samuel S. Wilde.

When the first number of the *Kennebecker* appeared in June 1829 the *Portland Advertiser* made this comment:

"We like the name. Let us render our own soil classical; and not go in search of Olympuses and Parnassuses in another world."

The *Kennebecker* edited by Henry K. Baker, evidently did its best to live up to this advice. This publication has more the appearance of a primitive magazine than of the weekly newspaper. Its tone is literary, and its contents consist largely of essays, original and selected, and a generous quota of poetry. The domestic and foreign news of the day, although not omitted, is relegated to small type and no space is wasted in headlines. One brief extract from the columns of the *Kennebecker* in regard to the writers of the time shows that the modern wail over the decadence of literature is not without precedent.

"The literature of the day appears to be fast degenerating. Vigor and originality are the rarest qualities in the poetry and

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prose of the times, except common sense. Willis, who was deeply imbued with the spirit of poesy, has taken to writing coxcombial rhymes for the newspapers. To read his doggerel, one would think he lounged about Cornhill in 'pink cravat' and stays, went to church with a smelling bottle, wrote with a crow quill, and left his tailor's bills unpaid. It is a pity so promising a poet should be so easily spoiled. Bryant and Brooks have quit the service of the muse for the Jackson party. Percival has just been delivered of Webster's Dictionary; Halleck, Peabody, and G. Mellen are too idle or too busy for poetry; Pierpont, Sprague, and Flint have their hands full with writing dedication hymns; Longfellow is in Italy; Pinckney is dead; Irving rests from his labors with a comfortable office; Cooper is writing for John Bull; Paulding, and a host of lesser stars, suffer partial eclipse. The ladies only are trying to be useful. . . . Pray Heaven the curse of effeminacy is not coming upon us as a nation."

The next newspaper established in Hallowell was the *Maine Cultivator and Weekly Gazette*, the first issue of which appeared September 28th, 1839. This paper was published by T. W. Newman and R. G. Lincoln, and was edited for two years by William A. Drew. It was especially devoted to "Agriculture and the Mechanic Arts," but contained the usual interesting miscellaneous reading demanded by a weekly family paper. In the year 1845, Mr. E. Rowell, became connected with Mr. Newman in the publication of the *Maine Cutivator and Weekly Gazette*. In 1850, the name was reversed and the paper was called *The Hallowell Gazette and Maine Cultivator*. Three years later the second name was dropped and the publication appeared with the name of its early and notable predecessor, *The Hallowell Gazette*. This able and interesting old paper, with which all of the old residents of Hallowell were familiar, was successively published by Mr. E. Rowell, Mr. Charles E. Nash, until 1869, and for two years longer by Mr. Henry Chase. Its last issue appeared in December, 1871.

A complete file of these old Hallowell newspapers from 1810 to 1871 is now preserved in the Hubbard Free Library.

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XVI

THE HARMONIC SOCIETY, THE THEATER, AND THE LYCEUM

"The heritage of Hallowell is rich indeed."
—Professor Charles F. Richardson.

THE early residents of Hallowell were not only lovers of literature, but lovers of music; and the goddess of the "divine art" here found a shrine in many homes. In the households of the Vaughans and the Merricks, music formed a part of the every-day life of the family. The best instructors were employed, and the young people had lessons on the piano, the violin, and the flute. Mr. John Merrick had received a thorough musical education in England. He possessed a very sweet and highly cultivated tenor voice, and was a cultured musical critic. Miss Harriet Vaughan, daughter of Charles Vaughan, was an accomplished pianist and a fine singer. Mrs. John Sheppard, who had been educated in France, also did much to stimulate the study and appreciation of good music in Hallowell. The Abbotts came of musical ancestry, and the children of Jacob and Harriet Vaughan Abbott had thus a double inheritance of musical talent. The Pages were also rarely gifted; and the melody of John O. Page's rich bass voice lingered long in the ears of the church-goers at the Old South. Mrs. Elizabeth Dole Kimball, Miss Hannah Dole, and Mrs. Joseph Barrett were notable soloists in their day. John Merrick, Paul Stickney, Franklin A. Day, and Samuel Tenney were famous choir leaders; and the Livermores, Moodys, Drews, Samuel Locke, and, in later years, Major Rowell and Dr. John Quincy Adams Hawes, contributed much to the musical reputation of the town.

This wealth of musical talent naturally found its first public expression in church music; and the choirs of Hallowell were famous for excellent singing. The Old South was, of course,

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the first to make a name for itself in this respect. Under the successive leadership of John Merrick, Paul Stickney, and Samuel Tenney, the choirs of this church attained a degree of proficiency and culture comparable with that of any leading New England church. A little later, the choir of the Universalist church attained celebrity under the leadership of Franklin A. Day, and Allen Drew. Mrs. Elizabeth Decker, daughter of the famous old-time singer, Master Samuel Locke, and her two daughters, Mrs. Maria Boyd and Mrs. Elizabeth Hubbard, were favorite soloists of the Universalist choir, and contributed to its fame.

Music in Hallowell reached the height of its development in the thirties and forties; and it has been conceded, by local authorities, that at this time, Hallowell, in musical culture, was fifty years ahead of any other place in Maine.

It was at this period (1832), that the famous Hallowell Harmonic Society was founded. This society was organized and most successfully conducted under the leadership of Paul Stickney, a man eminently qualified for such an office. One of Mr. Stickney's pupils once said of him: "What he did not know about music was not worth knowing." Mr. Stickney was a leader of stern temperament, and most exact in all his instruction. In the chorus he sang an *obligato*, or treble with the lady singers. At the recitals of the society, the organ was played by Miss Elizabeth Cheever. Some of the prominent members were: Miss Elizabeth Dole, one of the finest alto singers of Hallowell; Mr. Alex Jones, who had a remarkable tenor voice; Mr. John Stickney, an excellent bass singer; Mr. John D. Lord; and Colonel Livermore.

The singers were supported by an excellent orchestra. Wendenberg, a German musician, played the first violin. Mr. Charles Vaughan, the violoncello; Mr. Frank Day, the double bass; Horace Waters of Augusta, the second violin; and Allen Drew led the alto with an E*b* clarionet. This society gave many "grand sacred concerts." A few old printed programmes, still extant, are of interest. At one of these concerts, in 1833, the "Harmonic" rendered the "Chorus from Judas Maccabæus" and selections from Handel; in 1834, its programme

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included Beethoven's "Hallelujah to the Father," "Awake the Harp," from Haydn's "Creation," and *Gloria in Excelsis* by Pergolesi. In 1836, the Harmonic Society announced its sixth oratorio consisting of selections from Haydn's "Creation."

It is sad to record, however, that even in music-loving Hallowell, the allurements of social life sometimes diminished the size of the audience at these classical concerts; and that "owing to the great number of balls and parties," the oratorio of the Hallowell Harmonic, in 1836, was not so well attended as was desirable, "although there were as many present, considering all the circumstances, as could have been expected." But notwithstanding this occasional lack of public appreciation, the Hallowell Harmonic Society exercised great influence in the musical circles of Maine, and, by the introduction of classical compositions and the famous oratorios, familiarized the people of the Kennebec valley with this class of music to an extent unknown elsewhere in Maine.

Old Hallowell was also favored with some excellent dramatic as well as musical entertainments. In 1819, a theater was built and opened on Hinckley's Plains and sustained for several years by the "Boston Company of Comedians." The repertory of this company consisted of the standard dramas of the day, including Shakespearean plays and first-class comedies. The cast consisted of such actors as Warren, Williams, Barrett, Karnock, Mr. and Mrs. Powell, Mr. and Mrs. Pelby, Mr. and Mrs. Bray, Mrs. Barnes, Miss Clark, and others. Mr. Bray was at that time unrivaled as a comic actor; Mrs. Bray was a charming actress. Mr. and Mrs. Pelby and Mr. and Mrs. Powell shared the honors in the leading parts. Mr. Barrett was then a tall and handsome youth and was a great favorite on the Hallowell stage. Mr. Ostinelli, who led the orchestra, was a violinist then unequaled in this country, and who played only music of the highest order. He was very jealous of his reputation as a violinist and was very angry if called a "fiddler." He refused to play for dancing, and when importuned to do so by a lady of social influence, he deliberately cut the strings of

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his violin and said, with his blandest smile and most polite bow, "Very sorry, very sorry, Madame,—you see I can no play."

The members of this dramatic company were men and women of irreproachable character who were received in the best society in the place; and their performances at the theater on Hinckley's Plains were attended by the *elite* of Hallowell, Augusta, and Gardiner.

The playbills of the Boston Company of Comedians for the season of 1823—"positively for twelve nights only,"—afforded very attractive programmes. Among the most popular plays presented on the Hallowell stage were a much admired melodrama entitled, "Blue Beard or Female Curiosity;" "Warlock of the Glen," with a Scotch dance by Mrs. Bray and Miss Clark; "Romeo and Juliet," introducing "a masquerade dance by the characters," and "a funeral dirge at the tomb of the Capulets;" and a grand romantic spectacle called the "Forty Thieves," with splendid scenery, machinery, dresses, and decorations, as performed at all the English and American theaters with great success.

The idea of the instruction and entertainment of the people by public lectures manifests itself very early in the history of Hallowell. Local talent was soon enlisted in this work and the scientific, literary, and professional men of the town generously contributed of their time and talent to the support of this commendable undertaking. Notable men from abroad were also invited to address the Hallowell people and always found appreciative audiences. On September 26, 1832, William Lloyd Garrison lectured in the Old South meeting-house on "Slavery." He afterwards remarked that the people stared at him as though he had "half-a-dozen heads and as many horns."

About 1840, the political interests of the country began to absorb the attention of the people and the Lyceum declined, but in 1849, a new organization was formed, which brought to Hallowell not only the ablest speakers of Maine, but of New England. The first lecture of the Lyceum was on "Popular Governments," by Professor Champlin of Waterville College;

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the second was by Rev. Charles F. Allen, of Augusta. These lectures were followed, in the course, by a poem: "Our Childhood's Home," which was "an able and elegant affair," written and delivered by Mr. William B. Glazier, of Hallowell. "The poem abounded in language of chasteness and beauty, deep feeling and pathos, presented in all the richness of perfect rhythm, with clear enunciation and a delivery of ease and gracefulness." Other lectures by Maine orators were "The Poetry of Robert Burns," by William P. Drew, "The French Revolution," by John L. Stevens, and a poem, "The Golden Calf," by the Rev. Mr. Pierpont.

The most memorable course of lectures given under the auspices of this Lyceum was that of the year 1853. Some of the lecturers of this year were Wendell Phillips, John G. Saxe, George W. Curtis, W. R. Alger, Henry Giles, Oliver Wendell Holmes, Professor R. D. Hitchcock of Bowdoin, Professor George Shepard of Bangor, Richard H. Dana, Jr., Mr. Chickering, Rev. John S. C. Abbott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, and Lucy Stone. "The rush to the Lyceum, this season," as recorded in the *Hallowell Gazette*, was "beyond all former precedent." It was "almost impossible to secure a desirable seat without going long before the time of commencement."

"Mr. John G. Saxe" writes an old citizen, "was a fine fresh-looking man, with a twinkle in his eye, who made us all merry by his funny ways." "Mr. George W. Curtis" said the editor of the *Gazette*, "is one of the finest speakers we ever heard, and his subject, *Young America*, was treated as only a master mind could treat it." Lucy Stone also called out one of the largest audiences ever packed into the old Town Hall. Three lectures were given by this famous woman lecturer, in Hallowell, during one week. Her subjects were "The Political and Legal Disabilities of Woman," and the "Bible View of Woman's Rights." It is recorded that "Miss Stone appeared before the audience in modest apparel and conducted the discussion with womanly grace and dignity."

The press and the people were not, however, indiscriminate in their criticisms of the lecturers; and some of their comments

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are interesting at the present day. Of the Rev. Mr. Chickering's lecture on "Switzerland," the *Gazette* remarks: "Mr. C. gave an interesting account of a Swiss tour among the glaciers, mountains, and valleys of classic Switzerland, but the subject was too chilly for a midwinter's evening, and the words of the speaker seemed to fall with icy frigidity upon the chattering audience."

Concerning Professor Hitchcock's very learned lecture on the "Origin of the Various Races of Mankind," one good lady remarked on her way home, "Oh, it was charming, excellent, but—I couldn't understand it, could you?"

Of Richard Henry Dana's lecture, the *Kennebecker* wrote as follows:

"It was announced that Richard Henry Dana, Jr., was engaged to lecture. The citizens turned out *en masse* to hear Dana for they felt just as sure that he would tell them something about the sea, from his experience, as though he had told them so. No one presumed to ask another what they thought the subject would be. Judge of our disappointment when a rather stiff-looking man, claw hammer coat, trouser-loons sheeted home at the heels, and flying jibboom boots, with a grafftopsail hat in his hand (these are the sailor terms for a dress suit), was introduced and announced the subject of his lecture, 'The Life of Edmund Burke!' What did we care about Edmund Burke? We all had read all we wished to know about him; and probably one-half the audience knew as much about him as the lecturer. We wished to hear a professional sailor tell us of the sea, of the men, and the things of the sea. We were *all* very much disappointed."

The public lecture courses continued to flourish until the time of the Civil War when the loyal citizens of Hallowell concentrated all their thoughts and efforts upon patriotic work and the vital interests of the nation.

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RESIDENCE OF SAMUEL W. HUNTINGTON, ESQ.

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XVII

SOCIAL LIFE OF OLD HALLOWELL

"Our fathers fostered those good manners which are good morals."
—*Rev. Henry Vaughan Emmons.*

IT IS undoubtedly true that the sons and daughters of Old Hallowell now idealize, to some degree, the place that is so often designated as "the dear old town;" and so, lest the pen of the present writer be dipped in the tints of the rose, lest the picture of the social life of old Hallowell, seen through the far perspective, be over-colored with the glow of imagination, the testimony of a few contemporary records, writ in the good old indelible India ink of our forefathers, is here offered to the reader.

The Hon. William Allen, an old and highly esteemed citizen of Norridgewock, writes in his reminiscenses of *Now and Then*, "It was my good fortune to reside in Hallowell in the time of its greatest prosperity when its reputation for integrity and veracity, good habits, intelligence, industry, and civility was of a higher grade than that of any other place within my knowledge." The Hon. George H. Sheppard, who spent his boyhood in Hallowell, states that this town "though bordering on the frontier settlements was then the seat of more wealth and culture than any other point of Maine, except, perhaps, Portland;" and John Ward Dean, A. M., of Boston tells us that "there was here a state of society having characteristics that can never be reproduced."

It is a matter of congratulation to all students of the history of Hallowell that, in addition to the above brief statements, there still exist descriptions of the social life of the town written by those who could truly say: "All of which I saw and a part of which I was." These descriptions give to us a charming and undeniably truthful picture of the olden days. It is with pleasure that I transcribe these old papers hoping that the

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story our fathers have told us will find a place in the memory of a new generation of readers.

One vivid picture of social life in Hallowell in the early years of the nineteenth century is given to us by Hallowell's famous old story-teller, the Rev. John H. Ingraham.

"In that day," said Mr. Ingraham, "people were more hospitable and social than in our modern times. If then a gentleman came down from Boston to visit for a few days some family, a party was at once got on foot to do him honor. Invitations would be sent to all genteel families within thirty miles of Hallowell, from Old General Chandler's in Monmouth, round by the Howards and Conys to Augusta, to the Lithgows, and others at Dresden and Wiscasset, and so over to the Kings at Bath, and to the Stanwoods at Brunswick. Everybody came that was invited. No weather kept them back, and in those days the rivers were unbridged, and sometimes the lively guests would drive a dozen miles around to get to a ferry. If it were winter, so much the better; for if the river were frozen they could make a good sleighing frolic of the ride home and back. Snow five feet deep was no obstruction to these joyous party-goers. Then, when they reached the mansion where the party was to be given, they would find the house brightly lighted up, every room glowing, fifty sleighs standing around it, the horses all covered with bear skins and blankets, for buffaloes were then very rare. At the door one or two well dressed servants, (often in *livery*, too, dear reader!) would take their smoking horses by the head, and the master of the house, forewarned by the jingling sleigh-bells, would step out to receive his guests bareheaded, fearless of the frosty air, his hair powdered, his knee and shoe buckles glittering, and his face covered with smiles. With old-fashioned politeness, he would assist the lady from her sleigh, hand her in to the wardrobe woman who would hurry her past the glittering drawing rooms to a warm back apartment, there to disrobe; while her husband after a hearty shake of the hand would be conducted to another for the same purpose by the gentleman, who, before the new-comer had time to throw aside his overcoat, would lead him to a sideboard and make him take half a tumbler of hot brandy

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toddy which was kept constantly hot and mixed by a white-headed old negro in attendance. Then a nice glass of toddy was sent in to the lady in the disrobing room, and usually came back emptied! Those days of 'old times' were not *exactly* temperance times.

"Then when they entered the rooms they found everybody dancing, on the very tiptoe of hilarious enjoyment. There was no waltzing; dances of that character were then unknown, but minuets and contra dances (called then country dances) were in vogue. By and by there was a movement into one of the rear or perhaps an upper room where a long table was set out, laden with every sort of a delicacy from a roast pig and a roast turkey to a barberry tart. Wines and strong waters sparkled red and amber in the rich decanters, and for the old folks there were pitchers of nice cider. Everybody was suited and everybody enjoyed themselves. The minister was always there! They used to have but one minister in those primitive days! And his venerable head is still among us to bless us! He always asked a blessing, (or rather made a prayer as was the custom) before they began to demolish the fair show upon the board.

"After the feast they returned to dancing, which, when they were tired of it, was changed for games, such as 'Button, Button, Who's Got the Button,' 'Hunt the Slipper,' and 'Blind-man's-Buff.' They usually wound up with 'Oats, Peas, Beans, and Barley O': but not before the day began to dawn! Then such a general bundling up and bundling into sleighs; such leave-takings screamed out and shouted from male and female voices; such jingling of bells was never heard except on like occasions when the next parties came off. Those who lived on the same road usually stopped to start together and so they went off in various parties and always in high glee.

"Sometimes a heavy snow storm would come on in the night and before the morning the roads would be so blocked up as to become impassable. Such an event was always a source of great satisfaction to the hospitable host of that day; as he foresaw a continuance, at least, of the party for two or three days longer. One party that had assembled at General C———'s [Chandler's], at Monmouth, was thus detained three

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days; and the spirit of joyous misrule reigned for three days within the walls of that hospitable mansion. Day and night King Frolic had full ascendancy. The negro fiddler fairly broke down, and the gentlemen who were *amateurs*, resolving not to give it up so, took the fiddles and kept up the merriment.

"Those were days of the Olden Time! And since then times have changed! In all this frolicking there was no lack of courteous bearing. The gentlemen of that day were, in manners, models that we might imitate; for courtly manners have sadly fallen away. The ladies, too, were stately and beautiful, and although they went in *hand* and *foot* for frolic, they knew when to be dignified. Do we not now bear witness to this when we speak of one and say he is a 'gentleman of the old school,' or of a lady, 'she is one of the old school dames?'"

Mr. Ingraham in this sketch of the old-time hospitality on the Kennebec does not give us the name of his typical host; but Mr. John H. Sheppard introduces us personally to the master of the Vaughan mansion, and describes him as "a man of taste, fortune, and birth," who possessed the "courtly manners of the most polished gentleman of the old school." "No stranger," writes Mr. Sheppard, "ever visited Hallowell without letters to him, and none went away without loving him."

"Hallowell, at this period," writes Mr. Sheppard, "though small in population was a remarkable village. No town in Maine could boast of a more select and charming circle. . . . Many fine families related to each other had emigrated there. Among Dr. Vaughan's connections, were his brother Charles and Mr. Merrick, who dwelt near him. And there was Judge Chandler Robbins, with whom Count Talleyrand, when a visitor at Hallowell, made his home; and truly the Judge kept up the best appearance, and hospitably entertained strangers with the smallest resources of any man I ever saw. There were the Dummer and Moody and Perley families, of kindred and ancient descent from the settlers of New England; and the Pages, Wingates, and others which might be named, with the Rev. Eliphalet Gillet, D. D., the pastor; all of whom are gone. Nor was there a more charming family than Mr. Wilde's, afterwards our Judge of the Supreme Judicial Court. They all

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contributed to make this woodland spot a central point of attraction by elevating the moral and intellectual tone of the life. These social enjoyments were increased in the short and joyous summer, when boating parties resorted to the ocean, allured by the cool breezes and lovely islands of the eastern seashore; or under the cold blue skies of winter, when its charms drew forth fleets of sleighs in which the gaiety of the country ballroom was sought, as the merry bells resounded through wood and dale."

To the names here mentioned should be added those of the Abbotts, Cheevers, Ingrahams, Doles, Agrys, Bonds, Spragues, Gilmans, and other families who formed a constituent part of the social life of Hallowell.

The home of Dr. Benjamin Page was especially characterized by its hospitality, and its doors were always open to the young people of the town. It was here that the youthful *literati* of Hallowell held their meeting on the memorable evening when the song of the *Blue Stocking Club* first saw the light. This poem was written by Miss Elizabeth Peabody, a sister of Mrs. Hawthorne and of Mrs. Horace Mann, who spent a season in Hallowell, in 1824. The verses were shown a few years ago to Miss Peabody, who had forgotten their existence, but who well remembered the brilliant circle of young people that formed the *Blue Stocking Club*.

THE BLUE STOCKING CLUB

Wend you with the Blues to-night?
  Grave and gay, engaged and free,
All that kneel to beauty bright,
  All that worship mirth and glee;
Some the learned page to scan,
  Some perchance to listen too,
Some for conquering hearts to plan,
  Some the pincushions to sew;
Youths and Misses divers ages,
Are going—gone to Dr. Page's.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?
  A gay assemblage will be there:
Vaughan with glowing beauty bright,
  Happy heart and joyous air.

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The elder Merrick gently grave,
  And Mary, silent, full of feeling;
And Gillet skilled on love to rave
  Every rising thought revealing;
Youths and Misses divers ages,
Going—gone to Dr. Page's.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?
  Brown and Perley in the ties
Of cronyism bound so tight,
  There will dash in fashion's guise;
Cox with fascinating air,
  Conquering hearts with every glance,
With looks and manners debonair,
  Glowing cheeks and eyes askance;
Youths and Misses divers ages,
Going—gone to Dr. Page's.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?
  Norris, Agry, sweetly clad;
The Farrells, both perhaps in white,
  Perchance in Carolina plaid;
All the Pages too, of course,
  Julia, Harriet, Fraziette;
So many names are there perhaps
  Some the prophet may forget;
Youths and Misses divers ages,
Going—gone to Dr. Page's.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?
  Messrs. Flagg and Balch are going,
William Stickney, Moore and Dwight;
  All the tide of fashion flowing;
And with leaders of the ton,
  Haggard students from their cells,
Lombard, Otis, Robinson,
  To sport a season with the Belles;
Youths and Misses divers ages,
Going—gone to Dr. Page's.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?
  'Tis certain you may be amused;
In some corner you may light,
  Where some neighbors are abused;
If 'tis not in your vein, pass by;
  Some choice spirits still are there.

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And by the power of sympathy
  You may soon discover where;
For Youths and Misses divers ages,
All are going to Dr. Page's.

Wend you with the Blues to-night?
  See the moon is brightly beaming,
Creation now is clad in light,
  Propitious to the lover's dreaming;
Leave behind your toil and care,
  Leave behind your musty law?
Go where mirth and beauty are;
  What should you look gravely for?
Youths and Misses divers ages,
Haste ye! haste to Dr. Page's.

This clever poem was a parody on some verses, by a writer in Washington, entitled *Mrs. Adams' Ball* which contained the suggestive lines:

"Belles and matrons, maids and madams,
  All are gone to Mrs. Adams."

Miss Peabody, the author of the parody, was a talented but somewhat eccentric woman. She was a school-teacher in her youth, and did much to introduce the kindergarten methods in America. In her after years, she became famous as a writer, and as a lecturer in the Concord School of Philosophy. She was a friend of the Alcotts, Emersons, and Channings, and a member of the "inner circle of the Transcendentalists."

A glimpse of informal neighborly intercourse between the families of our old town is given to us by the Rev. John S. C. Abbott, who spent his youth in Hallowell.

"Hallowell" writes Mr. Abbott, "was a social place. There were many parties. The simple entertainment of tea, coffee, and cake, was prepared by the lady of the house assisted by her hired help. There was neither dancing nor card-playing, There was sufficient culture with both gentlemen and ladies, for them to enjoy a couple of hours of conversation. Our parlor, with its floor painted yellow, with its bookcase, tall mahogany clock, shining brass andirons, and

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truly splendid fire of rock maple blazing on the hearth, and lighted with mold candles, presented to my mind a picture of elegance which was not surpassed in subsequent years by the splendors of the saloons of the Tuileries blazing with their myriads of wax lights. These parties almost invariably broke up at about nine o'clock, and at ten all the candles were blown out."

Another very charming picture of home life in Hallowell may be found in a letter written by Mrs. Charles Bulfinch, the wife of the famous Boston architect, while she was a guest in the home of her sister, Mrs. Charles Vaughan, at "Sunset Farm."

Hallowell, June 29th [1830]

"We have been comfortably settled in this most pleasant place about 6 days, and as you will readily believe *delightfully to myself*. We have found our good friends well and their place highly improved; indeed, let us look where we will, the handsome white buildings on the cultivated hills meet our eye between Hallowell and Augusta. . . . How should you like to have me tell you the manner in which we pass our quiet day? I will, as I have no news to write, and this may interest you. In the morning after our breakfast, we go into another parlor, and Charles V. reads a chapter in the Bible, when we all kneel and your Uncle reads a prayer; we then rise and walk about to admire the prospect, the Chaise is soon at the door and Charles and a young lady who boards here and keeps the infant school, ride a mile to the village. I retire to my room and your father and Uncle walk out for a stroll. Your Aunt and Cousin H. F. and myself sit down to our needle. We dine at 1 o'clock, afterwards find our needle or book or pen a resource for an hour or two, when if we wish to ride or walk we can do it, as there are two chaises to be had. After tea we have music, and here I find great indulgence to my fondness for this lovely art. Charles plays readily and sweetly on the flute and bass viol. H. F. sings finely, accompanying her Piano; Miss Turner also sings—and so harmoniously do we go on, that 10 o'clock comes ere we can think how time has sped

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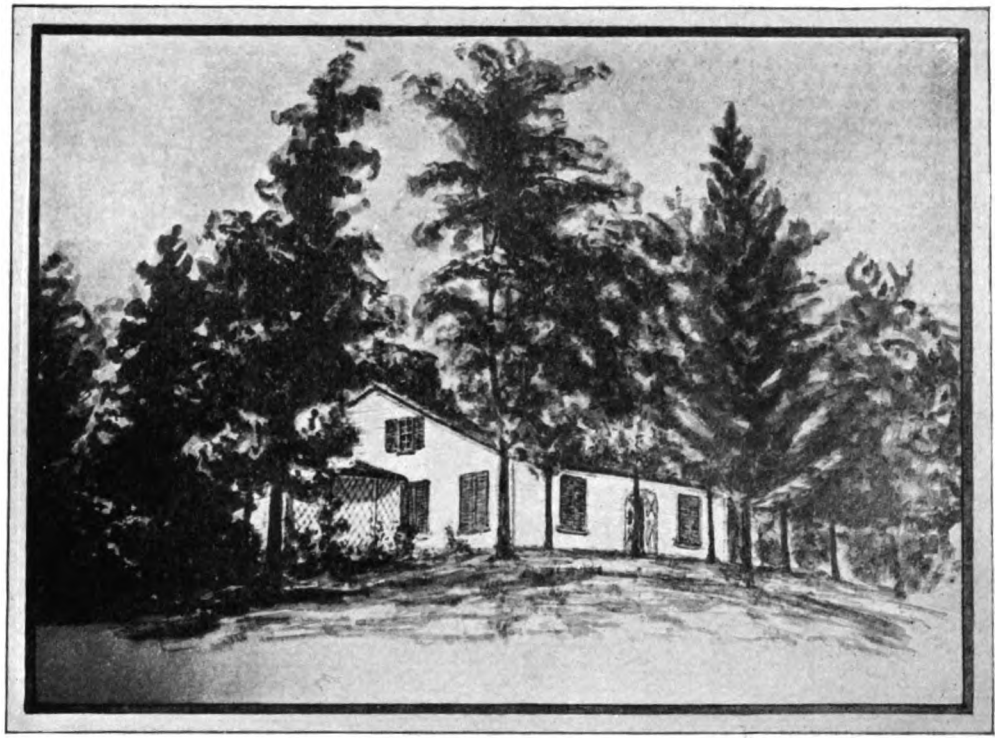

"SUNSET FARM"
RESIDENCE OF CHARLES VAUGHAN, ESQ.

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along. After this, Uncle calls us to prayers, and we end the calm day as we began it." [1]

Nor were the children forgotten in the social life of these old days. "Our mothers," writes Mr. Abbott, "often got up parties for us little children, between the ages of five and twelve. We went at six and left at nine. My father would not only join with us in playing 'Hunt the Slipper' and 'Blind-man's-Buff,' but with his bass viol would play for our tiny feet over the floor in what we called a dance. Sometimes one of the older boys would favor us with the music of the flute.". . . .

"The mothers" adds Mr. Abbott, "who dressed the little girls so prettily, gave them their parties, made the cake, brought out the almost sacred cups and saucers of 'china,' and joined in the sports around the glowing rock-maple fire were loved by us children with an affection which can never die."

The "young ladies and gentlemen" of these old days, also had a generous share in the social life of the town, and occasionally a "party" would be given for the young people that would now be considered a "most brilliant social event."

A description of a "splendid ball" given in the Warren mansion in honor of the daughter of the house, Miss Anne Warren, still exists in a letter written by a little girl of twelve years who was present on this grand occasion. The writer was "little Mary Merrick." The letter, of which an exact copy is here transcribed, gives us, not only a picture of the "splendid ball," but a glimpse into the ingenuous child-nature of the writer.

Hallowell October 25th 1823.

Dear Mother,

As Mr. Dustin is going to Philadelphia on Monday I think it is a very good opportunity to write to you and although I have not much to say I will communicate what little I have.

Uncle leaves us on Monday for Boston I do not know how long he will stay I believe it is uncertain.

Since I wrote last I have been to *another Ball* where there

[1] *Charles Bulfinch, Architect*, p. 273-274.

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was *upwards* of a hundred; I suppose after what I said in my last letter you will think it rather curious my going to this ball, I had made up my mind not to be disappointed if H did not let me go, but she said it was something out of the common way & I might go, accordingly I prepared myself & left home about a quarter before 7, quite fashionable.

We did not go to tea, but I forgot to say this splendid ball was given by Miss Anne Warren, there were two parlors which opened into one by means of Folding doors, when I went in there were about 50 young ladies and gentlemen, after we had been 1-2 hour the folding doors were thrown open & we were desired to walk into the other parlour, where the carpet had been previously taken up, the other carpet was speedily removed & we commenced dancing to the sound of a violen & clarionet, we danced till 1-2 past nine, when we were marched up stairs into a room where there was a very splendid supper set out after supper coffee was handed round, we then went down stairs & again commenced dancing, I got home at 1-2 past 11.

I believe I have not any more to say, therefore with love to Brother from whom I hope soon to hear, I must say Adieu,

and remain

your affectionate daughter

Mary

P. S. I send you a drawing of Miss Warren's supper table.

Before me, as I write, lies the drawing of "Miss Warren's Supper Table" made by the hand of "little Mary Merrick," in the year 1823. The paper is yellow with age; but the lines and dots are perfectly distinct. The drawing represents a very long table with an oval projection midway on either side. In the middle of the table was a glass filled with flowers and surrounded by a circle of wax candles. Around the border of the table were plates for over a hundred guests. The dots in the row next to the plates indicate "tumblers," and the tiny circlets next the tumblers were "whips or custards." On right and left of the center-piece were "iced plum cakes ornamented with flowers;" on the other two sides were "dishes of triffle."

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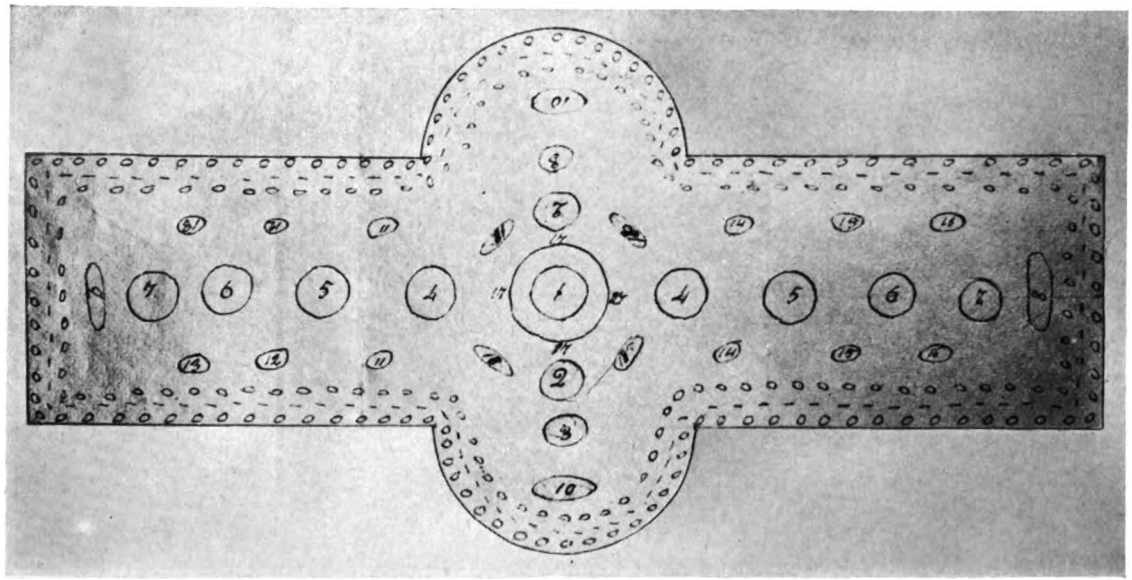

MISS ANNE WARREN'S BANQUET TABLE

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At one end of the table was a ham; at the other a turkey, and at either side a large platter containing "tongues." Two "silver baskets full of cake, four puddings, ornamented almonds, four dishes of different sweetmeats," with apples, pears, peaches, and raisins, completed the feast.

A photographic copy of this quaint old drawing made by little Mary Merrick, will help us to keep in mind, not only an exact idea of "Miss Warren's very splendid supper," but a picture of the hospitality lavished even upon the young people in Old Hallowell.

The Warren house in which this entertainment was given was a spacious mansion built by Hon. Ebenezer T. Warren. It had been the scene of a very sumptuous "house-warming" a few weeks before the party of Miss Anne took place, and was ever afterwards renowned for its hospitality.

It is also of interest here to note that Miss Anne Warren, the hostess of this party, was herself only a child twelve years old; and we can imagine no prettier picture in the social life of Old Hallowell than that of this young hostess and her guests, as they went up and down the beautiful winding stairway of the Warren mansion. This stairway itself might have served as a model for Burne-Jones when he painted his famous picture of the "Golden Stair;" and if the fair maidens of Old Hallowell, in their simply flowing gowns, had only gone barefoot to Miss Anne Warren's party, instead of wearing their dainty morocco or satin slippers, they might fittingly have passed for the exquisite vision that inspired the soul of the painter.

It is generally conceded that Hallowell was the center of hospitality and of the social life on the Kennebec, but there were also many wealthy and cultured families in Augusta, Gardiner, Pittston, and Dresden, who entertained very freely and interchanged hospitalities in a delightful manner. In Augusta, still lived the Howards, the Norths, the Conys, the Bridges, the Fullers, and the Williams families; and while the men of these families were noted for their position and influence in public and political life, the ladies of their house-

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holds were none the less famous for their personal charms and gracious hospitality. They still represented the characteristic manners and social customs of Old Hallowell of which they were once a part.

A few pleasant tributes to these grand dames of yore have been left on record. "Madame North," it is said, "was a lady of the old school. She had a good person, a cultivated mind, dignified and graceful manners, and, being remarkable for her powers of conversation, was the delight of the social circle. Her sprightly and spirited remarks, in tones that were music to the ear, were particularly pleasant and animating. Under her direction the home of the Norths was the seat of elegant hospitality."

Mrs. Susanna Cony, the wife of Judge Daniel Cony, was a woman whose innate goodness, wide sympathies, and large-hearted kindliness took in an extensive circle of friends and acquaintances, by whom she was greatly beloved. Her portrait is expressive of her character. Fortunate were those of our foremothers who enjoyed her friendship and social companionship.

But among all the women of the Kennebec valley, none were more noted for their hospitality than Mrs. Zilpha Ingraham Williams, the wife of Lieutenant Seth Williams. With her, hospitality became a ruling passion; and in her later years, her generosity was such that no visitor was ever permitted to leave her door without a farewell gift. This love of giving at last predominated to such an extent that books, pictures, bric-a-brac, or family heirlooms, were cordially bestowed upon the departing guest; and it became generally understood by the family friends that all gifts bestowed by the dear kindly hands should be gratefully accepted, and as considerately left in the front hall to serve the generous-hearted hostess on another day.

Mrs. Eliza Fuller, the daughter of Mrs. Zilpha Ingraham Williams, inherited her mother's benevolent and hospitable disposition, and the doors of the fine old colonial mansion in which she dwelt were always open to the guest. Mrs. Fuller, however, was not content to serve merely as hostess in her own

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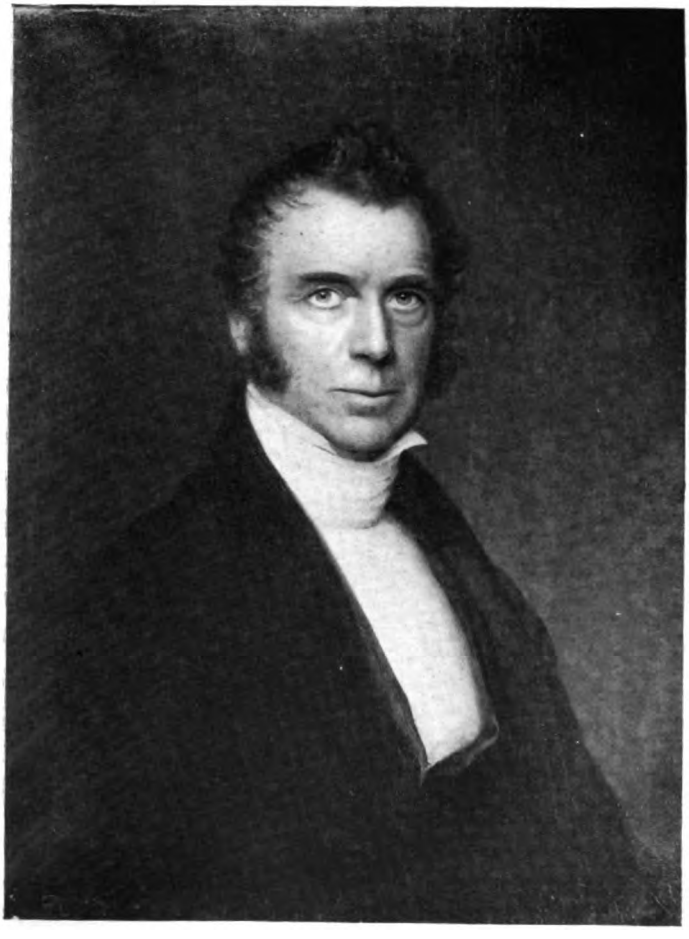

HON. REUEL WILLIAMS

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house, but carried her benevolent ministries into the homes of others, where, in joy or sorrow, in sickness or health, in prosperity or misfortune, she was always a welcome friend. Her long life was one of kindliness, charity, and unfailing friendship.

In 1832, Mrs. Daniel Williams, the daughter of the Hon. James Bridge, went as a bride to the fine old Williams house on Myrtle Street. She was then young and beautiful, and her home was one of the most attractive in the social circles of the Kennebec. Many tributes to the charms of Mrs. Williams might be quoted; but the story of the spontaneous compliment of a gallant Southerner is of especial interest because it was as sincere as it was unpremeditated. The scene of the incident is laid in a hotel parlor in Boston, where the Hon. John Otis of Hallowell and a gentleman from the South once chanced to be sitting together, engaged in a spirited discussion as to the comparative beauty and personal attractions of the women of the North and South. The Southerner wagered a basket of champagne that Mr. Otis could not prove his assertion that the women of the North fully equalled those of the South in beauty of face, grace of figure, and charm of manner. Mr. Otis accepted the challenge. Just at that moment, Mrs. Daniel Williams of Augusta entered the room. Mr. Otis, who was acquainted with Mrs. Williams, asked permission to present his friend. After a few minutes of conversation, Mrs. Williams arose and took her departure. As she passed out of the room, the Southern gentleman gazed after her with admiring eyes, and then said: "Mr. Otis, you need not trouble to order that champagne."

The most elegant old-time residence in Augusta was that of the Hon. Reuel Williams who, about 1809, purchased the mansion, built by Colonel Arthur Lithgow. This house still retains its fine old-time characteristics, chief among which is the beautiful octagon room, with its antique furnishings, and its curious Parisian wall-paper on which is pictured a series of marvelous tropical scenes portraying the wonderful adventures of that doughty old hero, Captain Cook. Mrs. Reuel Williams, the mistress of the mansion, was the daughter of Judge Daniel and

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Susanna Cony. She was a very handsome woman of imposing presence and stately mien. She had seen much of society at the national Capitol, while her husband was a member of the United States Senate, and she was a brilliant and charming hostess in her own home, where many distinguished guests, including President Polk and James Buchanan, Secretary of State, were hospitably entertained.

On one occasion, however, a delightful dinner-party was given at the Williams mansion without the presence of its distinguished hostess, who at the time of its occurrence chanced to be away from home. A letter describing this formal and elegant dinner-party is still extant, an extract from which is here given as an illustration of the old-time social life on the Kennebec.

This letter was written by the Hon. Joseph H. Williams, son of Hon. Reuel Williams, to his sister, Mrs. Helen A. Gilman of Portland, on June 28, 1839.

"It seems that Mr. Forsyth [then Secretary of State], arrived at Gardiner last week and has made his abode at Mr. Gardiner's. Father was invited to dine at Mr. Gardiner's on Tuesday at three o'clock to meet him, but Mr. Forsyth was not able to be at the table. Yesterday Father gave his dinner party. I suppose you will want to know *all about* it. First I will tell you who were present. Grandfather Cony with his Hancock gown, General John Chandler, Mr. Jones, Mr. Richards, Governor F. [Fairfield], Dr. Nourse, Judge Fuller, Major Ripley, General Thompson, and James Bridge. Of course we were all disappointed in not seeing Mr. Forsyth. He, however, sent a very civil note with apologies. Our dinner went off well. First, soup, (calves head), which was very well flavored and rich. Second, boiled salmon and broiled ditto. Third, most delicious boiled mutton of the true John Pinkham stamp; and roast lamb with green peas (from Boston). Then the cloth was removed. (Wine, of course, all this time). Next came the pastry which was some of Aunt Martha's best. I can't name the varieties, but there were lots of puddings

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MRS. SARAH CONY WILLIAMS

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and pies. Next the dessert made up of strawberries, cherries, ice cream, figs and apples, and the usual varieties of dry fruit. Stewart was the factotum and managed his department very acceptably. Jane, Zilpha, and Ann were the ladies. The gentlemen were all very agreeable, and I know had a good time. I had Richards on my left, and found him a clever fellow without starch. Father took great interest in getting up the whole affair, directed as to everything, down to the number of table cloths, and the arrangement of the seats at the table. He sat not at the head or foot of the table, as that was not genteel, but at the side, in the middle, and Jane opposite."

This memorable dinner was served in the grand octagon room of the Williams mansion. The "Hancock gown," in which "Grandfather Cony" appeared, was a green brocaded silk coat that had been previously worn by the honorable Judge when a guest at the state-dinners of Governor Hancock in Boston. The ladies present at the table, were the three charming daughters of the house, Jane, who was afterwards the wife of Rev. Sylvester Judd; Zilpha, who married John L. Cutler, Esq., and who was the mother of Mrs. Zilpha Ingraham Smith, the present hostess of the Williams mansion; and Ann, the youngest daughter, who occupied the family residence until her death in 1907.

Another home on the Kennebec where a generous and delightful hospitality was constantly dispensed was that of Mr. James Dumaresq on Swan Island. Mr. James Dumaresq inherited an old colonial house built by his maternal grandfather, Dr. Silvester Gardiner. This house was located in a most picturesque spot on the upper shore of the island. It was surrounded by magnificent old trees and commanded a fine view of the river. Mr. and Mrs. James Dumaresq were a delightful host and hostess. Mrs. Dumaresq was very handsome, tall, and of a most delicate complexion. Her daughter, Miss Jane Frances Rebecca Dumaresq, was known as the "Beauty of the Kennebec." It is said of her that "she was as

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brave as she was beautiful and as courteous and gentle as a long line of ancestors of DeCarterets and Dumaresqs could make her."

Mr. Dumaresq has been described by one who knew him as "a man of charming address and polished manners, a good musician, a true lover of poetry and the English classics, and a keen sportsman. He was a warm friend of Mr. John Sheppard of Hallowell, with whom he had many tastes in common. In a letter to Augustus T. Perkins, Esq., Mr. Sheppard writes: "The house of Mr. Dumaresq was the abode of hospitality. I used to visit there with my father almost as early as I can recollect. We went down in summer in our sail-boat, and sometimes made only a call or an excursion to the mouth of the Kennebec. . . . When a student at law in Wilde and Bond's office, on a summer's day, I remember paddling my birch canoe along the shore to Swan Island; and in the winter season, one afternoon, Mr. P. (Page), since a noted merchant, and myself skated down to your grandfather's, drank tea with him, and then hurried home on account of the air holes in the ice—a distance of sixteen miles in one hour and a half." Mr. Dumaresq used often to visit the Sheppards in the old red house that stood in the bend of the river just below Bombahook Point; and frequently made much longer journeys in these neighborly visits, for "it was the custom at Kennebec in the winter of those congenial days for parties living in distant towns often many miles from each other, to visit their friends in flocks and sometimes pass the night."

The father of Mrs. Dumaresq was Mr. Farwell of Vassalborough. "A sleighing party to his house," writes Mr. Sheppard, "and a return after tea from Augusta on the ice are fresh in my mind, for our parents often took their children with them. It was one of those splendid winter nights so peculiar to Maine; when the blue starry heavens above, and the white drapery of the snow below, increased the charm of such an excursion. A sleighride of sixteen miles to Swan Island was but the pastime of an evening."

"At Pittston, there was a white cottage near the head of a leafy avenue, musical with birds. It was the summer retreat

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OCTAGON ROOM IN THE WILLIAMS MANSION

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of the venerable Robert Hallowell, Esq.,[1] of Boston, a great friend of my father. We often went down there to dine on pleasant Sundays after attending the Episcopal church on the other side of the river. On the opposite shore in Gardiner near the ferry, once stood a yellow one story and a half house where General Dearborn, secretary of war under Jackson, resided."

Just below Gardiner on the west bank of the river stood the home of Robert H. Gardiner, built in 1809. This was not the picturesque stone manor-house of to-day, but was a large, commodious dwelling presided over by a delightful host. In regard to this residence of Robert H. Gardiner, Bishop Burgess writes: "For twenty-three years, spacious as it was, its chambers were crowded with the succession of inmates and guests, whom, in addition to his own immediate household he always loved to gather within the circle of his domestic affection, his beneficence, or his hospitality."

The Vaughans were connected with the Hallowells, the Gardiners, and the Dumaresqs by ties of kinship; and the interchange of hospitalities between them, and between the other prominent families on the Kennebec, served to promote all that was best in social life.

Other social guests of high estate frequently visited Hallowell. "The white house on the hill," writes the Hon. John H. Sheppard, "was the abode of hospitality. . . . It was furnished in costly style but simple; there was no gorgeous display; everything was plain yet elegant for the day. In summer there was a continual succession of visitors from abroad; for the celebrity of Dr. Vaughan as a scholar, and his urbanity as a gentleman of fortune drew many from other lands to visit the philospher in his romantic villa on the banks of the Kennebec. At the June session of the Supreme Court

[1] Robert Hallowell, Esq., was the son of Benjamin Hallowell, a wealthy merchant of Boston, and one of the proprietors of the Kennebec purchase. He married Hannah, daughter of Dr. Silvester Gardiner. Their son, Robert Hallowell, changed his name to Gardiner when he came into possession of the estate of his grandfather, Dr. Silvester Gardiner. The Hallowells were of ancient English ancestry, and were descended from William Hallowell, of Devonshire, England, who settled in Boston before the close of the seventeenth century.

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of Massachusetts, the Judges and their suit anticipated with joy their visit to him. The profound Parsons, that giant of the common law; the learned Sedgwick, and the Ciceronian Parker, successively Chief Justices, were among his guests; and who could forget the eloquent solicitor, General Daniel Davis, father of Charles Henry Davis, our distinguished Admiral of the Navy, or the logical Mellen, or the noble Wilde, then at the head of the bar of Maine, and many other kindred spirits, men of rank in their day and generation. The society in Kennebec and Lincoln was of a high order, and many distinguished gentry were among his social visitors,—persons whose influence has never been surpassed, if indeed equaled in that part of the country. It was there too I saw that great scholar and admirable reader, the Rev. John Silvester John Gardiner, D. D., Rector of Trinity Church, Boston, whose peculiarly black and piercing eyes seemed to look into the very soul when he spoke; one whose classic taste was almost without a rival in America, and whose great memory and attic wit gave a peculiar fascination to his conversation. But where shall I stop, if I venture to repeat the names of such guests; for before my mind's eye rise up that truly Christian disciple, the Rev. Charles Lowell, and the learned Dr. Kirkland, whose placid smile will long be remembered; and that precocious and extraordinary young divine Mr. J. S. Buckminster, who once preached to us a thrilling discourse from this sublime text: 'Never man spoke like this man'; and this was uttered by a Unitarian in our Hopkinsian pulpit. . . . I must refer once more to our visitors from abroad for it was at this mansion I saw the handsomest woman I ever beheld, Mrs. Richard Derby, of Boston, in whose lovely expression there was a shade of melancholy resembling the Madonna, so finely pictured by the divine Raphael to the imagination."

The most notable, although perhaps not the most worthy or most highly-to-be-honored guest of Old Hallowell in its early days was the French statesman, Talleyrand. It is stated by North in the *History of Augusta*, that in the year 1794, Talleyrand in company with a young Frenchman came to Hallowell, and was entertained at the tavern of Billy Pitt; that Talleyrand

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and his young friend dined with Mrs. Colonel North and her son, and visited Mr. Charles Vaughan at the mill-house near Bombahook brook. These distinguished guests were also entertained by Judge Robbins, at the Hook. The story is also told, on the authority of Judge Weston, that "many years afterwards, Judge Robbins sent a son abroad to finish his medical education in Paris. It was soon after the restoration of the Bourbons; Talleyrand was in high favor and in the most palmy state of his brilliant career. He heard of young Robbins; and desirous to repay in Paris, civilities received in Hallowell, invited him to dine, placed him at table between two ladies of high rank, and otherwise treated him with marked attention." [1]

The date of the visit of Talleyrand at Hallowell, is fixed by North in the year 1794. Hanson, in his *History of Gardiner* also states that, in 1794, Talleyrand and Louis Philippe visited General Dearborn in Gardiner; but, according to historic records, the Orleans princes did not arrive in America until October 25, 1796. Our local chronicles must therefore be wrong, at least, as to the date of Louis Philippe's visit. An author,[2] who has made an exhaustive study of the experience of Louis Philippe in the United States, writes that "on October 21, 1797, The Boston Press announced the arrival of the princes in that city. . . . With Talleyrand they made a trip to Maine, stopping at Newburyport and Haverhill. For a week they were guests at the Martin farm, on the Sagamore Creek, near Portsmouth. At Gardiner, their host was General Henry Dearborn."

It would seem highly probable, that if Louis Philippe came as far as Gardiner, he would not have failed to visit the distinguished Dr. Benjamin Vaughan; and it was currently reported that both Talleyrand and Louis Philippe were guests at the Vaughan mansion in Hallowell. This report passed into a generally accepted tradition, and the Hallowell boys and girls have since been brought up in the belief that the royal prince tramped through the Vaughan glen, and fished in the Cascade stream; and that he fell into the brook and got a thorough

[1] North's *History of Augusta*, p. 255.
[2] Jane Marsh Parker. *Century Magazine*, Vol. 40, p. 756.

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wetting, just as Ingraham has related in one of the best of his unhistoric stories. But, in the face of all this presumptive evidence, the inexorable spirit of the truthful historian compels me to say that a granddaughter of Dr. Vaughan, who confirms the story of the visit of Talleyrand, distinctly states that the family have no proof that his companion was the royal prince, afterwards Louis Philippe of France.

The story of the visit of Talleyrand and Louis Philippe is familiar to all the old residents of Hallowell; but it is not so generally known that a nephew of Marshal Ney was once a guest in Hallowell. During his visit, this young Frenchman suffered from a severe illness and received the professional attendance of the eminent physician, Dr. Benjamin Page. After his recovery and return to France, young Ney sent a very generous gift of money to Dr. Page, in acknowledgment of his professional services, with a most grateful and appreciative letter which was long preserved in the Page family.

Another somewhat remarkable person, who visited Hallowell about 1823, has left to us a curious and entertaining record of the place and its inhabitants. This eccentric visitor was Mrs. Anne Royall, one of the earliest book agents who ever traveled through our state. She was a native of Virginia, but had resided for a number of years in Washington, where she became well known as the editor of the *Washington Paul Pry*. She was the author of several books of travel, in which she shows herself to be a keen observer, and a merciless critic, with a sharp, satirical tongue. She was an ardent Unitarian, and saw no good in people of any other persuasion. Anyone who was a devoted Unitarian, who was polite to her, and who purchased her books, received her warm commendation; but woe to those who did not meet with these requisitions! They were destined to be stigmatized forever in the *Black Book* of which Mrs. Royall was the author. A few copies of this publication still exist; and we read with much interest the impressions of Hallowell and its citizens as recorded by Mrs. Anne Royall.

"Hallowell," writes Mrs. Royall, "is a port of entry and has much trade. I was surprised to see a beautiful, thriving,

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populous town so far in the interior; fine, large brick houses, vessels in the basin, a fine prospect, and an immense number of genteel people in the street. Like all towns on the Kennebec, its length is parallel with the river, and its width embraces a lofty rise ascending quite from the river until it attains a very considerable eminence. On the top of this eminence, a greater part of the town is built. Most of the merchants and all of the wealthy citizens live on this elevation, and their houses, furniture, and equipage display a superior style of taste, wealth, and elegance. Their homes mostly have gardens attached to them of inimitable beauty, nor do the owners yield to any on the continent, in hospitality and polished manners. Kennebec is principally settled by enlightened Unitarians and Universalists who carry souls in their bodies.

"I arrived in Hallowell on Saturday night, and early Sunday morning, or at least after breakfast, several of the citizens honored me with a call and invited me to take a seat in one of the pews of Rev. Everett's church, a Unitarian, of course. The church was large and the congregation consisted principally of the first citizens of the place. It was the handsomest congregation I remember to have seen in any country; both men and women were fine tall figures, fair and well featured, with a nameless mixture of flitting graces and thronging charms—the waving form, the sparkling eye, the glossy curl, the jetty tufts of hair, the generous manly cheek, the snowy forehead, the soft damask blush. But above all, the kind glance of friendship and classic fire,—it was impossible to resist them." [1]

Whatever Mrs. Royall's literary sins may have been, and they appear to have been many, Hallowell can surely forgive her much for this tribute to the place and the people. The account of her visit at Dr. Benjamin Vaughan's is equally characteristic.

"But the pride of Hallowell is the venerable and wealthy Mr. Vaughan, an English nobleman who has vast possessions

[1] *The Black Book.* Vol. II, p. 256-258.

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both in this country and Europe. . . . Mr. Vaughan is, with his wife, far advanced in life,—shrouded in humility, meekness, and philanthropy. Their large fortune is principally devoted to the benefit of mankind. Relieving the poor, enlightening the ignorant, and promoting the public good has been the business and pride of the long life of Mr. Vaughan. He has been the bulwark of the Unitarians in America, and the champion of arts and sciences, a friend of liberty. This amiable man, modest and plain in his equipage, I found on the banks of the Kennebec. My curiosity being aroused I called at his house. He opened the door himself, and making one of his 'St. James' bows,' (as I conjecture, for I never saw anything like it before nor since,) he asked me to walk in and showing me into a parlour, instead of ringing for a servant, and overturning everything, he apologized and walked off himself for Mrs. Vaughan. After introducing Mrs. Vaughan, he took a seat and entered familiarly into conversation. Several called while I was there, attending to which must be very oppressive to a gentleman of Mr. V's age and delicate appearance. That I might enjoy the pleasure of their company the very short time I had to spare, a small table covered with every delicacy was set by my chair without suffering me to move."

In conclusion, Mrs. Royall adds: "Mr. Vaughan accompanied me to the door and while his illustrious eye rested upon me he put a bank note into my hand." [1]

Mrs. Royall was also moved to speak of other residents of Hallowell as "people of education and family, kind and hospitable, and affable in their manners." She called upon the family of the Baptist minister, the Rev. Mr. Chessman, and was "much surprised to find the lady and her daughter most charming women." "I do not believe," she writes, "that there is a spark of the orthodox about them."

The author of the *Black Book* was evidently not so well pleased with her reception at Augusta as at Hallowell, but the reason is very apparent in her statement that Augusta "has

[1] *The Black Book*. Vol. II, p. 258-260.

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until lately been an orthodox town and, of course, not so much can be expected of it." She closes the account of her visit with this somewhat invidious passage: "I am told that the legislature of the state is about to locate the seat of government at Augusta. I am sorry the citizens are not more worthy of the distinction. Had I a casting vote, I would by a long ways give the preference to Hallowell, as different as two places can possibly be. In Hallowell, they are, we may say, all gentlemen."

Among the most interesting and noteworthy men that frequently came to Hallowell was Charles Bulfinch, the eminent architect who made the designs for the completion of the national Capitol at Washington, for the State House at Boston, for the State Capitol at Augusta, Maine, and for many other famous public buildings. It was, doubtless, during one of his visits at "Sunset Farm," the residence of Charles Vaughan, Esq., that Mr. Bulfinch designed the belfry-tower of the Old South meeting-house. At a somewhat later period, Nathaniel Hawthorne and his friend and classmate, Horatio Bridge of Augusta, were frequently entertained in Hallowell. The Rev. Phillips Brooks, when a boy, often visited at the home of his uncle, Thomas B. Brooks, on Second Street; and Cornelius Vanderbilt, in the early days of steamboating enjoyed the hospitality of the Pages and other prominent families.

The Hon. George Evans was also very frequently a guest in his native town. This eminent statesman and member of Congress was born in Hallowell, January 12, 1797. He was the second child of Daniel and Joanna Hains Evans whose family record appears inscribed upon the ancient town books. George Evans spent his boyhood and youth in his native town, fitted for college at the Hallowell Academy, graduated from Bowdoin in 1815, and was admitted to the bar in 1818; and although he subsequently resided elsewhere, he may be claimed as one of the illustrious sons of Old Hallowell.

Many warm tributes were paid to Mr. Evans by his contemporaries. He is said to have been a great lawyer,

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who "never mistook an enemy's outpost for his citadel." He was an eloquent orator and an acute statesman, and his speeches in Congress on the tariff and revenue disclosed his mastery of the most important measures in the history of our government. Mr. Clay asserted that "Mr. Evans knew more about the finances than any other public man in the United States." "As a debater," writes Mr. Blaine, "Mr. Evans is entitled to rank next to Mr. Webster,"[1] and when Mr. Evans' term of service drew near to its close, Mr. Webster paid him the extraordinary commendation of saying in the senate that his retirement would be "a serious loss to the government and the country." He pronounced the speech just then delivered by Mr. Evans on the finances to be "incomparable."[2]

Upon occasions of public interest in Hallowell, Mr. Evans was often the orator of the day; and when the town had the honor of a visit from Daniel Webster, Mr. Evans was invited to make the address of welcome. It is recorded by the Hon. Robert Hallowell Gardiner[3] that "at a very short notice a magnificent dinner was prepared at the Hallowell House, then just opened and carried on by Kilburne Robinson, in the style of the Tremont and Revere Houses. Prominent persons from Augusta, Hallowell, Gardiner, and Portland were present to do honor to Mr. Webster. The time of this dinner was at the moment of his greatest glory,—not long after his great and memorable contest in the senate with Hayne of South Carolina, upon the constitution. When the cloth was removed, a crowd was collected in expectation of a speech from the great expounder. Mr. Evans, who presided at the table, rose to express a hearty welcome from Kennebec to the distinguished guest. Most unfortunately, no report of this speech has ever been published; for such an outpouring of eloquence for at least an hour, has seldom been heard and those who were privileged to listen to it can never forget it. In the course of his speech he quoted whole passages from Scott's *Ivanhoe*, where Rebecca at the window describes to the

[1] *Twenty Years of Congress*, Vol. I, p. 71.
[2] *Ibid.*
[3] *Collections of the Maine Historical Society*, Vol. VII, p. 470.

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wounded Ivanhoe the operations of the besiegers of the castle; and as she relates the exploits of the Black Knight, Richard Coeur de Lion, wielding the massive battle axe, Ivanhoe exclaims, 'Methought there was but one man in England that might do such a deed.' Applying this in a masterly manner to Webster's blows against the enemies of the constitution, and carrying on the simile, every moment rising in eloquence, he utters Ivanhoe's exclamation, 'I would endure ten years captivity to fight one day by that good knight's side, in such a quarrel as this.' At the conclusion of this eloquent address, Mr. Webster rose and evinced by his manner how much he had been affected by it. He spoke for some time, but although everything uttered by Mr. Webster always commanded the closest attention, yet, following, as it did, this remarkable address of Mr. Evans, many of his hearers were disappointed."

Other tales of the hospitality of Hallowell, and of its distinguished guests abound; but from these authentic sketches we are able to evolve a distinct and accurate picture of the social life of the ancient town. Host and hostess have long since passed away; guest and wayfarer have alike departed; but the visions of these old-time gentle-folk still linger in our memories like the stars of the "Dream-Song,"

> "That, at some silent, dim behest,
> Arise above the river,
> To shine upon its darkling breast,
> Forever and forever."

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XVIII

ROMANTIC, QUAINT, AND INTERESTING CHARACTERS

"The few old-fashioned men and women—quaint, shrewd, and racy of the soil—who linger in little, silvery-gray old homesteads will shortly cease to exist."—*Thomas Bailey Aldrich.*

THE local conditions and environments of Hallowell, in the olden days, were such as were productive of many romantic, quaint, and interesting characters whose story adds much to the interest of the old town. At this early period, the individuality of every villager stood out with marked prominence. Personal traits and characteristics were often unduly emphasized, and any weakness or peculiarity of the individual easily became exaggerated. In our own day, so crowded with multitudinous and overwhelming interests, no one has time to dwell upon the idiosyncrasies of his neighbor; but, of old, any manifestation of oddity was immediately noted, and by its very recognition was developed and perpetuated. Moreover, the last faint shadows of superstition lingered still upon our hills and valleys, reluctant to depart; and an openly acknowledged love of the romantic and marvelous everywhere prevailed. We have, consequently, not a few stories of the olden times which border upon legendary lore, and many other veritable records of curious and interesting characters that developed in Old Hallowell.

One of these earlier local characters, whose story borders on the marvelous, was an old man, called "Uncle Kaler," who lived on Loudon Hill. Uncle Kaler had Finnish blood in his veins and was reputed to be a "wizard." By his magical art, Uncle Kaler could make amulets that would bring good luck to the sailor, love philters for despairing swains and forlorn damsels, and efficacious potions to cure the cattle that were bewitched. This weird enchanter could also make good weather

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or bad weather to order, although he sometimes overdid the matter, as the following tradition shows.

Uncle Kaler lived in an old house just below the mill-brook, and the road from Cobbossee to the Hook ran close by his door. One warm misty evening in May, Uncle Kaler heard some horses speeding up the hill and stopping at his door. He opened it, and a man's voice came in from the darkness: "Is this Mr. Kaler?"

"It is, at your service."

"Well, my name is ———, and this lady with me is Miss ——— of Pownalboro. We are on our way to Hallowell to be married. Her relatives don't like the match and are after us hot foot. Listen!"

Away down the river could be heard the long-drawn bay of hounds.

"You hear, old man! Now our horses are about used up, and if something isn't done they will overtake us; then there will be murder. You have the reputation of being a wind-jammer and wizard. Here are a hundred Spanish milled dollars for the worst weather you have got, and if it does the business, another hundred when I come back."

The old man made no reply, but went to a chest and taking out a small leather bag gave it to the stranger, saying, "Go back a little on the road, cut open the bag, squeeze out its contents, throw the bag away, then come back and resume your journey."

The man did as he was told, and returning in a short time said: "If you have played us false, something will happen to you."

"Rest easy," said Uncle Kaler. "Hark!" and away in the southwest was heard a low grumbling like distant thunder. It increased and deepened momentarily till it seemed as if a cyclone was tearing through the forest.

"What is it?" asked the stranger.

"A cloud-burst in the hills. It will be a sharp hound who follows your track in five minutes. Go in peace, and good luck go with you, from a man who can make good luck."

Away they dashed through the gathering storm and

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darkness, speeding to happiness, or the contrary, as the case may be with married people. Under the roaring thunder, and nearly deafened by the roar and crash of the raging torrent he had conjured, the old man went into the house saying to himself: "I am afraid I made that bagful too strong, but I don't know as I am sorry, for it would never do to have the young people caught."

The next morning the day broke clear and beautiful; but where, the day before, a peaceful little brook had flowed through a green pasture, and the little mill had clattered merrily grinding the few grists the neighbors brought, there was now a fearful gorge gullied down to the bedrock and choked up with uprooted trees and brush; the mill was gone and the big boulder that formed a part of its foundation had been swept away far out into the river, and now forms that impediment to navigation known as Mill Rock. If anyone will take notice at low tide they will see quite a large point stretching out into the river from the mouth of the brook; it is the debris of the cloud-burst."[1]

The lovers of the weird element in story-telling and of mysteries that never were solved will understand the thrill of mingled delight and terror with which the children of Hallowell used to listen to the tales of the "Unknown Meeting-house Beggar," and of the mysterious "Man of Ice."

The meeting-house beggar was a nameless old man who, accompanied by his dog, made his appearance in town, coming from whence none knew. He seemed disinclined to companionship, talked little, refused rum, and thankfully received gifts of food from the charitable. He existed in this way more than a year, no one knowing more of him—not even where he slept. One day his dog came to the door of a house where his master had often been fed, and by his strange conduct induced someone to follow him. He led the way to the Old South and disappeared suddenly through an opening in the underpinning. Looking in, the person dimly discerned the figure of a man lying upon some shavings. Entering, he

[1] "Van Ho." Loudon Hill.

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found the poor old mendicant dead. The beggar was buried and there was never any knowledge of his previous history. The dog never left the place of his owner's death save occasionally to go for a bone to the place where the beggar had been accustomed to have his wants supplied, and then to run back to his lonely retreat. For years he made this place his abode, refusing all intercourse with his own or human species. He grew gray and almost blind. At length this canine recluse was missed, and a search revealed him dead where his master had expired twelve years before. He was always called the "meeting-house dog." [1]

The true tale of the mysterious "Man of Ice" has been effectively retold, by the "Old Bookseller" to "Amoret," in the story of *The End of the Beginning*, from which the following extracts are quoted, by permission of the author: [2]

"The night grew darker and darker, and the wind roared louder, while thicker and faster fell the sharp sleet that cut like needles. And just think of it! All alone with the winter weather, trying to cross the river, was a withered and bent old man. Staggering along, he had to stop every half-dozen steps, to catch his breath, and to hunt for the path that grew harder and harder to find and keep. Getting a glimpse of the light in one of the houses on the hill, he would stop and call for help; a hopeless dreary call that hardly served to make any louder the shriek of the blast that took it from him. His hat was gone, and his poor thin gray hair was whisked about in the wind; and his torn old coat flapped round him, threatening every minute to fly off in the darkness. Oh, dear! As he went dragging slowly along, shivering in his rags, falling again and again, his face bleeding from the sharp cut of the sleet, the old fellow would have been a sorry sight, if anybody had been there to see. But the old man had with him a friend, the friend that had broken his wife's heart; the friend that had scattered his children among strangers; the friend for whose sake he had given up love, honor, happiness,

[1] Rev. J. H. Ingraham.
[2] Professor Charles F. Richardson.

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and who had now driven him a homeless wanderer, out into the night and storm. This friend he pressed now and again with eager lips, or hugged closely with his stiff, blue fingers and aching arms, while the storm grew wilder, and his own little strength failed more and more with each icy gust."

"Why didn't his friend help him?" said Amoret. "I think it was real wicked."

"You'll see," said the story-teller, coming back to the intelligence of his hearer.

"At any rate, as he stumbled and picked himself up again and again, alone with his jug in the fearful night, he kept muttering all the while. What did he think, little girl, if he could think, and what did he say, when at last with a sigh of relief, he sank back to rest a little? Perhaps, like Falstaff of old, 'a' babbled of green fields.'"

"Was his friend nothing but a jug?" queried the wide-awake listener. "And who was Falstaff?"

"I'll tell you sometime," said he; "one story at a time."

"As the night wore on the storm raged itself out; the wind sank to a sort of little moan; and the sleet became just a cold, dull, straight pouring rain that froze as it fell. . . . When morning dawned you never saw such a pretty picture. . . . It was just as though you had been suddenly transported to a new planet where there was no warmth, no color, nothing but clear, cold, glittering purity. Why, hills and fields and river lay smooth and white, with millions of little sparkles of light on the icy crust, while every tiny twig of every bush and tree, all snug in its perfect coat of ice, looked as if crusted with diamonds. The whole world was one great jewel that lay flashing and glowing in the rays of the morning sun. . . .

"All at once a quiver of excitement was spread through the village by the announcement made by the many small boys who had their faces glued to the window panes, that an ox-team was coming up the hill. Such a Sabbath sight wasn't common in that old-fashioned community, and so everyone wondered what it could mean. And folks wondered still more when, as the team came nearer, they saw the slow oxen draw-

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ing a woodsled with something on it covered by a horse-blanket. As it came nearer, the men found they had business that called them to the front gate; but those who asked, 'What ye got there?' only received for answer from the walkers beside the team: 'Ye'll see at the meetin'-house.'

"When the team finally got there, and the men lifted their queer burden and placed it on the great horse-block, those who came behind could see a sudden stir among the folks already gathered. They moved rapidly to and fro, and pointed, and asked eager questions that no man could answer. All that anybody could say, was: "We found him on the river, and we brought him to meetin' to see if anybody knowed him.'

'So, when each new-comer got to the edge of the crowd, he hurried out a 'What is it?' and got for an answer a silent gesture toward the centre of the group, while the bystanders fell back and opened the way for him to see a sight he never forgot. . . . There, before the meeting-house door, lay a ragged old man, his gray hair spread round his head like a halo, and his thin old arms clasping a jug close to his shrunken body.

"Who he was, whence he came, whither he was going, nobody knew. But surely this forlorn old drunkard died as no other has ever been known to die: for as he lay there on the hillside, and preached a never-to-be-forgotten sermon, his wretched body was hermetically sealed in a coffin that glittered clear and pure in the brilliant sunlight; a coffin as transparent as air, as cold as death—a coffin of ice!"

Side by side with the eminent citizens of Hallowell, in those olden days, were many humbler, but perhaps not less interesting neighbors whose stories, if they could be told, would add much to the romance of these brief reminiscences. Among these was "Lord Echlin" who kept a cooper's shop, in front of the town pump, on School House lane. Had Hawthorne chanced to meet "Lord Echlin," what would he not have made of him in the domain of romance! The veil of mystery which still hangs over this titled lord of the cooper's trade would have appealed very strongly to Hawthorne's art.

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Lord Echlin claimed to be a titled Englishman. He came to Hallowell with his family from Canada, and, according to the old story, took up his abode here while his son went to England to establish some claim to title or estates. The son was drowned on the return voyage from Europe to America; the beautiful young daughter also died and was buried in the old Hallowell burying-ground. Lord Echlin lived on, with Lady Ann, earning a scanty living by the cooper's trade until in some mysterious way they both passed out of the knowledge and memory of the people. Whether they sailed away across the sea, or whether they too died and were buried, there is no one to tell. But in the Hallowell cemetery, there stands a marble tombstone bearing this inscription:

Sacred to the memory of
MISS SARAH
Daughter of
SIR HENRY and ANN ECHLIN
Who died
May 28, 1823
Aged 16 years
Also
To the memory of
SIR CHEMBRE ECHLIN
Who was drowned on his passage
From Europe to America.
Far from their friends the body lies
Oh, may their souls in Christ arise.

Here are romance, pathos, and mystery, all wrought into this brief inscription. Who can tell us the true tale of Lord and Lady Echlin?

Another character over whom the halo of mystery for a long time hung, was "Jimmy the Bugler," who one day suddenly appeared in Hallowell from the realm of nowhere in particular. Jimmy announced his arrival by a long musical blast upon a fine English bugle, which he brought with him under his weather-worn coat, and then played several lively

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and pleasing airs to the astonished townspeople who gathered around him. A warm welcome was given to the wonderful stranger by the people at whose door he had stopped; but Jimmy the Bugler proved himself to be mortal, for he was very hungry and did ample justice to the good dinner offered him in return for his music.

Pleased with his reception, Jimmy decided to remain in the hospitable town, and soon found a home and employment with a good farmer who bore the name of Jefferson Davis. The fame of Jimmy and his wonderful bugle soon spread abroad, and there were frequent demands for his services on all festive occasions, especially on muster days when all the military companies were proud to march to the field with Jimmy the Bugler at their head; and his martial airs and marvelous *reveille* in camp was something long to be remembered.

On one occasion a party of young men made a pleasure trip to Boston in one of the slow-sailing packets of that day, and Jimmy the Bugler, who accompanied them, often "set the wild echoes flying," as they passed down the valley of the Kennebec. When they arrived in Boston, they decided to spend their first evening at the theater. For some reason the actors were very late in appearing upon the stage, the musicians played until they were quite exhausted. The audience grew very restless and impatient. There were cries of "Music! Music!" but the orchestra failed to respond. Then softly, sweetly, clearly, the notes of a bugle rang out and thrilled the house. The orchestra was astonished; the actors behind the curtain peered out in amazement; and when Jimmy played "The Last Rose of Summer," with variations, the audience sat at first spell-bound, and then burst into rapturous applause. Other melodies followed, and it was with difficulty that the people were induced to turn their attention to the play when the actors appeared upon the stage. "Who is it? Who is it?" was the question all over the house. The only answer was, "Jimmy the Bugler."

It was afterwards learned that Jimmy the Bugler was a deserter from the British army, that he had belonged to

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a regimental band at Quebec, but weary of army life, had slipped away across the border into the peaceful province of Maine. He remained for some years in Hallowell; but, like many a youthful genius of his day, he at last fell a victim to intemperance and died ingloriously at a public inn on the way between Bangor and Hallowell.

The memory of Jimmy the Bugler was long preserved by traditions of a pot of money which he was supposed to have buried on the farm of Jefferson Davis. Jimmy earned many silver dollars, but was rarely known to spend one. The inference was that he had an accumulation of money hidden for safety in the ground; and the earth on the Davis farm was often found upturned by the treasure-seekers.

Among other interesting personages who frequented Hallowell a hundred years ago, was the majestic and imperious "Queen of Sheba." This regal character was a mildly demented woman, named Richardson, who wandered about the country, happy in the delusion that she had come from the court of Solomon and brought with her all the glories thereof. The story has often been told of how she once appeared at the Supreme Judicial Court of Massachusetts, which then held its sittings with great pomp and state at Hallowell, and took her seat with much dignity beside the presiding judge. There was consternation on the bench. The sheriff waited upon the "Queen of Sheba," but she refused to be dethroned; and not until her majesty pleased, was she induced to leave the house. Then, followed by the sheriff, an imposing figure, with his cocked hat, sash and sword, and long white staff of office, the "Queen of Sheba" walked down the aisle, with head erect and a majesty of mien which commanded the respect of all present.

It has been suggested that Thomas Bailey Aldrich may have taken the name of his charming young "Queen of Sheba" from this more unfortunate heroine who once sat in state at the Supreme Judicial Court at Hallowell.

One of the most original and interesting characters of Old Hallowell was Jonathan Morgan, A. B., known in his later years as "old Squire Morgan." This remarkable man

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came to Hallowell as a young lawyer, about 1800, "to grow up with the town." He was a close student, an original thinker, and an indefatigable worker. His first literary production was *Morgan's Grammar of the English Language*, printed by Goodale and Cheever in 1814. This book passed through several editions, and later grammarians have followed Morgan's methods which were "sound and good." Some years afterwards, Morgan made an excellent translation of the New Testament from the Greek. But the great passion of Squire Morgan's life was for mechanical invention; and many wonderful creations originated in his active and fertile brain. Among the successful and useful articles ascribed to his inventive genius were the coffee-mills, which had a place in every New England household, and a cylinder stove, which was pronounced a great improvement upon Ben Franklin's "furnace." It is also claimed that the first steamboat on the Kennebec was built by Squire Morgan. About 1820, Squire Morgan removed to Portland where he continued the practice of law to an extent sufficient to furnish the means for his experimental studies in his workshop. He argued his last law case when an old man of ninety-two years, and won it too! During his long and solitary life, he lived respected and above reproach; and clad in his loose cloak fastened at the neck by chain-links, and wearing a soft broad-brimmed hat pulled down over his green-spectacled eyes, he was always a unique and picturesque figure upon the street.

One of the most conspicuous figures on the streets of Hallowell, in the olden time, was Samuel Manning, the tailor. In his early and prosperous days, Mr. Manning built a double store on Water Street, one part of which he occupied in the business which he here carried on for many years. He was successful in his trade and accumulated a small property, the income of which would have supported him in his old age had he continued to practice the habits of economy and sobriety.

Mr. Manning was remarkable for many personal characteristics that won for him the affectionate regard of his townspeople and acquaintances, but he also possessed certain peculiarities that soon developed into what, in the phraseology

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of the New England town, is called a "character." He was well educated and a good conversationalist; a man of keen intellect, ready wit, and sympathetic personality. He was a singer of some pretension, and occupied for many years a conspicuous seat at the end of the line in the front row of the choir in the Old South meeting-house. He had also military aspirations, and was very proud of his office as corporal in the famous Hallowell artillery, at the time it was commanded by Captain David Gray. The uniform of the company was "a long-tailed blue coat, with lapels trimmed with buff, dark pants, and a chapeau in the shape of a half-moon." "Corporal Manning" we are told, "*magnified his office*, having all the pride of a military man, but his short stature causing his coat-tails to come down to his knees, and his top-heavy chapeau and long black plume tipped with red, made him a comical looking object," especially when he marched with "peculiar strut consequent upon the high and important office of *corporal*, a title which he bore many years after his military life had ended."

Unfortunately, in his later years, Corporal Manning became somewhat addicted to intemperance. He gave up his regular business and lived upon the small competence which he had laid up, and, when this failed, upon the gratuitous contributions of his friends. At one time he had a corner and a shelf in one of the printing-offices where he made repairs in the clothing of chance customers; but he spent much of his time in visiting at the stores and offices on the business street. Wherever he went, he was kindly welcomed. A chair in a warm corner was always waiting for "Uncle Sammy," who, it must be admitted, did not make his visits over-long or permit himself to become a bore.

The printing-offices were "Uncle Sammy's" favorite resort. Here he seems to have constituted himself a sort of Scotch "Lob-lie-by-the-fire," for whenever he saw a garment that needed mending or a place where a button should be sewed on, he quietly and skilfully made the necessary repairs, but would accept no remuneration for his services. Many an apprentice lad, away from home, with no mother's hand to

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mend his trousers, was indebted, for a friendly patch, to the needle and thread of the once proud and elegant "Corporal" Manning.

Mr. Manning maintained his queue, his dignity, his courtesy, and his congenial manners until the time of his death. He was never married; and of his family connections, I have been able to learn nothing except that he had a brother in Boston who was a printer. During his later years, when his friends feared that he would lose his entire property by his habits of intemperance, Mr. Manning was placed under the guardianship of Mr. Nathan Bachelder. This so injured Mr. Manning's sense of dignity and self-respect that he would not recognize Mr. Bachelder, or even go by the store of the latter, often making a detour around by Second Street rather than pass by Mr. Bachelder's door. He lived to the age of threescore years and ten. By some inexplicable apotheosis, "Corporal" Manning, after his death, became "Captain" Manning; and his tombstone in the Hallowell cemetery bears this remarkable and not unenviable inscription:

Captain Samuel Manning
Died March 1st, 1842, aged 70 years
An Honest Man.

And then there was Johnny Stringer! Who does not remember Johnny Stringer—the queer little man with a large head and body set upon very short legs, who came from over the sea to make his home in Hallowell? Johnny Stringer lived in a little honse up on Academy Hill where he earned his living by making and rebottoming chairs, and manufacturing clothespins for the housekeepers of the town. He often appeared, on Monday morning, with a big basket on his arm offering the clothespins for sale at the opportune hour when they were most needed. He also made dolls' cradles and bedsteads, for the children of the town, for whom he also always had a store of broken,—and we must add, to be truthful—very dirty candy in his pockets. But Johnny's masterpieces were his chairs. He made "big ones for ladies, and little ones for babies;" and many a home in Hallowell still boasts of its

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"Johnny Stringer chair," which is regarded as a precious heirloom.

Johnny Stringer was an interesting as well as a useful member of the community. He possessed unusual intelligence, a bright mind, and very ready wit. He was fond of jokes; and merchants, lawyers, and doctors were always ready for a chat or a tilt of words with Johnny. He was a constant attendant at the "Old South," where Parson Gillet always found him among his most attentive and appreciative listeners.

Nor had Johnny's life been without its romance, albeit of rather a sombre hue. Soon after he came to this country, a small fortune fell to him from his English relatives, and he returned to England for his patrimony. On the way back to America, the vessel in which he sailed was overhauled by some French craft and all his money taken. This would not have been so bad for a man of Johnny's optimistic nature; but unfortunately the lady who had smiled upon Johnny when he was rich, refused to marry him when he became poor; and perhaps it was the story of this double tragedy that helped to make so warm a place for the sunny-hearted old chair-maker among his friends and neighbors.

Another character, of an original type, was Jack Agry, who was called the "Walking Street-Thermometer." This highly reputable gentleman had an unusual dread of the cold. He was a "great reader," and loved his seat by the chimney corner. When he ventured out in winter he wore a long colonial overcoat, big thick mittens, and a cloth cap pulled down over his ears. It is said that people used to tell the temperature by the manner in which Jack Agry carried his arms. In warm weather, he permitted them to hang down naturally at his side; but with increasing coldness, he raised them higher and higher, holding them sometimes akimbo, and sometimes folded at his back. At one time Jack Agry kept a store; and on one cold January morning he found the huge keyhole of the door filled with ice. After several ineffectual efforts to insert the ponderous key in order to unlock the door, this enterprising business man remarked, "I guess July will give her a sweat!" and went home to wait for

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a thaw. It was said that, from that frigid day, Jack Agry never went back to his place of business.

Another incomprehensible piece of humanity was William Kendall, "the man who never worked." Kendall was the son of one of the most highly respected and wealthiest men of the town. In his youth he was a spendthrift, and on one occasion, when his father refused to furnish him with money for some business enterprise, for which he was not deemed competent, the angry son vowed that he would never do a stroke of work so long as his father lived. Strange as it may seem, he kept his word. He secluded himself in his room during the day, and at night "would savagely roam the streets exercising his lungs with wild terrific yells that would fain have made a Sioux Indian turn pale with envy." Why the town authorities permitted this disturbance of the peace is not explained. Kendall received the sobriquet of "Howling Bill," or the "Earthquake;" and continued to indulge in this nocturnal pastime until he was weary of it. He lived the life of a recluse for twenty years; and then, on the burial-day of his father, he emerged from his seclusion. His hair was long, his beard reached nearly to his waist, and his shapely hands, on one of which he wore a very handsome seal ring, were as white and delicate as those of a lady. His mind had not been left uncultivated; he had read much, and was a brilliant conversationalist. With all his peculiarities, he was apparently a kind-hearted man. He possessed unusual adaptability in caring for invalids, and was always glad to give his services to the sick. For a number of years, he was employed by the town as night watchman, and, by a curious irony of fate, was required to expend his energies in suppressing other "howling Bills" and small "earthquakes" that strove to emulate his own earlier example.

Of quite another type, and one peculiarly their own, were Jonathan and Louisa Belden. The Beldens came of clerical ancestry. They were the son and daughter of the Rev. Mr. and Mrs. Belden, both of whom were characterized by some remarkable mental endowments combined with a naïve simplicity of mind. Their children evidently inherited the same

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peculiarities. But whatever the members of this family lacked in brilliancy they made up in piety and long prayers. Fifty-five minutes by the clock was not an infrequent time limit, for one of Mrs. Belden's invocations at the women's meetings. The daughter, Louisa, was gifted with remarkable powers of memory; and she was often able to repeat verbatim long passages from the sermons to which she listened with rapt attention on the Sabbath. Jonathan first aspired to be a minister, like his father, but did not receive sufficient encouragement from the church. He then aspired to be a poet; and day after day, and month after month, he wrestled with the muses. At last, as tradition saith, Jonathan entered his chamber, closed the door, and vowed a solemn vow that he would neither eat nor sleep until he had made poetry. The family waited with bated breath without. Noontide came, but with no sign from within. The afternoon waned, the sun went down behind the heights of Powder House hill; but no one dared to break the spell that bound the poet's soul. For an hour, a cheerless supper remained untasted upon the Belden's board. Then, suddenly, the door was flung open and the poet emerged radiant and triumphant, wildly waving a sheet of paper on which was written this Walt-Whitmanesque stanza:

> "Up in the morn like the hopper-grass!
> Down at the eve like the sparrow-grass!"

Jonathan had made poetry!

A more pathetically interesting man was Putnam, the inventor, who sat in his little shop and worked all day, and far into the night, on a mysterious piece of machinery which no one was ever permitted to examine. There were certain weird and uncanny impressions abroad, which were doubtless entirely unwarranted, concerning this harmless dreamer of dreams, in which wheels and axles and endless bands never ceased to go round; but even the children on their way to school would peer into his window and remember how somebody said old Putnam had invented perpetual motion, and was, perhaps, in league with the——sh! And then they would scuttle away in terror.

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Very eccentric, too, was old Dr. Smith, the water-cure physician, whose method, like the one described by Charles Lamb, was "as old as the flood," and, like that universal hydropathic remedy, probably "killed more than it cured." Dr. Weld also was a man of marked characteristics. He always drove in a chaise with its top painted white, that his coming might be noted afar off. At the house of Dr. Weld, one might often have met the Grimkies, who were very "decided characters," and "great abolition women." Besides all these there was old Parsons, the junk-dealer, whose motto was, "Pay to-day and trust to-morrow; and the curious old man who used to come from Boston every summer, never telling his true name but always insisting that he was Plutarch Bonaparte General De Grand.

No less interesting was the village tailoress who went about from house to house, making new garments or "cutting over" old ones; and whose life-work was commemorated by this inscription on her tombstone:

MISS MARY PRATT
Died Feb. 10, 1842
Mark the perfect man, and behold the upright;
for the end of that man is peace.

And then there was Lize Cripps—poor old Lize Cripps, with her skimpy gown, and her hair done up in a tight little bob with ends sticking out like wisps of straw. If anybody in those old days looked particularly forlorn and distracted, they were commonly said to look "worse than old Lize Cripps!" Lize was a little, blink-eyed woman, who walked lame, and always wore her apron when on the street. She was fond of calling on everybody, and was an inveterate beggar, and quite fastidious as to what she accepted. She did not hesitate to express her views on any subject however personal, and yet she was kindly treated by everyone and very patiently tolerated.

The matrimonial experience of Lize had been varied and extensive. She didn't see why so many folks couldn't get husbands; she had had four herself, and found it easy enough to get them. The first was Pollard. He "did pretty well,"

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Lize said. The second was Butler; he was "no good;" the third, Dorerthy, she "left with the Lord;" and the last one, Johnny Watson, she was still "trying to get along with."

For a long time Lize was employed as a cook in the Cheever family. She was a good cook, but she was a perfect "Mrs. Malaprop" in the use of English. She, one day, announced to the guests at a dinner-party given by Mrs. Cheever, that she had made them a "most malicious pudding." At another time, she remarked that "the popularity of the beans took away the superfluity of the meat." Poor old Lize Cripps, who bore her maiden name all her life, notwithstanding her four marriages, at last died in the alms-house, still "trying to get along" with Johnny Watson.

To these individual examples, should be added the quaint, old-fashioned society ladies with their antique party-gowns of dotted muslin or green berège festooned with ruffles of pink satin; the wives of the rich sea-captains, in their velvets, laces, and Canton crêpe shawls; the jolly inn-keepers, the esthetic law-students; the bronzed sailors, from foreign ports, with gold rings in their ears; the prim, immaculate village milliner, whose fashionable bonnets, with their upright ostrich plumes and precise bow-knots, nodded to one another familiarly upon the street; the impoverished gentlewoman who "went out washing;" the crabbed old man from "out over the hills;" the blooming country matrons that came to meetin' every Sunday in their best attire; and the long line of saintly single women that filed, like vestal nuns, up the Old South minster aisles. All these, and many more, had their own niches in the social structure of Old Hallowell, and contributed to the dramatic interest of the community. Could they now step forth from their places, we should have a motley pageant of prim, elegant, angular, crude, racy, romantic, pathetically incongruous, and unconsciously irrelevant figures, but all sound at heart, and illustrative of life in this old town on the Kennebec.

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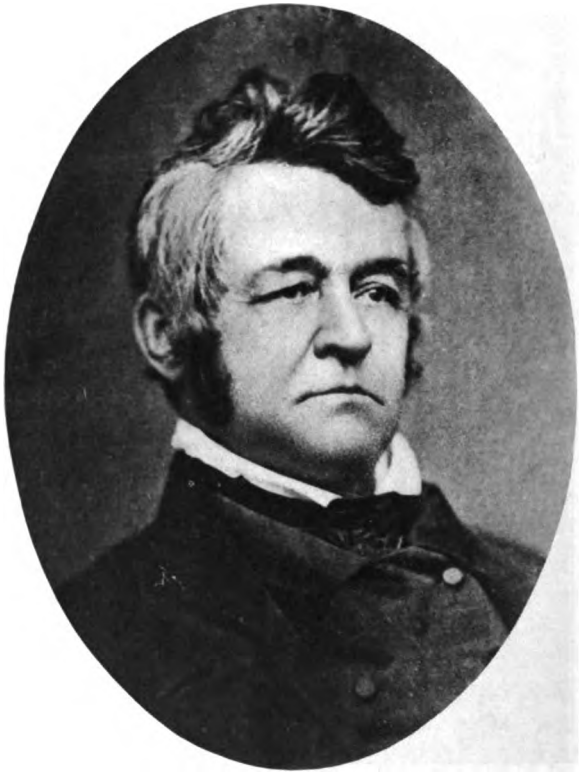

GOVERNOR JOHN HUBBARD

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XIX

HALLOWELL'S "CHIEF CITIZENS"

I

Governor John Hubbard.

"His whole life was one of beneficent labor."
—*In Memoriam*, by Rev. A. R. Crane.

THE supreme honor, within the power of the people of Maine to bestow, has twice been conferred upon citizens of Hallowell. From 1850 to 1852, Dr. John Hubbard was Governor of Maine; and from 1886 to the close of 1887, Honorable Joseph R. Bodwell served as Chief Magistrate of the State. Both of these men filled this high office with distinction to themselves, to the State, and to the town that proudly claimed each, in turn, as its chief citizen.

Governor John Hubbard came of excellent old Puritan stock. His ancestry has been traced back to Richard Hubbard of Salisbury, who married, about 1666, Martha Allen, born 1646, daughter of William and Ann Goodale Allen. The parents of John Hubbard were Dr. John and Olive Wilson Hubbard who came from Kingston, New Hampshire, to Readfield, Maine, in 1784. Dr. John Hubbard, Jr., was born in Readfield, March 22, 1794. He fitted for college at the Hallowell and Monmouth academies, and by his excellent scholarship and advanced study was able to enter the sophomore class, at Dartmouth, from which famous old college he graduated in 1616. In 1817-1818, he was preceptor at the Hallowell Academy, and afterwards, a teacher in the state of Virginia. He subsequently took a full course in the study of medicine at the Philadelphia Medical School of the University of Pennsylvania, and received his diplomas as Doctor of Medicine and Fellow of the Philadelphia Medical School in April, 1822.

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Thus well equipped, by broad culture and a thorough medical course, for his chosen profession, Dr. Hubbard entered upon the practice of medicine in the State of Virginia, and remained there in successful practice for seven years. Having then decided to make his home in the North, he spent a year in study in the medical schools and hospitals of Philadelphia "under the direction of those skillful physicians and expert operators whose fame attracted pupils from all parts of the country."

That so able and eminent a physician, who had been urged by his friends and instructors to settle in Philadelphia, should decide to make his home in Hallowell, seems only in accordance with that remarkable good fortune of the old town to which so many good and great men were irresistibly drawn; and no one of our honored citizens has been more beloved in the community or has bestowed greater distinction on the town than Dr. John Hubbard.

It is now impossible, even by those who knew him and who cherish most grateful memories of his personal ministrations and professional services, to give an adequate expression of the honor and esteem in which Dr. Hubbard was held by his townspeople, or the perfect confidence with which the sick were entrusted to the care of this beloved family physician. There are many men and women still living who will understand all that is implied when I say that as children we always felt *safe* as soon as Dr. Hubbard entered our doors. In the presence of this great, broad-shouldered, noble-featured, large-hearted, sympathetic, experienced, all-knowing physician, there was that comfort, trust, good cheer, and sense of security that is often worth more than medicine; but we had the medicine, too, and bitter enough it was sometimes.

One of Dr. Hubbard's biographers states that his physical endurance was wonderful and that the amount of labor he performed would have taxed the energies of three ordinary men. He responded promptly and cheerfully to all calls, whatever the weather, or whatever the hour of the day or night. In summer, the doctor's "gig," and, in winter, the great fur-coated figure in the sleigh, were a familiar sight upon the

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streets of Hallowell. He visited the poor as willingly and faithfully as the rich; and much of his professional service was gratuitously given, with no expectation or desire of reward.

With all his courtesy and kindliness of heart, Dr. Hubbard also had the reputation of being stern and severe when justice was required; and decision of character and promptness of action were among his prominent traits. A very good illustration of the latter characteristic is given in an anecdote which has come down to us on the breath of local tradition. It is related that, on one occasion, when Dr. Hubbard was driving late at night over a lonely road, he was stopped by two ruffians with the sudden and imperious demand: "Your money or your life!" Instantly, before a word could be said in reply, the big doctor rose in his sleigh and seizing the two men, he knocked their heads together with the most tremendous force; then calmly drove on leaving his two assailants to diagnose their own cases of concussion of the brain.

From a professional standpoint, Dr. Hubbard's life-work holds the highest rank. His practice was very extensive; his opinions were regarded of the highest authority; and he was sought in consultation by the most skillful physicians in Maine and in the neighboring states. His devotion to his profession was intense and unremitting; and his judgment, well nigh infallible.

Thus, by natural qualifications, by education, and by years of experience, Dr. Hubbard attained a position at the very head of his profession; and his reputation as a physician was unrivaled in his day.

With all these arduous professional duties, Dr. Hubbard did not overlook the important civic and political questions of the time. He was a public-spirited citizen, an ardent patriot, and a wise and conscientious statesman. The value of his principles, his force of character, and his executive ability were recognized by the county and state. In 1843, Dr. Hubbard was chosen a member of the Senate from Kennebec; and in 1850, the honor of the chief magistracy was conferred upon him. He was elected Governor for two successive terms; and manifested in this office the same sound sense, keenness of

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discernment, breadth of outlook, and loyalty to the public weal that had characterized his professional life.

The public career of Governor Hubbard, like his private life, was marked by the strictest integrity and unswerving devotion to duty. To him is due the honor of having approved, as Governor, the first prohibitory law passed by the Legislature of Maine. A contemporary writer has well said that, as the chief magistrate of Maine, Governor Hubbard "hesitated not to throw all of his influence, personal and official, in aid of all measures calculated to improve the condition of the people, and develop the resources of the state;" and that "the people of Maine will ever remember him with pride and honor, as an able, honest, efficient chief magistrate 'whose administration marked an important era in the history of the State.'"

On August 24, 1850, Governor and Mrs. Hubbard gave a large and magnificent reception, which was long remembered by the people; and this brilliant social event formed a fitting climax to the remarkable society life of the previous half-century in the town of Hallowell.

"The reception," wrote the editor of the *Gazette*, "came off at the Hallowell House on Friday evening, and such a display of beauty and such exuberance of good feeling and good cheer were never known on the banks of the Kennebec. About one thousand persons were present. The rooms and hall of the Hallowell House were brilliantly lighted and decorated, and a band of music discoursed on the balcony. Most of the members of the Legislature were present,—large delegations from the cities of Augusta and Gardiner, and an astonishing number of citizens, wives, daughters, maids, and aunts, of the town of Hallowell.

"Governor Hubbard and family occupied the large parlor in the south part of the house, and the company paid their respects to him and family, separately, occupying some two hours in the exchange of salutations. The large house was filled to an extent never known before and all the arrangements were of the most perfect description. The persons who had charge of the affair and those connected with the house are entitled to much credit. It will long be remembered as a

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RESIDENCE OF GOVERNOR HUBBARD

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season of social joy and happiness, and will serve to render still stronger the regard of this community for our distinguished fellow-citizen who has been promoted to the highest office in the gift of the people of this state."

Governor John Hubbard died February 6, 1869, in the seventy-fifth year of his age; and public services befitting his character and position in the community were held in the Baptist Church at Hallowell. A funeral address was delivered by Rev. A. R. Crane, commemorating the virtues of the deceased as citizen, physician, and Chief Magistrate of the State; and at the close of the solemn and impressive services, the body of him who had been so deeply beloved and revered was followed by a long procession of mourners to the grave. His burial place is marked by a shaft of granite hewn from the Hallowell hills.

Dr. John Hubbard married, July 12, 1825, Sarah Barrett, daughter of Oliver and Elizabeth Carleton Barrett of Dresden, Maine. Their home in Hallowell was on Winthrop Street, in the well-known Hubbard house whose simple, chaste, unostentatious, and hospitable exterior was indicative of the family life within.

Mrs. Hubbard was a woman of rare intelligence, quick perceptions, and warm sympathies. She was social in temperament, devoted to her family and friends, and interested in all that is best in life. She had an especial fondness for the young, entered into their plans, and enjoyed their companionship. They, in turn, confided to her their joys and sorrows and seemed to forget the difference of age. Perhaps it was this which, as the years wore on, kept alive in her the spirit of youth. "I shall not be like you when I am ninety, if I live to that age," a friend many years her junior once said to her. "You will never be old!" and in mind and heart she never was.

Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard were the parents of six children. Hester Ann, the oldest was born in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, February 13, 1827, and died in Hallowell, Maine, July 21, 1836. A son, born in Dinwiddie County, Virginia, January 21, 1829, died in infancy. The four remaining children who were born and reared in the favored Hubbard home in Hal-

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lowell were: Virginia Hamlin, Emma Gardiner, John Barrett, and Thomas Hamlin. The sons were instructed in all manly sports and the occupations of healthful out-of-doors life, and the daughters were trained in the perfection of household accomplishments. Their mental culture was also carefully developed and they enjoyed every educational advantage which the best schools of the country afforded.

Virginia Hamlin Hubbard was married August 24, 1864, to Thomas W. T. Curtis, a resident at that time of Hartford, Connecticut. Mr. Curtis was a native of New Hampshire and a graduate of Dartmouth College in the class of 1844. Having chosen the profession of teaching, he became successively the principal of the Oliver High School, Lawrence, Massachusetts, of the High School in Hartford, Connecticut, of a large private school in Hartford, and, for the last twenty years of his life, of the Hillhouse High School, New Haven, Connecticut. He died in New Haven, March 5, 1888. A man of broad scholarship and cultured tastes, he fashioned his life in accordance with high ideals and won an enviable rank in his profession.

It is, perhaps, a fact of interest that the father of Mr. Curtis, the Rev. Jonathan Curtis, also a Dartmouth graduate, was for a time preceptor of the Hallowell Academy, and that Dr. John Hubbard was one of his pupils.

Mrs. Virginia Hubbard Curtis has continued to reside in New Haven since her husband's death. Their two sons were graduated from Yale University in the class of 1887. The elder, John Hubbard, died January 13, 1898. The younger, Thomas Hamlin, resides in Portland, Oregon. He married, June 4, 1907, Clarine Wells, only child of Burton G. Warner of New Haven. They have one daughter, Virginia Hubbard, born September 16, 1908.

The memory of Miss Emma Hubbard is still tenderly cherished by the friends of her youth in Hallowell. She was endowed with rare personal charms, a queenly figure, and face of classic beauty. Her loveliness of character, her winning personality, and her brilliant intellectual gifts rendered her beloved and admired by all who knew her. She died in New York, February 12th, 1877, mourned by a large circle of friends.

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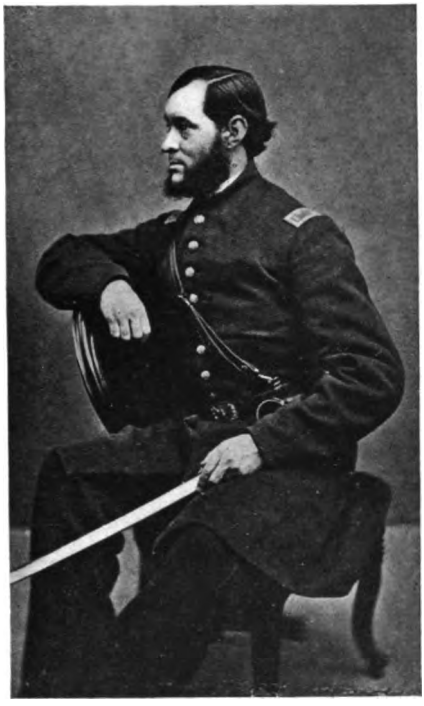

CAPTAIN JOHN HUBBARD

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The two sons of Dr. and Mrs. Hubbard, John Barrett and Thomas Hamlin Hubbard, took their preparatory course of study at the Hallowell Academy, and afterwards graduated with honor from Bowdoin College. For a few years they both engaged in teaching preparatory to their professional life-work. But the outbreak of the Civil War terminated these plans, and John and Thomas Hubbard were among the first of the many noble and patriotic young men who were fired with an ardent enthusiasm for the cause of the Union, and who served in the armies of the United States.

On entering the army, John Hubbard received the commission of First Lieutenant in the First Maine Battery. Later he was commissioned by the United States as Captain and Assistant Adjutant General, and served as Chief of Staff of General Godfrey Weitzel. He was a brave and devoted officer and was adored by his comrades in arms. He met with a soldier's death at the first assault on Port Hudson, May 27th, 1863.

The news of the death of John Hubbard was received in Hallowell with overwhelming sorrow. His name is still held in honored remembrance by the John Hubbard Army Post, and by all who knew him, whether in civil or military life. He was a noble youth,—the heart of valor and the soul of honor. He may well be called the Chevalier Bayard of Hallowell,—"without fear, and without reproach."

Captain John Hubbard, at the time of his death, was betrothed to a very beautiful young lady, Miss Cordelia Chadwick, daughter of Samuel Chadwick of Portland. Just before the battle of Port Hudson, Captain Hubbard had arranged for leave of absence in order to return to Maine for his marriage with Miss Chadwick. A few days later came the news of his heroic yet tragic death; and thus, around the story of his betrothal, there ever lingers a halo of mingled pathos and romance. Miss Chadwick was a rarely gifted and most attractive woman who found consolation for her own crushing sorrow in doing whatever lay in her power for the happiness of those she loved. During the last years of her life she resided with Mrs. Virginia Curtis at New Haven, and frequently came with her to spend

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the summer months in Hallowell where she was much admired and beloved.

Thomas H. Hubbard, prior to the war, had graduated from the law school at Albany and had been admitted to the New York bar; but, in 1862, he enlisted in the Union army. He was Adjutant of the 25th Maine Volunteers, and afterwards Lieutenant Colonel and Colonel of the 30th Maine Volunteers. He distinguished himself by his bravery and brilliant services, and was brevetted Brigadier General, July 13th, 1865. He fought valiantly in the battles of the Red River campaign and in the Shenandoah Valley under General Phil Sheridan; and was mustered out of service soon after the close of the war. He then resumed the practice of law in New York and has become well known in his profession, and as an official of railroad and banking corporations.

But it is here fitting to speak in detail only of the connection of General Hubbard with the interests of our own state and community. To his munificence, Bowdoin College is indebted for its incomparable Library building, and for other generous gifts which have been gratefully and enthusiastically received by his Alma Mater. To him the Hallowell Library owes the very generous endowment by which, in 1893, this time-honored institution was enabled to enlarge its granite edifice and open its doors as a free library. Its present name, "The Hubbard Free Library," has been given in memory of the Hubbard family.

General Thomas Hubbard married Sibyl A. Fahnestock of Harrisburg, Pennsylvania, January 28th, 1868. Their surviving children are John Hubbard, Sibyl Emma Hubbard, now Mrs. Herbert S. Darlington of Philadelphia, and Anna Weir Hubbard. A son, born in New York November 21, 1871, died December 9th, 1871. Another son, Thomas Hamlin, born in New York, July 30, 1874, died March 7, 1879.

General Hubbard and his sister, Mrs. Virginia H. Curtis, have always retained their affection for Hallowell, as is shown by their personal interest in all that pertains to the present advancement of the place, or to the preservation of the records of its historic past. Their early home, which they frequently

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GOVERNOR JOSEPH R. BODWELL

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visit, still stands beneath its majestic elms with an air of unmoved, old-time superiority, based on simple worth and unblemished character,—a fitting expression of the name and fame of the family of Hubbard.

II

Governor Joseph R. Bodwell.

"Yet how better can a man die than in the flower of a well-spent life and at the topmost pinnacle of his success?"

—*In Memory of Governor Bodwell.*

A generation passed after the death of Governor Hubbard, and there arose in Hallowell a second man,[1] good, wise, and strong, a fearless champion of the right, a philanthropic citizen, an efficient, faithful, and incorruptible administrator of the law, on whom the people proudly bestowed the office of Chief Magistrate of the State of Maine. This man was Joseph R. Bodwell.

Governor Joseph R. Bodwell was the son of Joseph and Mary How Bodwell. He was born June 18, 1818, at Methuen, Massachusetts, in an old colonial mansion that had been occupied by five generations of the Bodwell family. The Bodwells of Methuen were descended from Henry Bodwell, who took the freeman's oath in Newbury, in 1678, and who is on record as a soldier in King Philip's war. In 1693, Henry Bodwell removed to Haverhill on the Merrimack, where Bodwell's Ferry and Bodwell's Falls still commemorate his name. The descendants of Henry Bodwell in this country were men of ability and influence, and were characterized by the best qualities of New England manhood. It is also interesting to know that, centuries before the time of the first comers to this country, there was a long and honorable line of

[1] The Honorable Samuel Wells has sometimes been classed with the Governors given by Hallowell to the State; but Judge Wells, although for a number of years an honored resident of Hallowell, was, at the time of his election to the office of Governor, a citizen of Portland.

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Bodwells, who "trace their record through thirty-four generations, back to Cunnedda, the Roman general who conquered North Wales, A. D. 500."

The childhood of Joseph R. Bodwell was passed upon the ancestral acres of the Bodwell farm in Methuen. His youth and early manhood were spent in acquiring a practical knowledge of the business pursuits through which he made the great financial successes of his life. He married, first, October 3, 1848, Eunice, daughter of Josiah and Hannah Austin Fox of Dracut, Massachusetts; and, second, July 25, 1859, Hannah C. Fox, the sister of his first wife. The only child of the first marriage was Persis Mary Bodwell, who married, first, Rev. Jotham M. Paine of Hallowell; and, second, Dr. George W. Martin of Augusta. Of the second marriage of Joseph R. Bodwell, was born one son, the Honorable Joseph F. Bodwell, now President of the Hallowell Granite Works. Mr. Charles Bodwell Paine, son of Rev. Jotham and Persis M. Paine, is the only descendant in his generation, of Governor Joseph R. Bodwell.

In 1852, Mr. Bodwell came to Maine and in company with Honorable Moses Webster, opened the granite quarries at Vinalhaven. In 1866, Mr. Bodwell removed to Hallowell, and later organized the Hallowell Granite Works, of which he was made president and chief executive officer. The business of the company soon assumed extensive proportions and gave employment to a large number of men. The Hallowell granite was sent into almost every state in the Union. Monuments, statues of famous men, and magnificent public buildings, hewn from the Hallowell quarries are found in our large cities throughout the New England, Middle, and Southern States. Governor Bodwell also had large interests in lumbering and milling companies, in agriculture and stock-raising, in the ice business on the Kennebec, in railroad development, and in other extensive financial enterprises. He was a business man of sterling integrity, sound common sense, untiring effort, keen perception of values, and rare executive ability. He held many important industries within his strong grasp, and by his unswerving energy and rare judgment, attained large and well-

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Foundations.
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merited success. It was said of him that he was a genuine alchemist, transmuting all he touched in a business way, even our granite hills, into gold.

As a citizen of wealth and influence, Governor Bodwell had it in his power to do much for the welfare of Hallowell; and he never failed to respond to any worthy call. In his private life, he was a man of the highest character, revered and beloved in his family, spotless in integrity, boundless in charity, a delightful friend and neighbor, a benefactor of the working man, a patriotic and public-spirited citizen who used his wealth for the benefit of the community and the good of the State.

Governor Bodwell was not a politician. He never sought the emoluments of office, but was one of those rare men who have the honors of official position thrust upon them. At the unanimous and importunate request of his fellow citizens, he served Hallowell as mayor for two terms, and also twice represented Hallowell in the Maine Legislature; and was twice delegate from Maine to the Republican national convention. While in office, he devoted all the wealth and strength of his magnificent force to the purposes to which he had pledged his service, and the results were such that the next step to the gubernatorial chair seemed but the natural transition. And yet it was with great reluctance, and with a generous sacrifice of his own interests, that he consented to have his name presented as candidate for the office of Governor of Maine. In 1886, Mr. Bodwell was elected Chief Magistrate of the State; and with fidelity and ability discharged the duties that devolved upon him. "It was very evident," said one authority "that Governor Bodwell was Governor of Maine himself! His individuality was pronounced in all his official acts. . . . He brought to the office of Governor the same qualities that had made his business career honorable and successful, and his administration reflects credit upon the State and honor upon his memory."

Governor Bodwell died in office, December 15, 1887; and the sorrow of the people of Maine was profound and sincere. The spontaneous tributes of all classes of people to the life and character of this honored and beloved Chief Magistrate show

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how strongly his personality was impressed upon the public mind. "Probably no man in Maine was ever mourned more sincerely and generally. He was one of God's noblest works, 'an honest man.' His was a wonderful combination of soul, brain, energy, and courage, such as appears at the rarest intervals. He drew his friends around him with hooks of steel. Good men believed in him and stood by him. His was a noble nature, and that nobility was manifested in unostentatious deeds of benevolence and charity. He was preëminently the laborer's friend, always popular with the hundreds of men constantly in his employ. . . . He loved his state above the selfish clamor of party strife, and performed the duties of Chief Magistrate with a wisdom and impartiality born of his sagacity and noble character." [1]

The remains of this honored Governor, of this good, strong man, lay in state in the Capitol of Maine while a long procession of ten thousand mourners passed and paid their tribute to the dead. Solemn and impressive ceremonies were performed, and, to the sound of the minute guns, the funeral cortége passed to the old burying-ground in Hallowell. Then above the stillness came the crash of artillery and three salvos from the arsenal battery announced to the grief-stricken people that their beloved townsman and Maine's Chief Magistrate was laid among the dead.

The loss to the state of this noble son, this experienced financier, this able and distinguished Governor, was very great: the loss to Hallowell of its magnanimous public benefactor, its large-hearted friend, its beloved and honored chief citizen, was irreparable.

[1] *In Memoriam. Hon. Joseph R. Bodwell*, pp. 49-50.

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XX

SHIPPING AND SHIP-MASTERS OF HALLOWELL

> "The peace that builds a ship like this,
> Is worth a thousand wars."
>
> —*William Belcher Glazier.*

THE early history of Hallowell shows that the material prosperity of the town resulted from its unusual commercial facilities, and its large maritime trade, which was carried on by vessels built and owned by Hallowell men. A complete record of the ships and ship-masters of this old town, could it now be written, would prove most valuable and interesting, but we can only offer on these pages a brief mention of some of the famous old ships long remembered by the townspeople, with sketches of a few of those old ship-masters who stand as representatives of a class of men now passing from our midst.

The story of the good ship *Hallowell* is perhaps one of the most interesting and thrilling of the many that might be told. This ship was built on the east shore of the river during the first decade of the nineteenth century. Its launching is vividly described by "An Old Citizen" who writes as follows:

"In imagination I can almost hear the sounds of the ship-builder's axe and maul. The sounds suddenly cease and for a few minutes all is still. Then comes a shout, and a stately ship is seen to emerge from the gully and glide majestically into the water. As she dips her bows into the water the sound of breaking a glass bottle greets our ears and we faintly hear the word "Hallowell" borne to us; and we know that is the name of the noble ship built and owned by the late Judge Dummer. This noble ship was commanded by our well-known and highly respected fellow-citizen, Captain Samuel Smith."

The *Hallowell*, after many exciting adventures, during which her young captain showed great courage, was at last captured by the British in the war of 1812, and was left dis-

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mantled just outside of Bermuda. Captain Smith and his family were long remembered in Hallowell. He was the father of Mrs. Major E. Rowell, and grandfather of Mr. George Rowell, the well-known editor of the *Portland Advertiser*.

Another famous vessel built in Hallowell was the fast brig *Mary Jane* that made a great reputation, at the time of the embargo, by running the gauntlet under fire from the fort at the mouth of the Kennebec. The sprightly *Mary Jane* escaped without damage, and reached the West Indies where her cargo was sold at great profit to her owners.

Among the many tragic tales oft-told around the hearthstones of our ancestors was that of the brave young sea-captain, George Carr, who, with his beautiful young bride from Loudon Hill, set sail for Gibraltar in the ship *E. G. Pierce*. This fine new vessel swept grandly down the Kennebec, and out into the ocean never to return. Long afterwards, somewhere on the Grand Banks, the brig was found bottom upwards with her name still legible upon her stern.

It is no wonder that our grandsires, at the family altar, always prayed for "those that go down to the sea in ships;" or that one of Maine's most gifted daughters should write:

> "God bless them all who die at sea!
> If they must sleep in restless waves,
> God make them dream they are ashore,
> With grass upon their graves."

The early part of the nineteenth century was a period of great activity in the Hallowell shipyards; and the launching of a vessel, although a familiar sight, never failed to awaken the wildest enthusiasm.

About 1830, the shipyards of Mr. E. G. Pierce were filled with busy workmen. Here was built the well-remembered *Marshal Ney*, owned by Robinson and Page, and commanded by the "crack shipmaster," Captain Abram Thing; also another vessel, of 450 tons, owned by Rufus K. Page and commanded by Captain Smith. It is stated in a contemporary number of the *Hallowell Gazette* that Mr. Pierce built and

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launched these two fine ships, and employed forty-five men per day during the season, "without the use of ardent spirits."

In 1849, the ship *John Merrick*, named in honor of one of Hallowell's most distinguished citizens, was built and launched. The *Gazette* announces that this ship "went into the water in beautiful style and rested on its surface with commendable grace and dignity."

It is also stated in the *Gazette* "that more than half of the ships built in the United States in this year (1849) were built in Maine;" and a very generous proportion of these were built in Hallowell. The great yards of Master Kempton and Master Small were at this time very busy and it was extremely gratifying, as the editor of the *Gazette* assures us, "to witness once more, here in Old Hallowell, these exciting launching days when young and old flocked together to see the sports of the occasion."

In the early fifties there was another revival of ship-building in the Hallowell yards. This was in a great measure due to the enterprise and public spirit of Mr. Rufus K. Page, who was mayor of Hallowell at this time, and one of the largest ship-owners on the Kennebec.

Captain James Atkins also owned a number of large vessels, and among them was the *Lizzie Reed*, built of white oak and hackmatack, "copper fastened," and called "one of the prettiest brigs ever launched on the Kennebec." In 1853, another fine brig was launched "in the presence of the early risers of Hallowell." This brig was largely owned by Mr. Peter Atherton, a wealthy farmer who possessed the fine estate now called "Granite Hill Farm" and cultivated by the well-known orchardist, Mr. William Peter Atherton. The *Governor Hubbard*, the *John Davis*, and the *Oleana* of eight hundred tons, were also famous vessels in their day.

The largest ship built in Hallowell at this period (1853) was the *Henry Reed;* and no vessel ever dipped her prow into the Kennebec freighted with more good wishes than this noble craft of nine hundred tons. The *Henry Reed* was owned by twelve well-known men, among whom were Thomas Andrews, Ambrose Merrill, Henry Reed, and Captain George

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Dearborn for whom the ship was built. Thomas Andrews was the "ship's husband" and largest owner.

The first voyage of the *Henry Reed* was from Hallowell to St. Johns and thence to London. For three years the *Henry Reed* made prosperous and profitable voyages between New York and Antwerp under the command of its young Captain, George Dearborn. The ship was then transferred by Captain Dearborn to the command of his brother, Henry Dearborn, and sent to Australia. From that time the sailor's proverbial "good luck" deserted the *Henry Reed*. The ship was dismasted off Cape Horn, taken into Rio de Janeiro for repairs, and finally sold in London to pay the underwriters. Thenceforth, this brave old Hallowell ship sailed—who knows where? —under the English flag.

It is interesting to know that Captain Dearborn, the first gallant commander of the *Henry Reed*, is still living at the age of eighty-seven years. His home is in Brooklyn, New York; but his summers are spent with his daughter, Mrs. Frederick Bradstreet, in Gardiner, Maine. His reminiscences of his long and prosperous career as a sea-captain are full of thrilling interest. He was master of the *Trident*, the *Emma Watts*, the *Henry Reed*, the *Kittie Floyd*, the *Yorkshire*, and other sailing vessels, and afterward commanded several steamships owned by Murray, Ferris, and Company, and by the Cromwell line. Twice Captain Dearborn went round the world; twice he retired from the sea, but was lured back by that nameless love and longing that never loses its hold on the heart of the true-born sailor. This innate, enthusiastic love of the sea still inspires the many interesting tales related by Captain Dearborn; and, in the aged master of the *Henry Reed*, we find an ideal example of the true old Kennebec sea-captain.

As a large number of these old sea-captains resided in Hallowell, many of the younger men were induced by their success to follow the sea. The hearts of these ambitious lads were easily stirred by the wonderful stories which the old sailors told on their return from "foreign parts;" and to "double the Cape," or "go round the world," became the absorbing desire of many a boy reared in the quiet homes of

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Hallowell. And so, from the peaceful, smiling farms on the river-shores, from the heights of Loudon Hill, and from the very heart of the town, these brave youths went gaily forth to seek their fortunes on the sea. They sailed on fishing schooners, on trading-vessels, on the whaling ships to the perilous "Banks," and on deep-sea voyages to the Orient or the islands of the Pacific. Many a mother has stood upon Hallowell's ancient crowded wharves to bid good-bye to her boy who would, perhaps, return a bronzed and bearded man, or, perhaps, alas, be "missing" when the ship again sailed into port. Happily there were many of the former class, and Hallowell thus became the home of a large number of successful and wealthy sea-captains.

The memory of these old sea-captains should ever be preserved in the annals of the town, for they are examples of a type of men that has almost disappeared from our midst; and if a single family were to be chosen to illustrate a long line of these typical old ship-masters, none could be found more truly representative than that of our early settler, Captain James Cox.

Born of sea-faring ancestry, the son of a Boston ship-master, Captain James Cox inherited a love of the sea which he bequeathed to his descendants. In 1762, James Cox came to Hallowell and settled on the beautiful intervale on the east side of the river. His son, Gershom Cox, who also "followed the sea," married Sarah Hussey, daughter of Captain Obed Hussey. Five stalwart sons of this marriage, Comfort Smith, Arthur, William Henry, James V., and G. Leander, all "went out before the mast," and became masters of their own ships. Gershom Cox may therefore very fittingly be called, the "father of sea-captains."

Captain Comfort Smith Cox, born September 22, 1801, married, July 22, 1827, Abigail Smiley, and had four children: Sarah H., who married Jacob G. Fletcher; Mary Cora, who married Edwin J. Benner; Barrett who married Victoria L. Bailey; and Elizabeth A., who married S. Franklin Davenport, son of Nathaniel Davenport and a descendant of Thomas Davenport, a soldier of the war of the Revolution. The name

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of Davenport is represented in Hallowell, in the present generation, by Mr. Ralph Davenport, son of Mr. and Mrs. S. F. Davenport.

Captain Comfort Smith Cox is well remembered as a typical "retired sea-captain," who, having stood upon the quarter-deck through the storm and stress of many perilous voyages, was permitted to pass his last years in ease and happiness with his family in the fair haven of Hallowell.

The Agrys were also sons of the sea and successful masters of their own vessels. Captain John and Captain Thomas Agry came to Hallowell about 1801. Captain Thomas, born in Barnstable, August 6, 1756, married Hannah Nye of Sandwich. Their oldest daughter married Judge Kingsbury of Gardiner; their second daughter, Martha, married Colonel William O. Vaughan of Hallowell. Mrs. Hannah Agry died in 1794. In 1801, Captain Thomas married Sally, daughter of Benjamin and Mercy Hammett of Boston. They built and resided in the house afterwards owned by Moses W. Farr, Esq. Captain Thomas Agry was at one time president of the old Hallowell and Augusta Savings Bank, and was one of the prominent and influential citizens of Hallowell. He died April 25, 1821, aged sixty-five.

Other sea-captains, whose names often appear on the maritime records of Hallowell, were the Hinckleys, the Smiths, the Nyes, the Dingleys, Abner Lowell, Joshua Carr, Abram Thing, and Sarson Butler. Shubael West was the popular master of the packet *Delia*, who "solemnly deposed" before Ariel Mann, justice of the peace, that he and everyone on board his vessel, "except one woman," had seen the sea-serpent off Cape Ann. Later ship-masters were Captain Davis; Captain Thomas Snow; the three Cooper brothers, James, Henry, and Llewellyn; Captain Samuel Watts and his sons, Samuel, Edward, and "Captain Lawson," whose daughter Helen, married Mr. Samuel Glazier of Hallowell; Captain Titcomb, the father of Walter Titcomb, a naval officer in the Civil War, of Dr. Arthur Titcomb, and of Mrs. Carrie Titcomb Colcord; and Captain John McClintock, whose record as a successful ship-master covered half a century.

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One of the most familiar and honored names in the long list of later Hallowell sea-captains is that of John H. Drew, well known as an able and efficient ship-officer, and as the author of a series of breezy sea-letters and picturesque descriptions of "foreign parts," which, under the signature of "The Kennebecker," appeared in the columns of the *Boston Journal.*

Captain Drew was born in Chelsea, formerly a part of Hallowell, on the east side of the Kennebec. He was the son of Allen Drew, ship-carver, and a man of marked individuality in the town.

Born and bred in a seafaring community, the son of the old ship-carver early manifested a strong love of the sea and an irresistible longing for the life of the sailor. When but a boy of eleven years, John Drew set sail in the forecastle, and by his own energy and ability rose to the office of captain of the *Fearless*. He afterwards commanded the *Franklin* and the *Sea Witch*, and sailed in many seas and visited almost every foreign port frequented by American vessels. He "doubled the Cape" many times, and was often in the Chinese and East Indian waters.

In reference to Captain Drew and his literary work, the *Boston Journal* prints this tribute: "Captain Drew was a self-taught man, and the large fund of information which he possessed was the fruit of reading and observation and travel in every part of the globe. He wrote without affectation or straining for effect, in a vigorous, straightforward style, breezy and original, and with the savor of the sea in every line. His racy and vivid descriptions of life on shipboard and of strange experiences in distant ports were widely popular, and few New England writers in this particular department were better known than he."

Captain Drew was always a loyal son of Hallowell, and the Kennebec was the one river of the world to him. His letters abound in local allusions and interesting reminiscences that appeal to many readers. His life was marked by the wild longings and aspirations of the boy, and the well-earned success of a brave, persistent, and genuine lover of the sea. He spent the last two years of his life in the comforts of his own home in

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Farmingdale, where he died in 1891. The following brief tribute expresses the sentiment of many who knew and esteemed the *Kennebecker*: "Captain Drew was our friend. When we looked into his flashing eyes and frank, manly countenance, and received his cordial hand-grasp, we could make no mistake in the man. His friendship was unfailing, his helpfulness of the sort that assisted without embarrassing, and his heart was as free from guile as that of a child. Verily, a manly man has gone from the loving embrace of home and friends to join the innumerable multitude."

Among the most famous of the Hallowell ship-masters was Captain Llewellyn Cooper, who, at the time of his death, in 1878, was the only American commander of the many Trans-Atlantic steamship lines running out of New York. Although only in his forty-eighth year, this experienced officer had voyaged to all parts of the world, and commanded all kinds of vessels, from the smallest sailing craft to the largest ocean steamship.

In person, Captain Cooper was a noble specimen of the American seaman. He was six feet and two inches in height, broad shouldered, and splendidly proportioned, with a cordial, whole-souled manner, and a spirit of self-reliant courage rarely surpassed on shipboard. His calmness and daring in times of danger never failed to give courage and inspiration to the men under his command.

Captain Cooper was born in Hallowell in 1830. At the age of twenty-one he sailed out of the port of New York, as master of one of the finest barks in the foreign trade. He made frequent voyages around the Cape of Good Hope, to Calcutta and Madras, and to the East Indies. He was also engaged in the China trade. For years he was captain of one of the finest packet ships between London and Calcutta; and afterwards commanded the steamship *Pacific*. In 1883, a new iron steamship, the *State of Georgia* of the State Line, was launched; and Captain Cooper was appointed to command her. "His record has not been bettered by that of any steamship captain on the North Atlantic." [1]

[1] *The New York Sun*. November 30, 1878.

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Captain Llewellyn Cooper married Elizabeth Andrews, of Hallowell. He died in Scotland, and his funeral took place on board his own steamship which then lay at anchor on the Clyde. Three sons of Captain Llewellyn and Elizabeth Cooper, Llewellyn, James, and Thomas, now reside in Augusta, Maine.

Another ship-master of reputation on both sides of the globe is Captain Charles Wells, who should here receive especial mention, not only because he represents the ideal type of the American ship-master, but because he is now the last of the race in Hallowell. Of all the brave old captains who, one after the other, left their ships to make their homes in some stately old-fashioned house in Hallowell, Captain Wells is now the only living representative. In his fine old mansion built nearly a hundred years ago, by Mr. Benjamin Wales, and surrounded by rare and curious treasures from all parts of the world, Captain Wells, with his long, honorable, and interesting experiences still fresh in his mind, is a most entertaining and delightful host.

The Wells family is of Norman extraction, and its ancient representatives are believed to have come to England with William the Conqueror. The name was originally De Welles. The first representatives of the Wells family in this country came from Colchester, England, to Connecticut, in 1635. Captain Charles Wells is the son of Ensign and Louise Batten Wells. In his youth he went first to California, where he remained several years before he began to "follow the sea." He then made numerous voyages to the East Indies, and in a comparatively short time rose to the rank of captain. On February 8, 1860, he married Amelie Bergmann, at Bermerhaven, Germany. Their children were Georgiana and Julia, both born in Burmah, and Louise, who was born in Hallowell and there married to Mr. Franklin Glazier Russell.

Captain Wells resided several years in Glasgow, and while there was offered the command of the ship *Shantung* which was sent out under the British flag to the Russell Company in China. On arriving in the Chinese waters this ship was placed under the American flag and Captain Wells remained in command of the vessel. This was the beginning of Captain

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Wells' experience of thirty years as captain on the Chinese rivers. For ten years he was in command of one steamship on the Yangtse-Kiang. In China, Captain Wells attained a high reputation; and frequently when the Chinese government purchased ships from the yards of Glasgow, Scotland, he was commissioned to bring them to China. On these occasions, Captain Wells also visited his family in Hallowell. In this manner he went round the world five times. After many years of perilous adventure and heroic experience on the waters of the Orient, Captain Wells is now enjoying a well-earned season of repose; while Hallowell proudly claims him as the last and one of the greatest of her long line of famous sea-captains.

Thus, for many years, Old Hallowell, although not a sea-coast town, was a regular port of entry for vessels engaged in the coasting trade and in voyages to foreign lands. The daily tides that washed its numerous old wharves brought the salty flavor of the sea. The aroma of tropical fruits and spices permeated its ancient warehouses; and mingled odors of tobacco, tar, and the ever-flowing "West India Rum" followed in the wake of the jovial sailors who came ashore and spent their hard-earned silver with a lavish hand. The fleets of schooners, brigs, and other craft that came and went upon the bosom of the Kennebec were a familiar sight to the dwellers on the river-banks. But the time came, at last, when these white-winged argosies silently and one by one disappeared from the Kennebec. The arrival of the first steamboat, which was hailed with delight, put an end to the line of packets on the river, and entirely changed the methods of trade and travel.

In the year 1838, the steamer *John W. Richmond* owned principally by Rufus K. Page, and commanded by Captain Nathaniel Kimball, was placed upon the route between Hallowell and Boston. This was a fine steamer, "elegantly appointed and of great speed," and its arrival twice a week was attended with intense interest and general excitement.

As the steamer could not be seen at a great distance from the Hallowell wharves, on account of the curve in the river, a signal station was arranged on Chelsea heights, commanding the view below Bowman's Point, and as soon as the steamer

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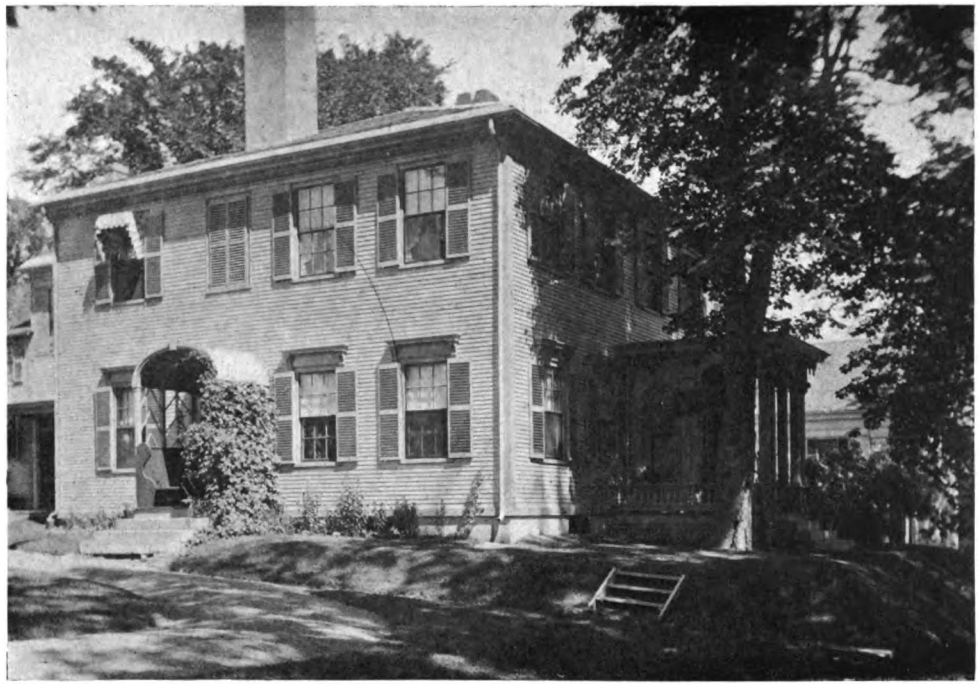

RESIDENCE OF CAPTAIN CHARLES WELLS
Built by Benjamin Wales, Esq.

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1910

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appeared in sight a ball was hoisted to announce its coming. Then a crowd of men and boys rushed to the wharf; travelers, men of business, teamsters, idlers, and loungers crowded and jostled one another in their eagerness to "see the boat come in;" and the great passenger-coaches rattled and clattered down through Water Street as soon as the signal ball appeared. Regular old-fashioned stage-coaches were those driven by "Dan" Hanscom and "Sam" Johnson who dashed like veritable Jehus to the wharves, while "Pinkham" of Augusta frantically endeavored to get there first with his galloping steeds. Popular boys were often permitted by these drivers to ride down to the wharf, but they were always obliged to walk back.

In a short time, another steamer, the *Huntress*, was placed upon the route, and a sharp competition between the two lines ensued. Cornelius Vanderbilt also put a steamer, named for himself, upon the Kennebec. Along in the forties the *John Marshall*, owned by "the People's Line," a New York Company, appeared upon this coveted route; and then a most astonishing contest followed. The price of tickets from Hallowell to Boston was at last reduced to ten cents, and at one time passengers were actually paid twenty-five cents to take a free passage to Boston. This competition ended when the old company purchased controlling shares in the People's line, and removed the *John Marshall* from the Kennebec.

The advent of the steamboat was followed by that of the steam-cars in 1857. On December 15th of that year, the first train pushed through Hallowell in a blinding snow storm, amidst the wildest enthusiasm of the spectators. Twenty years before, it had been predicted by the Rev. John A. Vaughan in a lecture, that "a man would soon be able to see the State House of Massachusetts and that of Maine by the sunlight of the same day." This prediction was now verified. Still there were many men who believed that on account of the severity of the Maine winters, the cars would only run two hundred days in the year. The Honorable George Evans, however, who was afterwards president of the road, was of the opinion that the cars might run three hundred days in the year. One train a day was considered a great achievement,

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and the passengers from Hallowell were quite content with this great improvement in the facilities for travel.

In connection with the first steamboat and the first steam-cars, mention should also be made of the first automobile in Hallowell. This famous horseless carriage was built, in 1858, by the McClench brothers of Hallowell, at the suggestion of Judge Rice and Dr. H. H. Hill of Augusta. A full description of its mechanism still exists, and the proofs of its success are on record. Its trial trip was a memorable event in Hallowell and aroused great excitement. Mr. George B. McClench was the "chief engineer." The Judge "took the tiller" and "sat upright on the seat, his hands encased in black gloves, and with his tall hat and high stock, he made an imposing figure." The machine started in Joppa, moved up Water Street, and along the plains, at a good speed, and then returned without accident. This old-time automobile made numerous successful trips, but after its practical working had been demonstrated and the novelty of the affair was over, it was stored by the McClench brothers for a number of years, and afterwards taken to pieces.

Half a century has passed away since the introduction of these new methods of travel. Marvel after marvel has followed in swift succession, but the people no longer manifest ingenuous surprise or unrestrained enthusiasm over whatever is new and wonderful. The great steamers arrive on the Kennebec, but no gilded balls from Chelsea heights announce their coming; the mighty express trains, in shine or storm, speed through our towns, but no one gazes after them in astonishment; the countless automobiles flash upon our vision and vanish in the distance, and yet we make no sign. We live in a world of marvels, but have we not lost something of the wonder, the mystery, and the glory of things that intensified and united the life of the people in the olden days?

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XXI

THE PUBLIC INTERESTS OF HALLOWELL

"Her record in all respects, as town or city, is free from blot or stain."

—*Dr. William B. Lapham.*

OUR story of Old Hallowell has thus far been concerned principally with the people of the town and with its religious, educational, social, and commercial interests. In order to complete the tale, something should now be said of those public interests which represent the people not as individuals but as a community.

The civic and political life of Hallowell would furnish subject matter for many pages of local history. Even in the earlier times, the people were keenly alive to public affairs; and one of the absorbing topics of interest was the separation of Maine from Massachusetts. As early as 1796, this subject was agitated in Hallowell, and the columns of the *Tocsin* show that the leading men of the day were even then awake to the necessity of an independent State organization. In 1820, when the time for the separation arrived, the people and the press of Hallowell took an influential part in the proceedings. The delegates from Hallowell to the convention for forming a constitution for the State of Maine were Samuel Moody, Benjamin Dearborn, and William N. Page. Jeremiah Perley prepared a valuable digest of the debates of this convention, and Ebenezer T. Warren was a member of the committee appointed to prepare a circular letter to be sent to certain prominent men asking their opinion on the question: "Shall Maine separate from Massachusetts?"

In the old volume compiled by Jeremiah Perley, may be found a letter from Ex-president John Adams, expressing his opinion on this subject from which I give the following interesting extracts:

"My judgment, poor as it is, and my inclinations, strong

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as they are, are all on the side of union. I can see no public benefit to arise, on the contrary much public evil, from that spirit of division, partition, and separation which so unhappily prevails among our worthy fellow-citizens. . . . But I can tell you how it will be when there arises in Maine a bold, daring, ardent genius, with talents capable of inspiring the people with his own enthusiasm and ambition. He will tear off Maine from Massachusetts and leave her in a state below mediocrity in the union. My advice therefore is to remain as you are as long as you can. Though I know that my advice will have no weight with one party or another, yet I will present my compliments to the worthy committee who have signed the circular letter and advise them as they stand well to stand still."

During the first quarter of the nineteenth century the national questions were also of absorbing interest to the thinking men of Hallowell; and the old town with its two political parties, the Federals and the Democratic-Republicans,—each represented by an able newspaper,—was the scene of much lively discussion. The political campaign of 1840 was one of the most exciting ever known in Hallowell. This was the memorable "Hard Cider Campaign" of "Tippecanoe and Tyler too."

The Whigs during this contest held their meetings in a log-cabin erected, for political purposes, on Second Street where the Universalist Church now stands. This club-room was furnished with rustic chairs and tables, and was decorated with old firearms, coonskins, and other suggestive ornaments. In one corner, a barrel of hard cider was always on tap; and a leather latchstring, two feet long, was always out in welcome to the supporters of Harrison. Stories of the original and forcible manner in which this campaign was conducted were long told in the political circles of the State. In the meantime the town was rent with the antislavery agitation to which reference has already been made in this volume. The discussions and dissensions on the abolition of slavery were so keen that even the church organizations were threatened with disruption. It was at the height of this agitation that a young

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minister who was temporarily occupying the Unitarian pulpit, gave great offence, by his vehement and tactless sermons, to some members of his congregation; and in the midst of one of his denunciatory discourses, a certain masterful and indignant sea-captain of the town angrily arose, opened the door of the pew that enclosed his family in aristocratic seclusion, and strode majestically out of the church, to the consternation of his children, and the amazement of the offending minister. It is evident that the sympathies of the congregation were this time with the intolerant Captain, for on the next Sabbath when the zealous divine came to preach again, he found the doors of the church forever closed against him.

The many able men and talented orators in Hallowell gave a zest to all political discussions; and through all the changes of party organization, there were always powerful leaders and devoted followers. "How my Democratic ears used to tingle," wrote a certain old citizen, "when, as a boy, I heard John P. Dumont, a fiery whig, run the locofocos! How he used to punish Andrew Jackson and Martin Van Buren!" and this illustrates the spirit of the times.

All this was changed in the fateful sixties when the men of Hallowell united in the Union cause and magnificently supported the government through the most crucial period of our country's history. Hallowell's long roll of honor shows how many of her sons nobly gave not only their service but their lives to the cause of the Union.

The local organizations of Hallowell were always a source of pride and interest to the people. One of the very oldest, as well as the most permanent of these organizations was the Kennebec Lodge of Free Masons founded in 1796. The first Worshipful Master of this Lodge was Judge Nathaniel Dummer. On June 27, 1796, the Festival of St. John the Evangelist was celebrated by this lodge, and one hundred years from that date, St. John's day was again commemorated by the same lodge in Hallowell. In its list of members in the year 1820, we find the familiar names of Peleg Sprague, Gideon Farrell, Amos Nourse, Ebenezer White, Andrew Masters, John D. Lord, Calvin Spaulding, S. K. Gilman and Simon Johnson.

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The Kennebec Benevolent Union was a literary and social club to which many Hallowell men belonged. All events of national importance were celebrated by this brilliant association; formal banquets were held in Washington Hall; and eloquent and witty after-dinner speeches were made by Nathaniel Perley, Thomas Bond, John Dumont and other popular orators of the town.

During the earlier years of the nineteenth century the military spirit was strong, and the leading men of the town were members of the two volunteer companies, the "Hallowell Artillery" and the "Light Infantry." The artillery company had a gun-house and parade-ground north of Lincoln Street, and stored their ammunition in the old brick powder house on the hill. The uniform of the members of this company was of dark blue cloth trimmed with red; their caps were of black leather having a tall black plume tipped with crimson. The Light Infantry was composed of the younger men of the place. Their uniform consisted of a blue coat, with white and silver trimmings, white trousers, and cap with a long white plume. They were famous for their elegant appearance, their immaculate accoutrements, and their excellent discipline. These two companies were idolized by the townspeople; and even the "String-Beaners," the un-uniformed company that straggled along at the end of the line on muster-day, were not without their share of popular favor. The annual brigade-muster on Hinckley's plains, was a grand gala-time for Hallowell and the surrounding country; but with the passing of the State militia, the glory of the Artillery and the Light Infantry departed, and only the titles of the officers remained as evidence of their former glory.

The firemen's department was an organization which was also warmly supported by public sentiment. The "Lion" and the "Tiger" were familiar names in every household, and parades of the engine companies with their martial music were the pride and delight of the populace. The handsome youths in their gorgeous uniforms won many honors; but their laurels were at one time borne away by the young ladies of Hallowell, of whom this incident is related:

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BRIDGE ON THE VAUGHAN STREAM

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"About fifty years ago a Fourth of July excursion to Hunnewell's Point took from the town all of the firemen and indeed most of the male population. Late in the afternoon a fire was discovered in the Exchange Hotel, commonly called Winslow's Tavern on Water Street. It was a large wooden building, and unless the flames could be quickly extinguished it must go, and adjoining stores also, several of which had already taken fire. Tidings of the catastrophe came to the ears of the women, and a dozen or more of the younger ones, regardless of the silks and laces in which they were robed for some function, rushed to the engine house, found men enough to drag the 'Tiger' to the wharf, and one band manned the brakes in a fashion worthy of long practice and masculine muscle, while another passed the buckets of water, and the town was saved." Six of these "firewomen" are now living, and three of them reside in Hallowell."

One of the very last public celebrations of Hallowell, as a town, was organized by the fire department and carried out to a most brilliant success by the loyal support of the townspeople. This festival is still remembered with a thrill of enthusiasm by many, now living, who took a part in the splendid pageant of August 6, 1851.

This popular fête had been designed for a Fourth of July celebration, but on that inauspicious day it rained in torrents. It was therefore resolved to appoint another date for the "firemen's jubilee and grand floral procession."

On August 6th, all the glowing anticipations of the townspeople and officers of the day were abundantly realized. The weather was perfect. Five hundred firemen from Lewiston, Bath, and the Kennebec towns appeared promptly upon the scene. Five thousand spectators filled the streets of the old town. The procession was headed by Chief Marshal A. Berry, with his assistants, T. M. Andrews, A. Lord, Henry Reed, A. Merrill, E. Rowell, of Hallowell. The place of honor in the line was accorded to the famous old engines, the "Lion" and the "Tiger," with their men. They were followed by eleven other companies, making a brilliant spectacle with their gorgeous costumes, their shining engines, and waving banners.

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At the moving of the procession, the bands played, the bells rang, and the "Thunder-Jug," Hallowell's famous old cannon taken from the *Boxer*, resounded from the wharf. The column passed through the length of Second, Middle, and Water Streets, and up Temple Street to the Old South Church. Here the children were seated in the galleries, and the large auditorium was filled with ladies and other guests of the day. After an overture by the band, and prayer by Rev. Mr. Cole, a poem, by William B. Glazier, Esq., was delivered in a most enjoyable and effective style. It is remembered as a graceful and brilliant production abounding in poetic fancies, patriotic sentiment, wit, satire, and many humorous local "hits."

The parade of the ever popular and much admired firemen aroused great enthusiasm, but the floral procession appealed more closely to the hearts of many of the spectators, for this was the young people's pageant; and it was pronounced the very best exhibition of its kind that was ever seen on the Kennebec, or in the state. Among the most prominent and most admired features of this procession were:

FLORA'S CAR, containing the floral queen seated on the throne and surrounded by twelve maids of honor.

INNOCENCE, a little girl two years of age, on a moss-covered car borne by four boys.

MORNING, young lady dressed in white with crown on her head to signify the sparkles of the rising sun.

NIGHT, a young lady dressed in black, covered with silver stars.

HOPE, a little girl two and a half years old on a litter borne by four boys.

THE FOUR SEASONS, four young ladies appropriately dressed to represent the four seasons.

THE LILY, a little child in a basket covered with moss and pond lilies.

THE MAY POLE, on car, surrounded by ten young girls.

THE MAY QUEEN, seated upon a throne, with attendants on either hand.

BANNER with streamers, held by two young girls, followed by a company of thirteen archers.

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BOAT, filled with forty-one children, and having in the prow four boys dressed in man-of-war costume.

PEDESTAL, surmounted by the SILVER TRUMPET, the fireman's prize, borne by four young ladies.

Interspersed between all these gaily decorated cars were companies of boys and girls, the flower of the youth of Hallowell, bearing wreaths, garlands, flags, and banners. Every home in the town was represented; the hearts of the people united with one accord in joyous enthusiasm; and the music of the brass band aroused a wildly patriotic fervor. The "Floral Queen," "Morning," "Night," and the "Four Seasons," were young ladies remarkable for their grace and beauty; and many tributes of loyal admiration are still paid, in memory, to the lovely "May Queen," Miss Addie Stearns, who, as it is pleasant to remember, was the daughter of Mrs. Louise Page Stearns and great-granddaughter of Sarah Kilton, the young heroine of Revolutionary fame.

After the parade was over the "Floral Procession" marched to the grounds of Mr. John Gardiner where a picnic dinner was served to the proud and happy children. The firemen dined under a large pavilion on the spacious lawn of Colonel E. E. Rice, where six hundred people were seated at the table. The repast was preceded by remarks from R. G. Lincoln, Esq., President of the day, and followed by numerous witty and patriotic toasts.

This festival of the people in its chaste simplicity and universal enjoyment appeals strongly to our memories, and recalls the ancient fête-days of the Florentines, or the classic celebrations of the youths and maids of Athens.

The history of old Hallowell as a town terminates in 1852, for in this year the town became a city. Until this time, our fathers had governed themselves on the good old town-meeting plan, and had honorably conducted all municipal affairs. Prosperity had blessed their shores. They had also seen years of adversity and depression from causes not under the control of those in public trust. The name of Old Hal-

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lowell was held in honor, at home, and everywhere abroad. Her escutcheon was without a stain. But looking into the future, men of public spirit, those who were ambitious for the advancement of the business interests of the place, deemed a change in the form of the local government essential to success; and on February 17, 1852, the new charter was adopted and the town became a city.

Our story of Old Hallowell, therefore, naturally comes to an end at this date. New Hallowell brought in new life, new people, new churches, new schools, and new business enterprises. At the magical touch of labor and capital, the heart of our granite hills was opened, and the quarries gave up their precious store. The frozen bosom of the Kennebec yielded its crystal treasure. New industries were established on the Vaughan stream; and new manufactories sprang up within our borders.

At this time also, a new volume was opened by the city fathers on the pages of which a new record was to be inscribed. But our story is a tale of the past. Some of its threads, it is true, stretch on into the warp and woof of the present time, but only so far as they pertain to the representatives of the old families or to the old institutions which are still preserved.

And now, as we reverently and reluctantly turn the old town escutcheon to the wall, and come to the opening years of the twentieth century, we find, notwithstanding all the changes of the past, that Hallowell is still the same delightful, dear old town as long ago. The passing seasons have touched gently its ancient mansions, its majestic elms, and its familiar streets. The beauty of the river and the glory of the hills remain. They can never be marred by time. It is therefore not difficult to explain why the sons and daughters of Old Hallowell still love their native town. However far, or however long they may have wandered, they are still devotedly loyal to the place of their birth. That this is true is proved by the frequent visits of old residents, and by their generous gifts to Hallowell's public institutions.

A notable expression of the loyal and abiding interest of the children of Hallowell in the "Mother-Town" was given on

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July 12, 1899, when from north, south, east, and west, they returned for a day of reunion on the banks of the Kennebec. The occasion seemed, indeed, like a great family gathering around the mother-hearth. It was a happy festival of the people, comparable, in spirit and observance, with those of the olden times. The day was made especially memorable by the dedication of the City Hall, presented to Hallowell by Mrs. Eliza Clark Lowell, a lineal descendant of Deacon Pease Clark, the first settler of the town. The exercises opened with music, and an invocation by the Rev. D. E. Miller. The keys of the new City Hall were presented to Mayor Safford by Mr. Ben Tenney, the chairman of the building committee. Mayor Safford, in his response, paid a most fitting tribute, in behalf of the citizens of Hallowell, to Mrs. Lowell, and to her family name which has been interwoven with the history of Hallowell since the first settlement of the town. An oration on "Civic Virtue," was delivered by Professor Charles F. Richardson, and a poem, inspired by the true spirit of welcome, was read by Mrs. Anna Sargent Hunt. Among the guests of honor upon the platform were Llewellyn Powers, Governor of Maine, and the venerable James W. Bradbury of Augusta.

A brilliant reception was given in the evening to the hundreds of guests within the town; and an address of welcome was made by the Honorable W. F. Marston. Other parts in the programme were: "Hallowell As It Is To-day," by Thomas Leigh, Esq.; "Hallowell And Its Possibilities," by W. W. Vaughan, Esq.; "Our School Days," by Professor Arthur M. Thomas; "Literary Hallowell," by Rev. Dr. Butler, President of Colby College; "Hallowell in the War," by General George H. Nye; "Reminiscences," by Major E. Rowell; "What Should Our Birthplace Mean to Us?" by Rev. D. E. Miller. Letters were also read from Honorable Gorham D. Gilman, E. T. Getchell, Esq., General Thomas H. Hubbard, General O. O. Howard, and other old residents.

The most delightful feature of this reunion, however, was the afternoon reception, at the Vaughan homestead, where the beautiful house and spacious grounds were thrown open with the most cordial hospitality, and where the guests, like happy

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children, wandered under the oaks and pines, lingered on the rustic bridges that span the stream, or sat upon the broad veranda, while at their feet the beloved Kennebec, unchanged and unchangeable, rolled on to the sea. Here gray-haired men and women renewed their youth, and forgot time and distance, and all else, save the "Welcome home!" bestowed upon them by their hosts and hostesses at this oldest mansion of the Mother-Town. At their right hand were the terraced gardens where the ancient sun-dial has marked the passing hours for more than a hundred years; and at their left were the three tall larches planted by the daughters of Dr. Benjamin Vaughan, and still called, in their memory, the "Three Sisters." Before them, from the banks of the Bombahook stream, rose a tall, gigantic tree, the "Smoking Pine," with which, for generations, an Indian legend has been associated. Many, on that day, recalled the old tradition; and, lest we forget, the story is here enshrined.

THE SMOKING PINE

On Bombahook's high bank it stands,
  The ancient smoking pine;
It lifts aloft its hoary hands
Above the wooded pleasure lands,
  And makes its mystic sign.

Its gray-green branches sway,—and then
  Their ghostly murmurs cease;
A solemn silence fills the glen,
While Assonimo smokes again
  The spectral pipe of peace.

We watch the blue-tinged vaporous haze
  In curling mist arise;
And lo! to greet our wondering gaze,
The phantom camp-fires start and blaze
  Beneath the twilight skies.

Across the wildly dashing stream
  That swirls and foams below,
The fire-light throws its ruddy gleam,
And dusky forms as in a dream,
  Flit softly to and fro.

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Hush! 'tis the Indian chieftain's hand
  That lights the calumet;
He speaks: "In this our father's land,
Too long we roam, an outcast band,
  On whom the curse is set!

"For us, the hopeless strife is o'er;
  No warrior waits our call;
White brothers! bid us place once more
Upon the Bombahook's fair shore,
  Our wigwams few and small!

"And while the torrent o'er the rocks,
  Flows downward to the tide,
And with its thundering echo mocks
The death-chant of the Wawenocs,
  In peace let us abide.

"Our doom is sealed, our glory past,
  Our hearth-fires, faintly fanned,
Die out; and, from the heavens o'ercast,
The whirlwind and the tempest's blast
  Shall smite us from the land!

"But from the chieftain's heart a pine
  Blood-set shall rise and sway,
Where Assonimo's ghostly line
Shall smoke as a perpetual sign,
  The pipe of peace for aye!"

The tempest came; the prophet chief,
  With all his people fell;
No death-dirge droned for their relief;
Only the pale-face gazed in grief
  Upon the wasted dell.

The new moons o'er the forest-nave,
  Waxed full and slowly swung;
But when the springtide kissed the wave,
From out the Wawenoc's deep grave
  The mighty pine-tree sprung.

To-day, above the waters swift,
  Its lofty branches flare;
And see, the smoke-wreaths curl and lift!
From Assonimo's pine they drift,
  And vanish into air.

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Many of the guests at the Vaughan mansion, on the day of the reunion, gazed with appealing interest to the topmost branches of this ancient tree, but saw no sign. Nevertheless, it is solemnly asserted that, occasionally, and under certain atmospheric conditions, a thin blue vapor has been seen to rise from the top of the Smoking Pine. No true son or daughter of Old Hallowell doubts that this is the spectral haze from Assonimo's pipe of peace which shall continue to smoke so long as the Bombahook flows into the Kennebec.

Notable among the many guests at the Vaughan mansion, on the day of this joyous reunion, was a group of gray-haired "Academy students," who sat around one of the revered and beloved "preceptors" of olden times, and talked of school days, in the year 1825. The "preceptor" was the honorable James W. Bradbury, then ninety-seven years of age. The "students" were Mrs. Nathaniel Davenport, Mr. George R. Smith, and Thomas B. Merrick, Esq., of Philadelphia. They were all octogenarians, but the glow of youth had not departed from their eyes, nor its fervor from their hearts.

Distinguished, also, among the many guests was a bright-eyed, animated, youthful old lady, Miss Maria Clark, the lineal descendant of Deacon Pease Clark, the "Father of Old Hallowell." In her straight, old-fashioned gown, her little black shoulder cape, and her queer, indescribable bonnet, Miss Maria Clark was the center of reverent and loving attention. She now lies with her fathers, in the old Hallowell burying-ground, on the river shore; but her memory will be perpetuated by the fine, commodious school-house which, during her lifetime, she gave to the children of Hallowell, and which is a worthy monument to her honored name.

Hallowell will ever be the richer for the memories of this last public festal day of the nineteenth century. The hundreds of men and women, who came from afar, carried away a renewed remembrance of the old-time beauty and the never-ceasing hospitality of Old Hallowell. They left behind them a surety of their loyal devotion to the place of their birth and the home of their forefathers.

Happy also is Hallowell in the literary tributes that have

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been paid to her local attractions as well as to her historic and social charms. Most suggestive of the familiar and picturesque haunts of our youth was one of the reunion letters written by the Hon. Gorham D. Gilman.

"May your celebration be as bright as the morning sun as it comes over the eastern hills of Chelsea; its course run as smoothly as our beloved Kennebec in the sunshine of summertime; its music, as sweet and melodious as the music of the 'Cascade' in the old Vaughan brook used to be in boyhood's days; its program, as rich as the aromatic perfume of 'Merrick's Pines;' its hospitality, as broad and generous as the Vaughan acres of the olden time; and its memories, as enduring as the 'Gardiner ledges out over the hills.' May the eloquence of its occasion awaken the Dumonts, the Spragues, the Otises, to listen to words that stir men's and women's hearts; and the closing hour of the day leave as resplendent associations as the glories of the setting sun over 'Powder House Hill;' and the same old stars set their night watch over the sleepers 'on the plains' and the happy hearts that have been made glad with the old folks, and the young folks, at home."

Charming descriptions of local scenery may be found in *Memory Street*, in *The End of the Beginning*, and in the prose and poetry of many writers, but none that appeals more strongly to the hearts of the lovers of Hallowell than the lines by Mrs. Martha Baker Dunn, entitled

THE HILLS OF HALLOWELL

A quiet city, half asleep,
  Climbing the long slope of a hill,
And seeming ward and watch to keep
  Above the river winding still,
While all around in verdure swell
  The fair, green hills of Hallowell.

O happy hills! O pastures green!
  What morning dreams your slopes have known!
What fairy visions I have seen
  When every hillside was a throne!
Each path my childish feet knew well,
  O'er those green hills of Hallowell.

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How light those springing footsteps trod!
  What joy throbbed in that pulsing heart!
The world was then new-born of God,
  And sin and sorrow had no part.
What scenes, what hopes, your paths could tell,
  Ye dear, lost hills of Hallowell!

My way-worn feet may climb one day,
  The self-same slopes they trod of yore,
May linger on the rock-hewn way,
  Yet I shall find there nevermore
Those thronging shapes that used to dwell
  On those fair hills of Hallowell.

Oft when I read in Sacred Word,
  "Unto the hills I lift mine eyes,"
I see the well-known outlines blurred
  Once more against the evening skies;
I hear the Sabbath music swell
  Across the hills of Hallowell.

I hear the glad old hymns once more,
  Voices long silent join the lays;
They echo from the viewless shore —
  Ah me! Heaven needs no sweeter praise!
Fond memory weaves a loving spell
  Round the dear hills of Hallowell.

And now the changing, ceaseless days
  Rolling remorseless on, it seems
Twine a new halo round those ways,
  More sacred than my morning dreams,
For dear feet climb — I know it well —
  The sunset hills of Hallowell.

O faltering feet that were so strong,
  I know what heights ye erst have trod,
Those quiet streets for you have long
  Been pathways up the Hills of God!
Steadfast in sun and shade as well,
  Ye climbed His hills of Hallowell!

O blessed hills! your rugged ways
  Grow fair with Heaven's sunset lights,
Ye throng with saints of other days
  Borne on to glory from your heights,
While soft the twilight breezes swell
  O'er the dear hills of Hallowell.

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And thus, although Hallowell has not become a great and grand metropolis, as our forefathers vainly prophesied, she nevertheless sits enthroned upon her hillsides, rich in the honorable records of her past history, in the eminent and useful men and women whom she has sent into the world, in the names inscribed upon her literary annals; in her churches, her schools, her library, and her city buildings; in her noble and public-spirited body-politic; in the loyalty and devotion of her children, wherever they may be; and in the boundless measure of affection that comes back to her after many days. This inheritance is a permanent possession. The time-spirit of Old Hallowell remains immutable; and whatever outward changes the coming years may bring, here, in our midst,

——— "a voice shall be
That speaks for immortality."

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"The early annals of Hallowell, which really begin with the establishment of the Plymouth trading-posts upon the Kennebec in 1627, are of remarkable interest and unusual historic value. At the opening of the nineteenth century, Hallowell was a town of much commercial importance; and at this period, 'no place in Maine ranked with Hallowell as a center of book publishing, or in the spirit of literary life.' The story of Old Hallowell gives a picture of the life of the people at that period when the town was at the height of its commercial prosperity, and famous as a social and literary center. The volume contains biographical sketches of the eminent founders of the town, and of the notable men and women who maintained its social and intellectual status; and also presents a record of its early churches, schools, libraries, lyceums, newspapers, publishing houses, and other institutions that contributed to the moral, intellectual, and civic upbuilding of the community.

"To this work Mrs. Nason has devoted not only her exceptional ability as a writer, but a thorough study of the early history of the Kennebec valley, and a sympathetic understanding of the literary and social development of her native town. It is a work that all the sons and daughters of Hallowell, wherever they may be will thoroughly appreciate and enjoy. The general reader, also, will find in the story of this exceptionally favored old New England town, a record of unusual historic and literary value. *Old Hallowell on the Kennebec* will prove a valuable contribution to Maine history."

—*Kennebec Journal*

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